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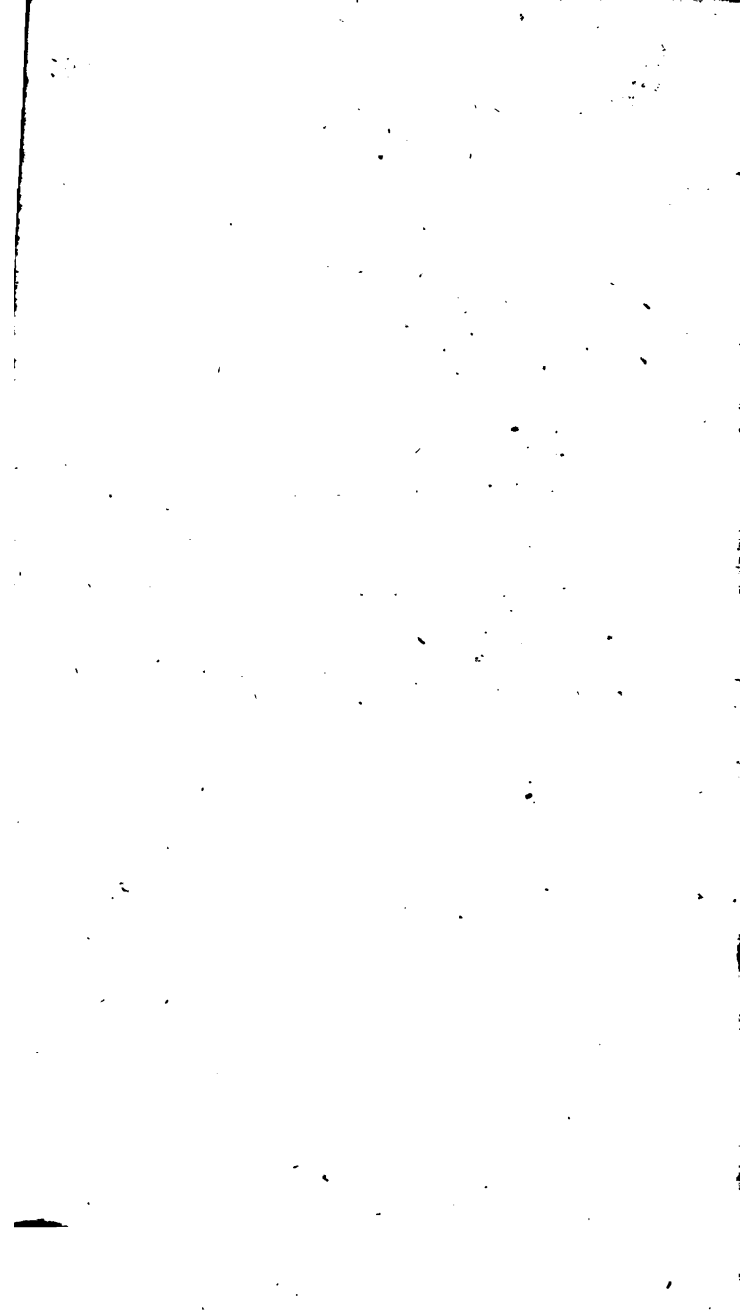
THE LYF SO SHORT
THE CRAFT SO
LONG TO LERNE



A.C. Robinson.

XM 11.4

A COLLECTION
OF
THE MOST ESTEEMED
F A R C E S.
VOLUME SIXTH.



A COLLECTION

OF

THE MOST ESTEEMED

F A R C E S

AND

ENTERTAINMENTS

PERFORMED ON

THE BRITISH STAGE.



EDINBURGH:

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1792.



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THE L A M E L O V E R.

IN THREE ACTS.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Luke Limp,
Serjeant Circuit,
Colonel Secret,
Jack,
Mr. Woodford,
Mr. Fairplay,
First Servant,
Second Servant,

Hay-Market.
Mr. Foote.
Mr. Vandermere.
Mr. Robson.
Mr. Weston.
Mr. Knowlea.
Mr. Wheeler.
Mr. Dancer.
Mr. Griffiths.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Circuit,
Charlot,
Mrs. Simper,
Betty,

Mrs. Gardner.
Mrs. Jewell.
Mrs. Saunders.
Mrs. Read.

P R O L O G U E

Written and Spoken by Mr. GENTLEMAN.

*PROLOGUES, like cards of compliment we find
Most as unmeaning as politely kind;
To beg a favour, or to plead excuse,
Of both appears to be the gen'ral use.*

*Shall my words, tipt with flattery, prepare
A kind exertion of your tend'rst care?
Shall I present our Author to your sight,
All pale and trembling for his fate this night?*

*Shall I solicit the most pow'ful arms
 To aid his cause—the force of beauteous charms?
 Or tell each critic, his approving taste
 Must give the Sterling stamp, wherever plac'd?
 This might be done—but so to seek applause
 Argues a conscious weakness in the cause.
 No—let the muse in simple truth appear,
 Reason and Nature are the judges here:
 If by their strict and self-describing laws,
 Th' sev'ral characters to-night she draws;
 If from the whole a pleasing piece is made,
 On the true principles of light and shade;
 Struck with the harmony of just design,
 Your eyes—your ears—your hearts, will all combine,
 To grant applause:—but if an erring hand
 Gross disproportion marks in motely band,
 If the group'd figures false connections shew,
 And glaring colours without meaning glow;
 Your wounded feelings, turn'd a diff'rent way,
 Will justly damn—th' abortion of a play.*

*As Farquhar has observ'd, our English law,
 Like a fair spreading oak, the muse should draw,
 By Providence design'd, and wisdom made
 For honesty to thrive beneath its shade;
 Yet from its boughs some insects shelter find,
 Dead to each nobler feeling of the mind,
 Who thrive, alas! too well, and never cease
 To prey on justice, property, and peace.*

*At such to-night, with other legal game,
 Our vent'rous Author takes satiric aim;
 And brings, he hopes, originals to view,
 Nor pilfers from the Old Magpie nor the New*,
 But will to Candour cheerfully submit;
 She reigns in boxes, galleries, and pit.*

A C T I.

Enter Serjeant Circuit and Charlot.

*Char. I TELL you, Sir, his love to me is all a pre-
 tence: it is amazing that you, who are so acute, so
 quick in discerning on other occasions, should be so blind
 upon this.*

*Serj. But where are your proofs, Charlot? What fig-
 nifies your opening matters which your evidence cannot
 support?*

Char,

** Alluding to Mr Garrick's Prologue to the Jubilee.*

Char. Surely, Sir, strong circumstances in every court should have weight.

Serj. So they have collaterally, child, that is, by way, as it were, of corroboration, or where matters are doubtful; then indeed, as Plowden wisely observe—
 “Les circonstances, ajout beaucoup depaix aux faits.”
 —You understand me?

Char. Not perfectly well.

Serj. Then to explain by case in point; A, we will suppose, my dear, robs B of a watch upon Hounslow-Heath—d’ye mind, child?

Char. I do, Sir.

Serj. A is taken up and indicted; B swears positively to the identity of A.—D’ye observe?

Char. Attentively.

Serj. Then what does me A, but sets up the alibi C to defeat the affidavit of B.—You take me?

Char. Clearly.

Serj. So far you see then the balance is even.

Char. True.

Serj. But then to turn the scale, child, against A in favour of B, they produce the circumstance D, viz. B’s watch found in the pocket of A; upon which the testimony of C being contradicted by B,—no, by D,—why then A, that is to say C,—no D,—joining B, they convict C,—no, no, A,—against the affidavit of C.—So this being pretty clear, child, I leave the application to you.

Char. Very obliging, Sir. But suppose now, Sir, it should appear that the attention of Sir Luke Limp is directed to some other object, would not that induce you to—

Serj. Other object! Where?

Char. In this very house.

Serj. Here! why the girl is non compos; there’s nobody here, child, but a parcel of Abigals.

Char. No, Sir?

Serj. No.

Char. Yes, Sir, one person else.

Serj. Who is that?

Char. But remember, Sir, my accusation is confined to Sir Luke.

Serj. Well, well.

Char. Suppose then, Sir, those powerful charms which made a conquest of you, may have extended their empire over the heart of Sir Luke.

Serj. Why, hussy, you don't hint at your mother-in-law ?

Char. Indeed, Sir, but I do.

Serj. Ay ; why, this is point blank treason against my sovereign authority ; but can you, Charlot, bring proof of any overt acts ?

Char. Overt acts !

Serj. Ay ; that is, any declaration by writing, or even word of mouth, is sufficient ; then let 'em demur if they dare.

Char. I can't say that, Sir ; but another organ has been pretty explicit.

Serj. Which ?

Char. In those cases a very infallible one—the eye.

Serj. Pshaw ! nonsense and stuff.—The eye !—The eye has no authority in a court of law.

Char. Perhaps not, Sir ; but it is a decisive evidence in a court of love.

Serj. Hark you, hussy, why you would not file an information against the virtue of Madam your mother ; you would not insinuate that she has been guilty of crim. con. ?

Char. Sir, you mistake me ; it is not the lady, but the gentleman, I am about to impeach.

Serj. Have a care, Charlot ! I see on what ground your action is founded—jealousy.

Char. You were never more deceiv'd in your life : for it is impossible, my dear Sir, that jealousy can subsist without love.

Serj. Well.

Char. And from that passion (thank heaven) I am pretty free at present.

Serj. Indeed !

Char. A sweet object to excite tender desires !

Serj. And why not, hussy ?

Char. First, as to his years.

Serj. What then ?

Char.

Char. I own, Sir, age procures honour, but I believe it is very rarely productive of love.

Serj. Mighty well.

Char. And though the loss of a leg can't be imputed to Sir Luke Limp as a fault—

Serj. How!

Char. I hope, Sir, at least you will allow it a misfortune.

Serj. Indeed!

Char. A pretty thing truly, for a girl, at my time of life, to be ty'd to a man with one foot in the grave.

Serj. One foot in the grave! the rest of his body is not a whit the nearer for that.—There has been only an execution issued against part of his personals, his real estate is unencumbered and free—besides, you see he does not mind it a whit, but is alert, and as merry, as a defendant for non-suiting a plaintiff for omitting an S.

Char. O, Sir! I know how proud Sir Luke is of his leg, and have often heard him declare, that he would not change his bit of timber for the best flesh and bone in the kingdom.

Serj. There's a hero for you!

Char. To be sure, sustaining unavoidable evils with constancy is a certain sign of greatness of mind.

Serj. Doubtless.

Char. But then to derive a vanity from a misfortune, will not, I'm afraid, be admitted as a vast instance of wisdom, and indeed looks as if the man had nothing better to distinguish himself by.

Serj. How does that follow!

Char. By inuendo.

Serj. Negatur.

Char. Besides, Sir, I have other proofs of your hero's vanity, not inferior to that I have mention'd.

Serj. Cite them.

Char. The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.

Serj. Titles! I don't understand you.

Char. I mean the poverty of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the Baronet is superceded

perceded by my Lord; quitting the puny Peer for an Earl; and sacrificing all three to a Duke.

Serj. Keeping good company! a laudable ambition!

Char. True, Sir, if the virtues that procur'd the father a peerage could with that be entail'd on the son.

Serj. Have a care, huffy—there are severe laws against speaking evil of dignities—

Char. Sir!

Serj. Scandalum magnatum is a statute must not be trifled with: why, you are not one of those vulgar fluts that think a man the worse for being a Lord?

Char. No, Sir; I am contented with only not thinking him the better.

Serj. For all this, I believe, huffy, a right honourable proposal would soon make you alter your mind.

Char. Not unless the proposer had other qualities than what he possesses by patent. Besides, Sir, you know Sir Luke is a devotee to the bottle.

Serj. Not a whit the less honest for that.

Char. It occasions one evil at least; that when under its influence, he generally reveals all, sometimes more than he knows.

Serj. Proofs of an open temper, you baggage: but, come, come, all these are but trifling objections.

Char. You mean, Sir, they prove the object a trifle.

Serj. Why, you pert jade, do you play on my words? I say Sir Luke is—

Char. Nobody.

Serj. Nobody! how the deuce do you make that out?—He is neither person attainted or outlaw'd; may in any of his majesty's courts sue or be sued, appear by attorney, or in propria persona; can acquire, buy, procure, purchase, possess, and inherit, not only personalities, such as goods and chattels, but even realities, as all lands, tenements, and hereditaments, whatsoever and wheresoever.

Char. But, Sir—

Serj. Nay, further child, he may sell, give, bestow, bequeath, devise, demise, lease, or to farm, lett, ditto lands, to any person whomsoever—and—

Char. Without doubt, Sir; but there are notwithstanding,

standing in this town a great number of nobodies, not described by Lord Coke.

Serj. Hey !

Char. There is your next-door neighbour, Sir Harry Hen, an absolute blank.

Serj. How so, Mrs. Pert ?

Char. What, Sir ! a man who is not suffer'd to hear, see, smell, or in short to enjoy the free use of any one of his senses ; who, instead of having a positive will of his own, is deny'd even a paltry negative ; who can neither resolve or reply, consent or deny, without first obtaining the leave of his lady : an absolute monarch to sink into the sneaking state of being a slave to one of his subjects — Oh fye !

Serj. Why, to be sure, Sir Harry Hen, is, as I may say—

Char. Nobody, Sir, in the fullest sense of the word—Then your client Lord Solo.

Serj. Heyday !—Why, you would not annihilate a peer of the realm, with a prodigious estate and an allow'd judge too of the elegant arts ?

Char. O yes, Sir, I am no stranger to that nobleman's attributes : but then, Sir, please to consider, his power as a peer he gives up to a proxy ; the direction of his estate to a rapacious, artful attorney : and as to his skill in the elegant arts, I presume you confine them to painting and music. He is directed in the first by Mynheer Van Eisel, a Dutch dauber ; and in the last is but the echo of Signora Florenza, his Lordship's mistress, and an opera singer.

Serj. Mercy upon us ! at what a rate the jade runs !

Char. In short, Sir, I define every individual, who, ceasing to act for himself, becomes the tool, the mere engine, of another man's will, to be nothing more than a cypher.

Serj. At this rate the jade will half unpeople the world : but what is all this to Sir Luke ? to him not one of your cases apply.

Char. Every one—Sir Luke has not a first principle in his whole composition ; not only his pleasures, but even his passions, are prompted by others ; and he is as much directed to the objects of his love and his hatred,

as in his eating, dressing, and drinking. Nay, though he is active, and eternally busy, yet his own private affairs are neglected; and he would not scruple to break an appointment that was to determine a considerable part of his property, in order to exchange a couple of hounds for a lord, or to buy a pad-nag for a lady. In a word—but he's at hand, and will explain himself best; I hear his stump on the stairs.

Serj. I hope you will preserve a little decency before your lover at least.

Char. Lover! ha, ha, ha!

Enter Sir Luke Limp.

Sir Luke. Mr. Serjeant, your slave—Ah! are you there my little—O Lord! Miss, let me tell you something for fear of forgetting—Do you know that you are new-christen'd, and have had me for a gossip?

Char. Christen'd! I don't understand you.

Sir Luke. Then lend me your ear—Why, last night, as Colonel Kill'em, Sir William Weezy, Lord Frederick Foretop, and I, were carelessly sliding the Ranelagh round, picking our teeth, after a damn'd muzzy dinner at Boodle's, who should trip by but an abbess, well known about town, with a smart little nun in her suit. Says Weezy (who, between ourselves, is as husky as hell) Who is that? oddsflesh, she is a delicate wench! Zounds, cried Lord Frederick, where can Weezy have been, not to have seen the Harrietta before? for you must know Frederick is a bit of a Macaroni, and adores the soft Italian termination in *a*.

Char. He does?

Sir Luke. Yes, a delitanti all over.—Before? replied Weezy; crush me if ever I saw any thing half so handsome before!—No! replied I in an instant; Colonel, what will Weezy say when he sees the Charlotta?—Hey! you little——

Char. Meaning me, I presume.

Sir Luke. Without doubt; and you have been toasted by that name ever since.

Serj. What a vast fund of spirits he has!

Sir Luke. And why not, my old splitter of causes?

Serj. I was just telling Charlot, that you was not a whit the worse for the loss.

Sir.

Sir Luke. The worse ! much the better, my dear. Consider, I can have neither strain, splint, spavin, or gout ; have no fear of corns, kibes, or that another man should kick my shins, or tread on my toes.

Serj. Right.

Sir Luke. What, d'ye think I would change with Bill Spindle for one of his drumsticks, or chop with Lord Lumber for both of his logs ?

Serj. No.

Sir Luke. No, damn it, I am much better.—Look there—Ha !—What is there I am not able to do ! To be sure I am a little awkward at running ; but then, to make me amends, I'll hop with any man in town for his sum.

Serj. Ay, and I'll go his halves.

Sir Luke. Then as to your dancing, I am cut out at Madam Cornelly's ; I grant, because of the crowd ; but as far as a private set of six couple, or moving a chair-minuet, match me who can.

Char. A chair-minuet ! I don't understand you.

Sir Luke. Why, child, all grace is confin'd to the motion of the head, arms, and chest, which may fitting be as fully displayed as if one had as many legs as a polypus—As thus—tol de rol—Don't you see ?

Serj. Very plain.

Sir Luke. A leg ! a redundancy ! a mere nothing at all. Man is from nature an extravagant creature. In my opinion, we might all be full as well as we are with but half the things that we have.

Char. Ay, Sir Luke ! how do you prove that ?

Sir Luke. By constant experience.—You must have seen the man who makes and uses pens without hands.

Serj. I have.

Sir Luke. And not a twelvemonth ago, I lost my way in a fog, at Mile-End, and was conducted to my house in May-Fair by a man as blind as a beetle.

Serj. Wonderful !

Sir Luke. And as to hearing and speaking, those organs are of no manner of use in the world.

Serj. How !

Sir Luke. If you doubt it, I will introduce you to a whole family, dumb as oysters, and deaf as the dead,

who chatter from morning to night by only the help of their fingers.

Serj. Why, Charlot, these are cases in point.

Sir Luke. Oh! clear as a trout-stream; and it is not only my little Charlot, that this piece of timber answers ever purpose, but it has procured me many a bit of fun in my time.

Serj. Ay!

Sir Luke. Why, it was but last summer at Tunbridge, we were plagued the whole season with a bullet-headed Swiss from the Canton of Bern, who was always boasting what, and how much he dared do; and then, as to pain, no Stoic, not Diogenes, held it more in contempt. By gods, he vas no more minds it dan notings at all—So, foregad, I gave my German a challenge.

Serj. As how!—Mind Charlot.

Sir Luke. Why, to drive a Corkin-pin into the calves of our legs.

Serj. Well, well.

Sir Luke. Mine, you may imagine, was easily done—but when it came to the Baron——

Serj. Ay, ay.

Sir Luke. Our modern Cato soon lost his coolness and courage, screw'd his nose up to his foretop, rapp'd out a dozen oaths in High Dutch, limp'd away to his lodgings, and was there laid up for a month—Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a Servant, and delivers a Card to Sir Luke.

Sir Luke Reads.] “Sir Gregory Goose desires the honour of Sir Luke Limp’s company to dine. An answer is desir’d.” Gadso! a little unlucky; I have been engag’d for these three weeks.

Serj. What, I find Sir Gregory is return’d for the corporation of *Fleefum*.

Sir Luke. Is he so? Oh ho!—That alters the case.—George, give my compliments to Sir Gregory, and I’ll certainly come and dine there. Order Joe to run to Alderman Inkle’s in Threadneedle Street; sorry can’t wait upon him, but confin’d to bed two days with *new influenza*.

Char. You make light, Sir Luke, of these sort of engagements.

Sir Luke. What can a man do? These damn’d fellows

lows (when one has the misfortune to meet them) take scandalous advantage; teaze, when will you do me the honour, pray, Sir Luke, to take a bit of mutton with me? Do you name the day.—They are as bad as a beggar, who attacks your coach at the mounting of a hill; there is no getting rid of them, without a penny to one and a promise to t'other.

Serj. True; and then for such a time too—three weeks! I wonder they expect folks to remember. It is like a retainer in Michaelmas term for the summer affizes.

Sir Luke. Not but upon these occasions, no man in England is more punctual than——

Enter a Servant, who gives Sir Luke a Letter.

From whom?

Serv. Earl of Brentford. The servant waits for an answer.

Sir Luke. Answer!—By your leave, Mr. Serjeant and Charlot (*Reads.*) “Taste for music—Monsr. Duport—“fail—Dinner upon table at five”—Gadso! I hope Sir Gregory’s servant an’t gone.

Ser. Immediately upon receiving the answer.

Sir Luke. Run after him as fast as you can—tell him, quite in despair—recollect an engagement that can’t in nature be missed,—and return in an instant.

Char. You see, Sir, the Knight must give way for my Lord.

Sir Luke. No, faith, it is not that, my dear Charlot; you saw that was quite an extempore business.—No, hang it, no, it is not for the title; but to tell you the truth, Brentford has more wit than any man in the world; it is that makes me fond of his house.

Char. By the choice of his company he gives an unanswerable instance of that.

Sir Luke. You are right; my dear girl.—But now to give you a proof of his wit: You know Brentford’s finances are a little out of repair, which procures him some visits that he would very gladly excuse.

Serj. What need we fear? His person is sacred; for by the tenth of William and Mary——

Sir Luke. He knows that well enough; but for all that——

Serj. Indeed, by a late act of his own house, (which does them infinite honour) his goods or chattels may be——

Sir Luke. Seiz'd upon when they can find them; but he lives in ready-furnish'd lodgings, and hires his coach by the month.

Serj. Nay, if the sheriff return "non inventus."——

Sir Luke. A pox o' your law, you make me lose sight of my story. One morning a Welch coachmaker came with his bill to my Lord, whose name was unluckily Loyd. My Lord had the man up. You are call'd, I think, Mr. Loyd?—At your Lordship's service, my Lord.—What, Loyd with an L?—It was with an L indeed, my Lord.—Because in your part of the world I have heard that Loyd and Floyd were synonymous, the very same names.—Very often, indeed, my Lord.—But you always spell your's with an L?—Always.—That, Mr. Loyd, is a little unlucky; for you must know I am now paying my debts alphabetically, and in four or five years you might have come in with an F; but I am afraid I can give you no hopes for your L.—Ha, ha, ha!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There was no overtaking the servant.

Sir Luke. That is unlucky: Tell my Lord I'll attend him.—I'll call on Sir Gregory myself.

Serj. Why, you won't leave us, Sir Luke?

Sir Luke. Pardon, dear Serjeant and Charlotte; have a thousand things to do for half a million of people, positively: promised to procure a husband for Lady Cicely Sulky, and match a coach horse for Brigadier Whip; after that, must run into the city to borrow a thousand for young At-all at Almack's; send a Cheshire cheese by the stage to Sir Timothy Tawkard in Suffolk; and get at the Herald's office a coat of arms to clap on the coach of Billy Bengal, a nabob newly arriv'd: so you see I have not a moment to lose.

Serj. True, true.

Sir Luke. At your toilet to-morrow at ten you may—

Enter a Servant abruptly, and runs against Sir Luke.
Can't you see where you are running, you rascal!

Serv. Sir, his Grace the Duke of——

Sir

Sir Luke. Grace! Where is he!—Where—

Serv. In his coach at the door.—If you an't better engaged, would be glad of your company to go into the city, and take a dinner at Dolly's.

Sir Luke. In his own coach did you say?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Sir Luke. With the coronets—or—

Serv. I believe so.

Sir Luke. There's no resisting of that.—Bid Joe run to Sir Gregory Goose's.

Serv. He is already gone to Alderman Inkle's.

Sir Luke. Then do you step to the knight—hey!—no—you must go to my Lord's—hold, hold, no—I have it—Step first to Sir Greg. then pop in at Lord Brentford's just as the company are going to dinner.

Serv. What shall I say to Sir Gregory?

Sir Luke. Any thing—what I told you before.

Serv. And what to my Lord?

Sir Luke. What!—Why tell him that my uncle from Epfom—no—that won't do, for he knows I don't care a farthing for him—hey?—Why tell him—hold I have it—Tell him, that as I was going into my chair to obey his commands, I was arrested by a couple of bailiffs, forced into a hackney coach, and carried to the Py'd Bull in the Borough; I beg ten thousand pardons for making his Grace wait, but his Grace knows my misfor—

[*Exit Sir Luke.*]

Char. Well, Sir, what d'ye think of the proofs? I flatter myself I have pretty well established my case.

Serv. Why, hussy, you have hit upon points; but then they are but trifling flaws, they don't vitiate the title that stands unimpeach'd; and—But, Madam, your mother.

Enter Mrs. Circuit.

Mrs. Cir. What have you done with the Knight?—Why, you have not let him depart?

Char. It was not in my power to keep him.

Mrs. Cir. I don't wonder at that; but what took him away?

Char. What will at any time take him away—a Duke at the door.

Mrs. Cir. Are you certain of that?

Serv.

Serj. Why truly, chuck, his retreat was rather precipitate for a man that is just going to be marry'd.

Mrs. Cir. The prospect of marriage does not always prove the strongest attachment.

Serj. Pardon me, lovee ; the law allows no higher consideration than marriage.

Mrs. Cir. Pshaw !

Serj. Infomuch, that if Duke A was to intermarry with chambermaid B, difference of condition would prove no bar to the settlement.

Mrs. Cir. Indeed !

Serj. Ay ; and this was held to be law by Chief-baron Bind'em, on the famous case of the Marquis of Cully and Fanny Flip-flap the French dancer.

Mrs. Cir. The greater blockhead the Baron : but don't pester me with your odious law-cases.—Did not you tell me you was to go to Kingston to-day to try the crown causes ?

Serj. I was begg'd to attend for fear his Lordship should not be able to sit ; but if it proves inconvenient to you—

Mrs. Cir. To me ! Oh, by no means in the world ; I am too good a subject to desire the least delay in the law's execution. And when d'ye set out ?

Serj. Between one and two. I shall only just give a law lecture to Jack.

Mrs. Cir. Lord ! I wonder Mr. Circuit you would breed that boy up to the bar.

Serj. Why not, chuck ? He has fine steady parts, and for his time moots a point—

Mrs. Cir. Steady ! stupid you mean : nothing sure cou'd add to his heaviness but the being loaded with law. Why don't you put him into the army ?

Serj. Nay, Chuck, if you choose it, I believe I have interest to get Jack a commission.

Mrs. Cir. Why, Mr. Circuit, you know he is no son of mine ; perhaps a cockade may animate the lad with some fire.

Serj. True, lovee ; and a knowledge of the law mayn't be amiss to restrain his fire a little.

Mrs. Cir. I believe there is very little danger of his exceeding that way.

Serj.

Serj. Charlot, send hither your brother.

[*Exit Charlot.*]

Mrs. Cir. I'll not interrupt you.

Serj. Far from it, lovee; I should be glad to have you a witness of Jacky's improvement.

Mrs. Cir. Of that I am no judge; besides I am full of business to-day—There is to be a ballot at one for the *Ladies Club* lately established, and Lady Bab Basso has proposed me for a member.—Pray, my dear, when will you let me have that money to pay my Lord Loo?

Serj. The three hundred you mean?

Mrs. Cir. And besides, there is my debt to Kitty Cribbige. I protest I almost blush whenever I meet them.

Serj. Why really, lovee, 'tis a large sum of money.—Now, were I worthy to throw in a little advice, we might make a pretty good hand of this business.

Mrs. Cir. I don't understand you.

Serj. Bring an action against them on the statute in the name of my clerk; and so not only rescue the *debt* from their hands, but recover likewise considerable *damages*.

Mrs. Cir. A pretty conceit, Mr. Serjeant! but does it not occur to your wisdom, that as I have (by the help of Captain Cog) been oftener a winner than loser, the tables may be turned upon *us*?

Serj. No, no, chuck, that did not escape me; I have provided for that—Do you know, by the law, both parties are equally culpable; so that, lovee, we shall be able to fleece your friends not only of what they have *won* of poor dearee, but likewise for what they have *lost*.

Mrs. Cir. Why, what a paltry, pettifogging puppy art thou!—And could you suppose that I would submit to the scandalous office?

Serj. Scandalous! I don't understand this strange perversion of words. The scandal lies in *breaking* the *laws*, not in bringing the offenders to *justice*.

Mrs. Cir. Mean-spirited wretch!—What, do you suppose that those laws could be levell'd against people of their high rank and condition? Can it be thought that
any

any set of men would submit to lay legal restraints on themselves?—Absurd and preposterous!

Serj. Why, by their public practice, my love, one would suspect that they thought themselves excepted by a particular clause.

Mrs. Cir. Oh, to be sure; not the least doubt can be made.

Serj. True, chuck.—But then your great friends should never complain of highwaymen stopping their coaches, or thieves breaking into their houses.

Mrs. Cir. Why, what has that to do with the business?

Serj. Oh the natural consequence, lovee; for whilst the superiors are throwing away their fortunes, and consequently their independence *above*—you can't think but their domestics are following their examples *below*.

Mrs. Cir. Well, and what then?

Serj. Then! the same distress that throws the master and mistress into the power of any who are willing to purchase them, by a regular gradation, seduces the servants to actions, though more *criminal*, perhaps not more *atrocious*.

Mrs. Cir. Pshaw! stuff!—I have no head to examine your dirty distinctions.—Don't tease me with your jargon.—I have told you the sums I shall want, so take care they are ready at your returning from Kingston.—Nay, don't hesitate; recollect your own state of the case, and remember my honour is in pawn, and must some way or other be redeem'd by the end of the week.

[*Exit.*

Serj. (Solus.) My honour is in pawn!—Good Lord! how a century will alter the meaning of words!—Formerly, *chastity* was the honour of women, and *good faith* and *integrity* the honour of men: but *now*, a lady who ruins her family by punctually paying her losses at play, and a gentleman who kills his best friend in some trifling frivolous quarrel, are your only tip-toe people of *honour*. Well, let them go on it brings grist to our mill: for whilst both the sexes stick firm to their *honour*, we shall never want business either at Doctor's Commons or the Old Bailey.

[*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Serjeant, Circuit, and Jack.

Serj. JACK, let Will bring the chaise to the door.

Jack. Mr. Fairplay, Sir, the attorney begs to speak a few words.

Serj. How often have I told you, that I will see none of these sort of folks but at chambers; you know how angry your mother is at their rapping, and littering the house.

Jack. He says, Sir, he will not detain you five minutes.

Serj. Well, bid him walk in.

Enter Fairplay.

Well, Mr. Fairplay, what's your will?

Fair. I just call'd Mr. Serjeant, to know your opinion upon the case of young Woodford, and if you like the proposal of being concern'd.

Serj. If it turns out as you state it, and that the father of the lad was really a minor, the Essex estate may without doubt be recover'd; and so may the lands in the North.

Fair. We have full proofs to that fact.

Serj. May be so; but really Mr. Fairplay, you know the length of time that these kind of suits——

Fair. True, Sir, but then your experience will shorten, I appreh——

Serj. That's more than I know: and then not only my fees lying dormant, but perhaps an expectation of money advanc'd.

Fair. The property, Sir, is of very great value, and upon the recovery, any acknowledgment shall be readily made.

Serj. There again, *any!* do you know that in law, that word *any* has no meaning at all? besides, when people are in distress, they are lavish enough of their offers; but when their business is done, then we have nothing but grumbling and grudging.

Fair. You have only to dictate your terms.

Serj.

Serj. Does the lad live in town ?

Fair. He has been under my care since the death of his father. I have given him as good education as my narrow fortune would let me. He is now studying the law in the Temple, in hopes, that should he fail of other assistance, he may be able one day to do *himself* justice.

Serj. In the Temple ?

Fair. Yes, Sir, in those little chambers just over your head—I fancy the young gentleman knows him.

Jack. Who ? Mr. Woodford ! Lord as well as myself. He is a sweet sober youth, and will one day make a vast figure, I am sure.

Serj. Indeed !

Jack. I am positive, Sir, if you were to hear him speak at the Robinhood in the Butcher-row, you would say so yourself. Why, he is now reckon'd the third. Except the breeches-maker from Barbican, and Sawny Sinclair the snuffman, there is not a mortal can touch him.

Serj. Peace, puppy. Well, Mr. Fairplay, leave the papers a little longer with me, and—pray who is employ'd against you ?

Fair. A city-attorney, one Sheepskin.

Serj. A cunning fellow ; I know him. Well, Sir, if you will call at Pump-court in a week.

Fair. I shall attend you.

Serj. Jack, open the door for Mr.—[*Exeunt Fairplay and Jack.*] Something may be made of this matter. I'll see this Sheepskin myself. So much in future for carrying on the suit, or so much in hand to make it miscarry. A wise man should well weigh which party to take for.

Enter Jack.

So, Jack, any body at chambers to-day ?

Jack. Fieri Facias from Fetter-lane, about the bill to be filed by Kit Crape against Will Vizard this term.

Serj. Praying for an equal partition of plunder ?

Jack. Yes, Sir.

Serj. Strange world we live in, that even highwaymen can't be true to each other ! (*half aside to himself.*) But we shall make master Vizard refund ; we'll shew him what long hands the law has.

Jack.

Jack. Facias says, that in all the books he can't hit on a precedent.

Serj. Then I'll make one myself; *aut inveniam aut faciam*, has been always my motto. The charge must be made for partnership-profit, by bartering lead and gunpowder against money, watches, and rings, on Epping-forest, Hounslow-heath, and other parts of the kingdom.

Jack. He says, if the court should get scent of the scheme, the parties would all stand committed.

Serj. Cowardly rascal! but, however, the caution mayn't prove amiss. [*Aside.*] I'll not put my own name to the bill.

Jack. The declaration too is deliver'd in the cause of Roger Rapp'em against Sir Solomon Simple.

Serj. What, the affair of the note?

Jack. Yes.

Serj. Why, he is clear that his client never gave such a note.

Jack. Defendant never saw plaintiff since the hour he was born; but, notwithstanding, they have three witnesses to prove a consideration and signing the note.

Serj. They have?

Jack. He is puzzled what plea to put in.

Serj. Three witnesses ready, you say?

Jack. Yes.

Serj. Tell him Simple must acknowledge the note, (*Jack starts.*) and bid him, against the trial comes on, to procure four persons at least to prove the payment at the Crown and Anchor, the 10th of December.

Jack. But then how comes the note to remain in plaintiff's possession?

Serj. Well put, Jack; but we have a *salvo* for that; plaintiff happen'd not to have the note in his pocket, but promis'd to deliver it up when call'd thereunto by defendant.

Jack. That will do rarely.

Serj. Let the defence be a secret; for I see we have able people to deal with. But come, child, not to lose time, have you carefully conn'd those instructions I gave you?

Jack. Yes, Sir.

Serj.

Serj. Well, that we shall see. How many points are the great object of practice ?

Jack. Two.

Serj. Which are they ?

Jack. The first is to put a man into possession of what is his right.

Serj. The second ?

Jack. Either to deprive a man of what is *really* his right, or to keep him as long as possible *out* of possession.

Serj. Good boy ! To gain the last end, what are the best means to be us'd ?

Jack. Various and many are the legal modes of delay.

Serj. Name them.

Jack. Injunctions, demurrers, sham-pleas, writs of error, rejoinders, sur-rejoinders, rebutters, sur-rebutters, replications, exceptions, *essoigns*, and *imparlance*.

Serj. (*To himself.*) Fine instruments in the hands of a man who knows how to use them.—But now, Jack, we come to the point : If an able advocate has his choice in a cause (which if he is in reputation he may readily have), which side should he choose, the right or the wrong ?

Jack. A great lawyer's business is always to make choice of the wrong.

Serj. And prithee why so ?

Jack. Because a good cause can speak for itself, whilst a bad one demands an able counsellor to give it a colour.

Serj. Very well. But in what respects will this answer to the lawyer himself ?

Jack. In a twofold way. Firstly, his fees will be large in proportion to the dirty work he is to do.

Serj. Secondly ?—

Jack. His reputation will rise, by obtaining the victory in a desperate cause.

Serj. Right, boy.—Are you ready in the case of the cow ?

Jack. Pretty well, I believe.

Serj. Give it then.

Jack. First of April, anno seventeen hundred and blank, John a Nokes was indicted by blank, before blank,

in the county of blank, for stealing a cow, contra pacem, &cet.—And against the statute in that case provided and made, to prevent stealing of cattle.

Serj. Go on.

Jack. Said Nokes was convicted upon the said statute.

Serj. What follow'd upon ?—

Jack. Motion in arrest of judgment made by counsellor Puzzle. First, Because the field from whence the cow was convey'd is laid in the indictment as *round*, but turn'd out upon proof to be *square*.

Serj. That's well : a valid objection.

Jack. Secondly, Because in said indictment the colour of the cow is called red, there being no such things in rerum natura as red cows, no more than black lions, spread Eagles, flying griffins, or blue boars.

Serj. Well put.

Jack. Thirdly, Said Nokes has not offended against form of the statute ; because stealing of *cattle* is there provided against : whereas we are only convicted of stealing a *cow*. Now, though cattle may be cows, yet it does by no means follow that cows must be cattle.

Serj. Bravo, bravo ! burs me, you rogue ; you are your father's own son ! go on and prosper.—I am sorry, dear Jack, I must leave thee. If Providence but sends thee life and health, I prophecy thou wilt wrest as much land from the owners, and save as many thieves from the gallows, as any practitioner since the days of king Alfred.

Jack. I'll do my endeavour. [*Exit. Serjeant.*] So !—father is set off. Now if I can but lay eyes on our Charlot, just to deliver this letter, before Madam comes home. There she is.—Hift, sister Charlot !

Enter Charlot.

Char. What have you got there, Jack ?

Jack. Something for you sister.

Char. For me ! Prithce what is it ?

Jack. A thing.

Char. What thing ?

Jack. A thing that will please you I'm sure.

Char. Come, don't be a boy, let me have it. (Jack gives the letter.) How's this ! a letter ! from whom ?

Jack.

Jack. Can't you guess ?

Char. Not I ; I don't know the hand.

Jack. May be not ; but you know the inditer.

Char. Then tell me his name.

Jack. Break open the seal, and you'll find it.

Char. (*Opening the letter.*) " Charles Woodford !"—
I am sure I know nothing of him.

Jack. Ay, but sister you do.

Char. How ! when, and where ?

Jack. Don't you remember about three weeks ago, when you drank tea at our chambers, there was a young gentleman in a blue satin waistcoat, who wore his own head of hair ?

Char. Well ?

Jack. That letter's from he.

Char. What can be his business with me ?

Jack. Read that, and you'll know.

Char. (*Reads.*) " Want words to apologize—hum, " hum—very first moment I saw you—hum, hum—" smother'd long in my breast—hum, hum—happiest, or " else the most wretched of men."—So, Sir, you have undertaken a pretty commission ! and what do you think my father will——

Jack. Why, I hope you won't go for to tell him.

Char. Indeed, Sir, but I shall.

Jack. No, sister, I'm sure you won't be so cross. Besides, what could I do ? The poor young lad begg'd so hard ; and there for this fortnight he has gone about sighing, and musing, and moping : I am satisfied it would melt you to see him. Do, sister, let me bring him this evening, now father is out.

Char. Upon my word !—The young man has made no bad choice of an agent ; you are for pushing matters at once.—But, harkee, Sir, who is this spark you are so anxious about ? and how long have you known him ?

Jack. Oh ! a prodigious long while : above a month I am certain. Don't you think him mighty genteel ? I assure you he is vastly lik'd by the ladies.

Char. He is !

Jack. Yes, indeed. Mrs. Congo, at the Grecian coffee-house, says he's the soberest youth that comes to the house ; and all Mrs Mittens's 'prentices throw down
their

their work, and run to the window every time he goes by.

Char. Upon my word.

Jack. And moreover, besides that, he has several great estates in the country; but only, for the present, he is kept out of them all by the owners.

Char. Ah, Jack? that's the worst part of the story.

Jack. Pshaw! that's nothing at all. His guardian, Mr. Fairplay, has been with father to-day, and says he is certain that he can set all to rights in a trice.

Char. Well, Jack, when that point is determin'd, it will be time enough to—

Jack. Then, Lord of mercy! why, sister Charlot, it is my private opinion, that if you don't give him some crumbs of comfort he won't live till Midsummer term.

Char. I warrant you. Either Cupid's darts were always but poetical engines, or they have been lately depriv'd of their points. Love holds no place in the modern bills of mortality. However, Jack, you may tell your friend that I have observ'd his frequent walks in our street.

Jack. Walks! Why, one should think he was appointed to relieve the old watchman; for no sooner one is off but the other comes on.

Char. And that from his eyes being constantly fixed on my window (for the information of which I presume he is indebted to you)—

Jack. He! he! he!

Char. I had a pretty shrewd guess at his business; but tell him, that unless my fa—Hush! our tyrant is return'd. Don't leave the house till I see you.

Enter Mrs. Circuit and Betty.

Mrs. Cir. So, Sir, what makes you loitering from chambers? I thought I told you, you should never be here but at meals? (*Exit Jack.*) One spy is enough in a family.—Miss, you may go to your room; and d'ye hear—I shall have company, so you need not come down. (*Exit Charlot.*)—Betty, no message or letter?

Betty. None, madam.

Mrs. Cir. That is amazing!—You know I expect Colanet Secret and Mrs. Simper every instant.

Betty. Yes, madam.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cir. Put the fruit and the wine on the table in the next room.

Betty. Very well, madam.

Mrs. Cir. And, Betty, order the fellow to let nobody in but Sir Luke.

Betty. Madam, I shall take care.

(Exit.)

Mrs. Cir. (sits down.) The ballot must be over by this time. Sure there is nothing so dreadful as a state of suspense: but should they black-ball me!—No, there's no danger of that; Miss Mattadore has insur'd me success—Well, this is certainly one of the most useful institutions; it positively supplies the only point of time one does not know how to employ. From twelve, the hour of one's rising, to dinner, is a most horrible chasm; for though teasing the mercers and milliners, by tumbling their wares, is now and then an entertaining amusement, yet, upon repetition, it palls.—But every morning to be sure of a party, and then again at night, after a rout, to have a place to retire to; to be quite freed from all pain of providing; not to be pester'd at table with the odious company of clients and country-cousins; for I am determin'd to dine and sup at the club every day. I can tell 'em they'll have but very few forfeits from me.

Enter Betty in haste, with a letter.

Betty. By a chairman, madam, from the Thatch'd House.

Mrs. Cir. Give it me, Betty, this instant.—Ay—this is Mattadore's hand. *(opens and reads the letter.)* "My dear Circuit—it is with the utmost concern and confusion I find myself oblig'd to acquaint you, that notwithstanding all the pains I have taken, the club have thought fit to reject"—Oh! *(she faints.)*

Betty. Bless my soul! my lady is gone!—John! Will! Kitty! run hither this instant.—

Enter two Maids and a Man Servant.

All. What, what's the matter?

Betty. Quick! quick! some hartshorn and water.—*(pats her hand.)* Madam! madam—

Serv. Here! here! here! *(bringing water.)*

Betty. John, go for the potter-carrier this instant—*I believe* to my soul she is dead—Kitty, fetch some feathers

thers to burn under her nose.—There, stand further off and give her some air.

Enter Sir Luke.

Sir Luke. Hey day! what the deuce is the matter? What's the meaning of all this, Mrs. Betty?

Betty. Oh, Sir! is it you—my poor lady! (*cries*) Clap the bottle hard to her nose.

Sir Luke. But how came it about?

Betty. Some of the *continents* of that cursed letter she has there in her hand.

Sir Luke. Here, here, take some of my eau de luce. (*offering a bottle.*)

Betty. There! she recovers a little—some water—I believe it is nothing but a *satirical* fit; I have had them myself—Now she opens her eyes—so, so—bend her forward a little.

Sir Luke. My sweet Mrs. Circuit!

Mrs. Cir. Who is that?

Betty. Nobody at all, madam, but only Sir Luke.

Mrs. Cir. Oh, Sir Luke, such a stroke, so fatal, so sudden! it is not in nature I should ever survive it.

Sir Luke. Marry, heaven forbid! But what cause—what could—

Mrs. Cir. Leave the room. (*To the servants, who go out.*) Only look over that letter.

Sir Luke. Hum, hum,—(*reads.*) “fit to reject you—this—

Mrs. Cir. There! there! there!

Sir Luke. I own this is the utmost malice of fortune—but let me finish the letter.—“This calamity, dear Circuit, is of such a nature as baffles all advice or interposition of friends: I shall therefore leave you to time and your own good understanding.” (*pretty and sensible.*)—“Yours,” &c.—But let us see, what says the postscript? (*reads.*) “Perhaps it may give you some comfort to know that you had sixteen almonds, and but two raisins against you.”

Mrs. Cir. But two!

Sir Luke. No more.

Mrs. Cir. This must be Kitty Cribbage's doing; she has been tattling about the pakry trifle I owe her.

Sir Luke. Not unlikely: but come, bear up, my dear Madam, and consider that *two*—

Mrs. Cir. Is as bad as two thousand.

Sir Luke. Granted; but perhaps it may not be too late to repair.—Gadso! I have thought of a scheme—I'll be elected myself, and then I warrant we manage—

Mrs. Cir. You, Sir Luke? that never can be.

Sir Luke. No, Madam; and why not;—Why, you don't suppose that they would venture to—

Mrs. Cir. It would not only be against the spirit, but the very letter of their constitution, to choose you a member.

Sir Luke. Ay, Madam, how so?

Mrs. Cir. Their statutes are selected from all the codes that ever existed from the days of Lycurgus to the present Czarina.

Sir Luke. Well.

Mrs. Cir. The law that relates to your case they have borrow'd from the Roman religion.

Sir Luke. As how?

Mrs. Cir. As no man can be admitted a monk who has the least corporeal spot or defect; so no candidate can be receiv'd as a member who is depriv'd of the use of any one of his limbs.

Sir Luke. Nay, then indeed I am clearly cut out; that incapacity can never be got over.

Mrs. Cir. Indeed, the Serjeant says, if the club could be induc'd to *resolve* in your favour, then the *original law* would signify nothing.

Sir Luke. Well, well, we'll see what can be done. (*A loud knocking.*) But hush! the company's come: collect yourself, sweet Mrs. Circuit; don't give your enemies the malicious pleasure of seeing how this disappointment affects you.

Mrs. Cir. Never fear; I know a little too much of the world not to turn this defeat to my credit.

Enter Colonel Secret and Mrs. Simper.

Mrs. Sim. Your servant, Sir Luke. My dear Circuit, I am frighten'd to death—your people tell me you are but just recover'd from a—

Mrs. Cir. Oh! nothing at all! a faintness, a kind of swim-

swimming—but those people are ever swelling mole-hills to mountains.

Mrs. Sim. I protest I was afraid that you had suffered your late disappointment to lay hold of your spirits.

Mrs. Cir. What disappointment, my dear?

Col. Mrs Simper hints at the little mistake made this morning at the Thatch'd House.

Mrs. Cir. That! ridiculous! I could have told you that a fortnight ago, child—all my own doing.

Mrs. Sim. How!

Sir Luke. Entirely.

Mrs. Cir. Oh! I always detested the thoughts of the thing—They would put me up, let me say what I would; so I was reduc'd to the necessity of prevailing upon two of my friends to *black-ball* me.

Mrs. Sim. That, indeed, alters the case.

Col. I am vastly happy to hear it: your old acquaintances were afraid they should lose you.

Mrs. Cir. It is a sign they know but little of me—But come, my good folks, I have prepared a small collation in the next room, will you— [Exit.

Enter Jack and Woodford.

Jack. I'll watch sister, to see that nobody comes. Now, Woodford, make good use of your time. [Exit Woodford.] There, I have left them together; if I had staid, I don't believe they would have open'd their mouths for a month: I never saw such an alteration in a lad since the day I was born.—Why, if I had not known him before, I should not have thought he had a word to throw to a dog; but I remember the old proverb,

True lovers are shy

When people are by.

I'll take a peep to see how they go on:—There they are, just in the same posture I left them; she folding her fingers, and he twirling his hat.—Why, they don't even look at each other.—Was there ever such a couple of—Stay, stay, now he opens his mouth—pshaw!—Lord! there he shuts it again—hush! I hear somebody coming—no—nothing at all:—Mother is safe I am sure,—there is no danger from her—Now let us take t'other— (Peeps at the door.) Hum!—gadso, matters are mighti-

ly mended—There, there! very well—there he lays down the law—Now he claps his hand on his heart—vastly pretty, I vow—There he swops with both his knees on the ground—Charming!—And squeezes his hat with both hands like one of the actors—Delightful!—She wants him to rise, and he won't—Prodigious!—moving indeed!

Enter Betty.

Betty. So, Sir, what are you doing there?

Jack. There! where?

Betty. With your eyes glew'd close to the key-hole.

Jack. I wanted to speak a word to my sister.

Betty. Then why don't you open her door?

Jack. I did not know but she might be saying her prayers.

Betty. Prayers! a likely story! Who says their prayers at this time of the day?—No, no, that won't pass upon me.—Let me look—Very pretty! So, so, I see there's somebody else at his prayers too—fine doings!—As soon as the company goes, I shall take care to inform Madam your mother.

Jack. Nay, but Mrs. Betty, you won't be so—

Betty. Indeed, Mr. John, but I shall—I'll swallow none of your secrets, believe me.

Jack. What, perhaps your stomach is overloaded already.

Betty. No matter for that, I shall be even with Miss for telling Master about and concerning my drums.

Jack. Why, Mrs. Betty, surely sister could not—

Betty. When she very well knows that I have not sent cards but twice the whole season.

Jack. Lord! what signi—

Betty. What would she say, if she visited the great families I do? For though I am, a I may say, but a commoner, no private gentlewoman's gentlewoman has a more prettier set of acquaintance.

Jack. Well, but—

Betty. My routs indeed!—There is Mrs. Allspice, who lives with Lady Cicily Sequence, has six tables every Sunday, besides looers, and braggers; and moreover proposes giving a masquerade the beginning of June, and I intends being there.

Jack.

Jack. Well, but to talk calmly.

Betty. And as Miss is so fond of fetching and carrying, you may tell her we are to have a private play among ourselves, as the quality have: the *Distrustful* Mother, 'tis call'd—Pylades, by Mr. Thomas, Lord, Catastrophe's butler—Hermione, Mrs. Allspice; and I shall do Andromache myself.

Jack. A play! Lord, Mrs. Betty, will you give me a ticket?

Betty. All's one for that—and so you may tell Miss that. (*Bell rings.*) Coming, Madam, this minute—And that, Mr. John, is the long and the short on't. (*Bell rings again.*) Lord, I am coming—

Enter Woodford to Jack.

Wood. What's the matter?

Jack. Here, Betty, my mother's fac-totum, has just discover'd your haunt's, and is gone to lay an information against you—so, depend upon it, a search-warrant will issue directly.

Wood. Stay but a moment till I take leave of your sister.

Jack. Zooks! I tell you the constables will be here in a trice, so you have not a moment to lose.

Wood. How unlucky this is!

Jack. But I hope you have obtained a verdict, however.

Wood. No.

Jack. No!

Wood. It would not have been decent to have press'd the judge too soon for a sentence.

Jack. Soon!—You are a ninny, I tell you so:—Here you will suffer judgment to go by default.—You are a pretty practitioner indeed!

Wood. This, you may know, my dear Jack, is an equity case: I have but just fil'd my bill; one must give the parties time to put in an answer.

Jack. Time!—How you may come off in court I can't tell, but you will turn out but a poor chamber-counsel, I fear.—Well, come along, perhaps I may be able to procure another hearing before it is—But, Lord e'mercy! there is father crossing the hall—should he see

us, all's over—we have nothing for't. but taking shelter with sister.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

Sir Luke Limp, Mrs. Circuit, Colonel Secret, and Mrs. Simper, *discover'd at a Table, with a Collation before them.*

Mrs. Cir. Oh! by-the-by, Sir Luke—Take some of these sweetmeats, my dear (*To Mrs. Simper*)—Did not you promise to introduce to me that little agreeable piece of imperfection that belongs to the opera?—Colonel, won't you taste the champaign?

Sir Luke. Who, Signior *Piano*?—Let me assist Mrs. Simper.—Why, Madam, I made an attempt; but at present—shan't I send you a biscuit?—he is in the possession of a certain lady, who never suffers him out of her sight for a moment.

Mrs. Sim. Oh! the curmudgeon!—I am vastly fond of these custards.

Sir Luke. Yes, they have a delicate flavour—but he promis'd, if possible, to escape for an hour—won't you? (*To Mrs. Circuit.*)

Mrs. Cir. No, it gives me the heart-burn.—Then let us leave him a cover.

Col. By all means in the world.

Mrs. Cir. But there is, likewise, another party, for whom a place ought to be kept.

Mrs. Sim. Another! Who can that be I wonder?

Mrs. Cir. A small appendix of mine.

Sir Luke. How, Madam!

Mrs. Cir. You need not be jealous, Sir Luke—Taste that tart, Mrs. Simper.—It is only my husband the Sergeant.—Ha, ha, ha!—Betty makes them herself.

Mrs. Sim. Oh! you abominable creature! how could such a thought come into your head?

Sir Luke. Ma'am—(*Offering sweetmeats to Mrs. Simper.*)

Mrs. Sim. Not a bit more, I thank you.—I swear and vow I should swoon at the sight.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cir. And I should receive him with the polite indifference of an absolute stranger.

Sir Luke. Well said, my good Lady Intrepid ! But, notwithstanding, I would venture a trifle that his appearance would give you such an electrical shock——

Mrs. Cir. You are vastly deceiv'd.

Sir Luke. Dare you come to the proof ? Will you give me leave to introduce Mr. Serjeant ? He is not far off.

Mrs. Cir. What, my husband ?

Sir Luke. Even he ! I saw him as I enter'd the hall.

Mrs. Cir. Impossible !

Sir Luke. Nay, then I must fetch him.

[*Exit Sir Luke.*]

Col. I can't conceive what the knight would be at.

Mrs. Sim. Why he is mad.

Mrs. Cir. Or turn'd fool.

Enter Sir Luke, with the Serjeant's peruke on a block.

Sir Luke. Now, Madam, have I reason ? Is this your husband or not ?

Mrs. Sim. It is he ; not the least doubt can be made.

Col. Yes, yes, it is the Serjeant himself.

Mrs. Cir. I own it ; I acknowledge the lord of my wishes.

(*Kisses the block.*)

Mrs. Sim. All his features are there !

Col. The grave cast of his countenance !

Sir Luke. The vacant stare of his eye !

Mrs. Cir. The livid hue of his lips !

Mrs. Sim. The rubies with which his cheeks are enrich'd.

Col. The silent solemnity when he sits on the bench !

Mrs. Cir. We must have him at table ; but pray, good folks, let my husband appear like himself.—I'll run for the gown.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Sim. By all means in the world.

Sir Luke. Dispatch, I beseech you.

Mrs. Circuit returns with a Gown and Band.

Mrs. Cir. Sir Luke, lend your assistance.

Col. There, place him at the head of the table.

[*They fix the Head at the back of a chair, and place it at table ; then all sit.*]

Mrs. Sim. Madam, you'll take care of your husband.

Mrs. Cir. I don't want to be put in mind of my duty.

Mrs. Sim. Oh, Madam! I know that very well.

Sir Luke. Come, Hob or Nob, Master Circuit—let us try if we can't fuddle the Serjeant.

Col. O! fye! have a proper respect for the coif.

Mrs. Sim. Don't be too facetious, Sir Luke: it is not quite so safe to sport with the heads of the law; you don't know how soon you may have a little business together.

Sir Luke. But, come, the Serjeant is sulky.—I have thought of a way to divert him:—You know he is never so happy as when he is hearing a cause: suppose we were to plead one before him; Mrs. Circuit and I to be counsel, the Colonel the clerk, and Mrs. Simper the cryer.

Mrs. Cir. The finest thought in the world! And, stay, to conduct the trial with proper solemnity, let's rummage his wardrobe; we shall there be able to equip ourselves with suitable dresses.

Sir Luke. Alons, alons!

Mrs. Sim. There is no time to be lost. - (*All rise.*)

Mrs. Cir. (*Stopping short as they are going out.*) But won't my husband be angry if we leave him alone? Bye, dearest—we shall soon return to thee again.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Serj. Circuit, not perceiving the Collation.

Serj. So, my lord not being able to fit, there was no occasion for me.—I can't put that girl's nonsense out of my head—My wife is young to be sure, and love's pleasure I own; but as to the *main* article, I have not the least ground to suspect her in that—No, no!—And then Sir Luke! my *prossen ami*, the dearest friend I have in the—Heyday! (*Seeing the collation.*) What the deuce have we here?—A collation!—So, so—I see Madam knows how to divert herself during my absence. What's this? (*Seeing the block.*) Oh, ho! ha! ha! ha!—Well, that's pretty enough I protest,—Poor girl, I see she could not be happy without having something at table that resembled me.—How pleas'd she will be to find me here in propria persona.—By your leave, Mrs. Circuit—(*Sits down and eats.*) Delicate eating, in troth—and the wine (*Drinks.*)—Champaign as I live—must have t'other glass—They little think how that gentleman

man there regales himself in their absence—Ha! ha! ha!—quite convenient, I vow—the heat of the weather has made me—Come, brother Coif, here's your health—(*Drinks*)—I must pledge myself I believe—(*Drinks again*)—devilish strong—phut!—Somebody's coming—(*Gets up and goes towards the wings.*)—What do I see? Four lawyers! What the devil can be the meaning of this? I should be glad to get at the bottom of—Hey! By your leave, brother Serjeant—I must crave the use of your robe—(*Sits down, and gets under the gown*)—Between ourselves, this is not the first time this gown has cover'd a fraud.

Enter Sir Luke, Colonel, Mrs. Circuit, and Mrs. Simper, dressed as Counsellors.

Sir Luke. Come, come, gentlemen, dispatch, the court has been waiting some time. Brother Circuit, you have look'd over your-brief?

Mrs. Cir. What, do you suppose, Sir, that like some of our brethren I defer that till I come into court? No, no.

Sir Luke. This cause contains the whole marrow and pith of all modern practice.

Mrs. Cir. One should think, Sir Luke, you had been bred to the bar.

Sir Luke. Child, I was some years in the Temple; but the death of my brother robb'd the robe of my labours.

Mrs. Sim. What a loss to the public!

Sir Luke. You are smart, Mrs. Simper. I can tell you, Serjeant Snuffle, whose manner I study'd, pronounc'd me a promising youth.

Mrs. Sim. I don't doubt it.

Sir Luke. But let us to business. And, first, for the state of the case: The parties you know are Hobson and Nobson; the object of litigation is a small parcel of land, which is to decide the fate of a borough.

Mrs. Cir. True; call'd Turnbury Mead.

Sir Luke. Very well. Then to bring matters to a short issue, it was agreed, that Nobson should on the premises cut down a tree, and Hobson bring his action of damage.

Mrs. Cir. True, true.

Sir Luke. The jury being sworn, and the counsellors feed, the court may proceed.—Take your seats—But hold—I hope no gentleman has been touch'd on both sides.

All. Oh! fye!

Sir Luke. Let silence be call'd.

Mrs. Sim. Silence in the court!

Sir Luke. But stop. To be regular, and provide for fresh causes, we must take no notice of the borough and lands, the real objects in view, but stick fast to the tree, which is of no importance at all.

All. True, true.

Sir Luke. Brother Circuit, you may proceed.

Mrs. Cir. Gentlemen of the jury.—I am in this cause counsel for Hobson the plaintiff.—The action is brought against Nebuchadonezer Nobson, that he the said Nobson did cut down a tree, value two-pence, and to his own use said tree did convert.—Nobson justifies, and claims tree as his tree. We will, gentlemen, first state the probable evidence, and then come to the positive: and, first, as to the probable.—When was this tree here belonging to Hobson, and claim'd by Nobson, cut down? Was it cut down publicly in the day, in the face of the sun, men, women, and children, all the world looking on?—No; it was cut down privately, in the night, in a dark night, nobody *did* see, nobody *could* see.—Hum—And then with respect and regard to this tree, I am instructed to say, gentleman, it was a beautiful, an ornamental tree to the spot where it grew. Now can it be thought that any man would come for to go in the middle of the night, nobody seeing, nobody *did* see, nobody *could* see, and cut down a tree, which tree was an ornamental tree, if tree had been his tree?—Certainly no.—And again, gentlemen, we moreover insist, that this tree was not only ornamental to the spot where it grew, but it was a useful tree to the owner: it was a plum-tree, and not only a plum-tree, but I am authoris'd to say the best of plum-trees, it was a damask plum.—Now can it be thought, that any man would come for to go, in the middle of the night, nobody seeing, nobody *did* see, nobody *could* see, and cut down a tree; which tree was not only an ornamental tree, but a useful tree; and not only a useful tree,

tree, but a plum-tree; and not only a plum-tree, but the best of plum-trees, a damfin plum? Most assuredly no.—If so be then that this be so, and so it most certainly is, I apprehend no doubt will remain with the court, but my client a verdict will have, with full costs of suits, in such a manner; and so forth, as may nevertheless appear notwithstanding.

Sir Luke. Have you done, Mr. Serjeant?

Mrs. Cir. You may proceed.

Sir Luke. Gentlemen of the jury—I am in this cause counsel for Hob—Zouns! I think the head moves.

All. Hey!

Col. No, no, Mrs. Simper jogg'd the chair with her foot, that was all.

Sir Luke. For Hercules Hobson—(I cou'd have sworn it had stirr'd)—I shan't, gentlemen, upon this occasion, attempt to move your passions, by flowing periods and rhetorical flowers, as Mr. Serjeant has done; no, gentlemen, if I get at your hearts, I will make my way through your heads, however thick they may be—In order to which, I will pursue the learned gentleman through what he calls his probable proofs: and, first, as to this tree's being cut down in the night; in part we will grant him that point, but, under favour, not a dark night, Mr. Serjeant; no, quite the reverse, we can prove that the moon shone bright, with uncommon lustre that night—So that if so be as how people did not see, that was none—[*Serjeant sneezes.*] Nay, Mrs. Circuit, if you break the thread of my—

Mrs. Cir. Me break!—I said nothing I'm sure.

Sir Luke. That's true, but you sneez'd..

Mrs. Cir. Not I.

Sir Luke. I am sure somebody did; it could not be the head—consider the least interruption puts one out of one's—None of our faults, they might have look'd on and seen if they would. And then as to this beautiful tree, with which Mr. Serjeant has ornamented his spot. No, gentlemen, no such matter at all; I am instructed to say quite the reverse: a stunted tree, a blighted, blasted tree; a tree not only limbless, and leafless; but very near lifeless; that was the true state of the tree: and then as to its use, we own it was a plum-tree indeed, but

not of the kind Mr. Serjeant sets forth, a damfin plum ; our proofs say loudly a bull plum ; but if so be, and it had been a damfin plum, will any man go for to say that a damfin plum is the best kind of plum ? not a whit. I take upon me to say it is not a noun substantive plum—with plenty of sugar it does pretty well indeed in a tart ; but to eat it by itself, will Mr. Serjeant go to compare it with the queen mother, the padrigons—

Serj. (*Appearing suddenly from under the gown.*) The green gages, or the orlines.

Mrs. Cir. As I live 'tis my husband !

Serj. Nay, Sir Luke, don't you run away too—give me a bus—since I was born I never heard a finer reply ; I am sotry I did not hear your argument out—but I cou'd not resist.

Sir Luke. This I own was a little surprize—Had you been long here, Mr. Serjeant ?

Serj. But the instant you enter'd.

Sir Luke. So, then all is safe.

(*Aside.*

Serj. But come, won't you refresh you, Sir Luke—you have had hard duty to-day.

Sir Luke I drank very freely at table.

Serj. Nay, for the matter of that, I han't been idle ; (*both drink,*) But, come, throw off your gown, and let us finish the bottle ; I han't had such a mind to be merry I can't tell the day when.

Sir Luke. Nay then, Mr. Serjeant, have at you—Come, here's long life and health to the law.

(*Drinks.*

Serj. I'll pledge that toast in a bumper.—(*Drinks.*)—I'll take Charlot's hint, and see if I can't draw the truth out of the knight by a bottle.

(*Aside.*

Sir Luke. I'll try if I can't fuddle the fool, and get rid of him that way.

(*Aside.*

Serj. I could not have thought it : why, where the deuce did you pick up all this ? But by-the-by, pray who was the cryer ?

Sir Luke. Did not you know her ? Mrs. Simper, your neighbour.

Serj. A pestilent jade ! she's a good one, I warrant.

Sir Luke. She is thought very pretty : what say you to a glass in her favour ?

Serj.

Serj. By all means in the world ! (*they drink.*) And that spark the clerk ?

Sir Luke. Colonel Secret, a friend to the lady you toasted.

Serj. A friend ! oh, ay—I understand you—Come, let us join 'em together.

Sir Luke. Alons. (*Drink.*) Egad, I shall be caught in my own trap, I begin to feel myself fluster'd already. (*Aside.*)

Serj. Delicate white wine, indeed ! I like it better every glass. (*Sings.*)

Drink and drive care away,

Drink and be merry.

Sir Luke. True, my dear Serjeant—this is the searcher of secrets—the only key to the heart.

Serj. Right boy, in veritas vino.

Sir Luke. No deceit in a bumper. (*Sings.*) Drink and be merry.

Serj. Merry ! damme, what a sweet fellow you are, what would I give to be half so jolly and gay.

Sir Luke. (*Appearing very drunk.*) Would you ? and yet do you know, Serjeant, that at this very juncture of time, there is a thing has popp'd into my head, that distresses me very much.

Serj. Then drive it out with a bumper (*Drink.*) Well, how is it now ?

Sir Luke. Now ! the matter is not mended at all.

Serj. What the deuce is the business that so sticks in your stomach ?

Sir Luke. You know, my dear Serjeant, I am your friend, your real, your affectionate friend.

Serj. I believe it, Sir Luke.

Sir Luke. And yet, for these six months I have conceal'd a secret, that touches you near, very near——

Serj. Me near ! That was wrong, very wrong ; friends should have all things in common.

Sir Luke. That's what I said to myself ; Sir Luke, says I, open your heart to your friend. But to tell you the truth, what sealed up my lips, was the fear that this secret should make you sulky and sad.

Serj. Me sulky and sad ! ha ! ha ! how little you know of me.

Sir

Sir Luke. Swear then thou won't be uneasy.

Serj. Well, I do.

Sir Luke. (*Rising.*) Soft ! let us see that's all's safe.—
Well, Mr. Serjeant, do you know that you are—a fine,
honest fellow ?

Serj. Is that such a secret ?

Sir Luke. Be quiet ; a damn'd honest fellow—but as
to your wife—

Serj. Well ?

Sir Luke. She is an infamous strum—

Serj. How ! it is a falsehood Sir Luke, my wife is as
virtuous a wom—

Sir Luke. Oh ! if you are angry, your servant—I
thought that the news would have pleas'd you—for after
all, what is the business to me ? What do I get by the
bargain ?

Serj. That's true ; but then would it not vex any
man to hear his wife abus'd in such a—

Sir Luke. Not if it's true, you old fool.

Serj. I say it is false : prove it ; give me that satisfac-
tion, Sir Luke.

Sir Luke. Oh ! you shall have that pleasure directly ;
and to come at once to the point—you remember last
New-year's day how severely it froze.

Serj. I do recollect.

Sir Luke. Very well ; we are all invited to dine at
Alderman Inkle's.

Serj. Very right.

Sir Luke. Well, and I did not go : Mrs. Circuit
made me dine here in this house—Was it my fault ?

Ser. No, no, Sir Luke, no.

Sir Luke. At table says she—she said, I was the pic-
ture of you—Was it my fault ?

Serj. Well, and suppose you are ; where's the mis-
chief in that ?

Sir Luke. Be quiet, I tell you.—Then throwing her
arms round my neck,—it is my husband himself I em-
brace, it is my little old man that I kiss !—for she has
a prodigious affection for you at bottom—Was it my
fault ?

Serj. But what is there serious in this ? do'st think I
mind such trifles ?

Sir Luke. Hold your tongue, you fool, for a moment—Then throwing her terefa aside—upon my soul she is prodigious fine every where here—Was it my fault.?

Serj. My fault! my fault! I see no fault in all this.

Sir Luke. (*Hatching a cry.*) No! why then, my dear friend, do you know that I was so unworthy, so profligate, so abandon'd—as to—(*Rises.*) say no more, the business is done.

Serj. Ay, indeed!

Sir Luke. Oh! fact! there is not the least doubt of the matter; this is no *bear-say*, d'y'e see, I was by all the while.

Serj. Very pretty! very fine upon my word.

Sir Luke. Was it my fault? what could I do? put yourself in my place; I must have been more or less than man to resist.

Serj. Your fault, Sir Luke, no, no—you did but your duty—but as to my wife—

Sir Luke. She's a diabolical fiend; I shall hate her as long as I live.

Serj. And I too.

Sir Luke. Only think of her forcing me, as it were with a sword at my breast, to play such a trick; you, my dear Serjeant, the best, truest friend I have in the world. (*Weeps.*)

Serj. (*Weeping.*) Dry your tears, dear Sir Luke; I shall ever gratefully acknowledge your confidence in trusting me with the secret—(*Taking him forward.*) But I think it may be as well kept from the rest of the world.

Sir Luke. My dear soul, do you think I would tell it to any mortal but you? No, no, not to my brother himself—You are the only man upon earth I wou'd trust.

Serj. Ten thousand thanks, my dear friend! sure there is no comfort, no balsam in life like a friend—but I shall make Madam Circuit remember—

Sir Luke. We neither of us ought to forgive her—Were I you, I'd get a divorce.

Serj. So I will—provided you will promise not to marry her after.

Sir

Sir Luke. Me ! I'll sooner be torn to pieces by wild horses—No, my dear friend, we will retire to my house in the country together, and there, in innocence and simplicity, feeding our pigs and pigeons, like Pyramus and Thisbe, we will live the paragons of the age.

Serj. Agreed ; we will be the whole earth to each other ; for, as Mr. Shakespur says,

“ The friend thou hast and his adoption try'd

“ Clasp to thy soul, and quit the world beside.”—

Sir Luke. Zouns, here comes Madam Serjeant herself.

Enter Mrs. Circuit.

Mrs. Cir. So, Gentlemen ! a sweet tête a tête you have been holding—but I know it all, not a syllable you have said has been lost.

Sir Luke. Then, I hope you have been well entertained, Mrs. Circuit ?

Mrs. Cir. And you, you mean spirited, dastardly wretch, to lend a patient ear to his infamous, improbable tales, equally shameful both to you and me.

Serj. How, Madam ? have you the assurance—

Mrs. Cir. Yes, Sir, the assurance that innocence gives. There is not a soul, I thank heaven, that can lay the least soil, the least spot, on my virtue ; nor is there a man on earth but yourself would have sat and silently listen'd to the fictions and fables of this intemperate sot.

Serj. Why to be sure the knight is overtaken a little ; very near drunk.

Sir Luke. I hope he believes it is a lie. (*Aside.*

Mrs. Cir. Do me instant justice on this defamer, this liar, or never more expect to see me in your house.

Serj. I begin to find out the fraud ; this is all a sham of the Knight's.

Mrs. Cir. I'll drive this instant to a friend of mine in the Commons, and see if no satisfaction can be had, for blasting the reputation of a woman like me—And, hark you, Sir, what inducement, what devil could prompt ?—

Serj. Ay ; what devil could prompt—

Sir Luke. Heyday !

Mrs. Cir. But I guess at your motive ; you flatter'd your—

yourself, that by marrying Charlot, and discarding of me, you should engross all his affections and——

Serj. True, true——Stop, my life, let me come at him a little : Hark you, Mr. Knight, I begin to discover that you are a very sad dog.

Sir Luke. *Et tu brute !*

Serj. Brute !—you'll find I am not the brute you would have made me believe——I have consider'd both sides of the question.

Sir Luke. Both sides of the question !

Serj. Both. If your story is true, you are a scoundrel to debauch the wife of your friend ; and if it is false, you are an infamous liar.

Sir Luke. Well argued.

Serj. So in both cases, get out of my house.

Sir Luke. Nay, but Serjeant——

Serj. Troop I tell you, and never again enter these walls——you have libelled my wife, and I will see you no more.

Sir Luke. Was there ever such a——

Serj. March ! And as to my daughter, I would as soon marry her to a forma pauperis client.

[*Exit Sir Luke.*]

Mrs. Cir. Do you consider, Mr. Circuit, where you are pushing the fellow ?——That chamber is Charlot's.

Enter Sir Luke, Woodford, Charlot, and Jack.

Sir Luke. Heyday ! who the deuce have we here ?——Pray walk in, my good folks—Your servant, Miss Charlot ; your servant, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um.—Mr. Serjeant, you need not trouble yourself to cater for Miss ; your family you see can provide for themselves.

Serj. Heyday ! What the deuce is all this ! Who are you Sir, and how came you here ? [To Woodford.

Jack. It was I, father, that brought him.

Serj. How, firrah !

Sir Luke. Well said my young limb of the law.

Jack. Come, let us have none o' your—though I brought Mr. Woodford, you could not persuade me to do the same office for you—Father, never stir if he did not make me the proffer, if I would let him into the house the night you was at Kingston, of a new pair of silk stockings, and to learn me a minuet.

Sir

Sir Luke. Me! I should never have got you to turn out your toes.

Jack. Ay, and moreover you made me pull out my chest, and do so with my fingers, as if I was taking two pinches of snuff.

Sir Luke. You see, Mr. Serjeant, what a fondness I have for every twig of your family.

Serj. I shall thank *you* hereafter—But from you, Charlot, I expected other guests——

Char. When, Sir, you hear this whole matter explain'd, you will acquit I am sure.

Wood. Indeed, Sir, *I* am wholly to blame; my being here was as much a surprise upon Miss Charlot as——

Serj. But now you are here, pray what's your business?

Jack. O! father, I can acquaint you with that—he wanted me to bring a love letter to Charlot, so I told him he might bring it himself, for that I would not do any such thing for never so much, for fear of offending you.

Serj. You mended the matter indeed—But, after all, who, and what are you?

Jack. Its the young gentleman that lives over our heads, to whom Mr. Fairplay is guardian.

Serj. Who, Woodford?

Jack. The same.

Serj. And are you, young man, in a situation to think of a wife?

Wood. I am flatter'd, Sir, that as *justice* is with me, I shall one day have no contemptible fortune to throw at her feet.

Serj. *Justice* is! What signifies justice?—Is the *law* with you, you fool?

Wood. With your help, Sir, I should hope for their union, upon this occasion at least.

Serj. Well, Sir, I shall re-consider your papers; and if there are probable grounds, I may be induc'd to hear your proposals.

Wood. Nay then, Sir, the recovering my paternal possessions makes me anxious indeed——Could I hope that the young lady's good will would attend me?

Char.

Char. I have a father, and can have no will of my own.

Sir Luke. So then it seems poor Pil Garlick here is discarded at once.

Serj. Why could you have the impudence, after what has happen'd, to hope that——

Mrs. Cir. He has given wonderful proofs of his modesty.

Sir Luke. Be quiet, Mrs. Circuit.—Come, good folks, I will set all matters to rights in a minute; and, first, Mr. Serjeant, it becomes me to tell you, that I never intended to marry your daughter.

Ser. How, never!

Sir Luke. Never. She is a fine girl, I allow; but would it now, Mr. Serjeant, have been honest in me, to have robb'd the whole sex of my person, and confin'd my favours to her?

Serj. How!

Sir Luke. No! I was struck with the immorality of the thing; and therefore to make it impossible that you should ever give me your daughter, I invented the story I told you concerning Mrs. Circuit and me.

Serj. How!

Sir Luke. Truth, upon my honour.—Your wife there will tell you the whole was a lie.

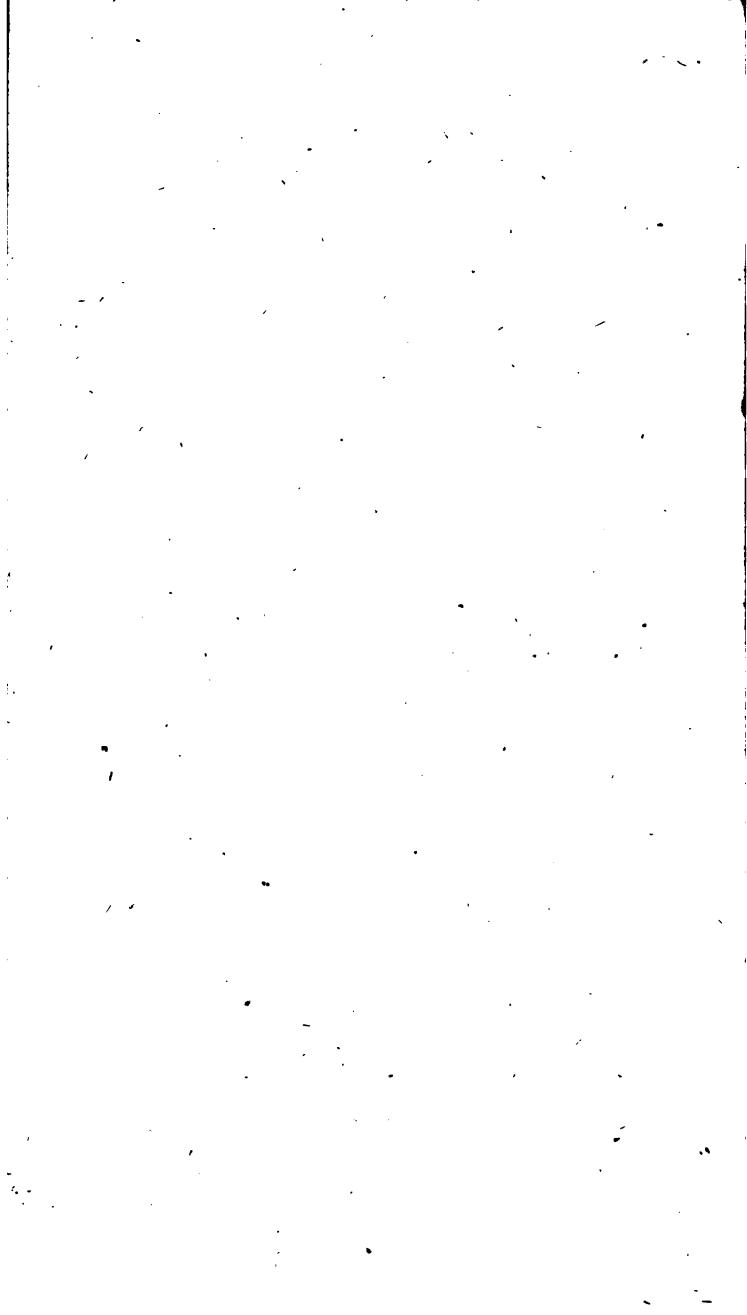
Serj. Nay, then indeed.—But with what face can I look up to my dear? I have injur'd her beyond the hopes of forgiveness.—Wou'd you, lovee, but pass an act of oblivion——

Sir Luke. See me here prostrate to implore your clemency in behalf of my friend.

Mrs. Cir. Of that I can't determine directly.—But as you seem to have some sense of your guilt, I shall grant you a reprieve for the present, which contrition and amendment may, perhaps, in time swell into a pardon:

But if again offending you are caught,

Serj. Then let me suffer, dearee, as I ought.



T H E

EPHESIAN MATRON,

A COMIC SERENATA,

After the Manner of the Italian.

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

The Music by MR. DIBDIN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Father,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Ranslabb House,</i>
<i>Centurion,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Legg.
						Mr. Dibdin.

WOMEN.

<i>Matron,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Baddeley.
<i>Maid,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Thomson.

SCENE I.

The Scene is supposed to lie in a Tomb near the city of Ephesus. A Lamp burning; on one side a dead Body. The Matron clasping her Husband's Corps; her Father and her Maid endeavouring to force her away.

T R I O.

Mat. HENCE, hence, away; in vain you strive
 To tear me from my dear dead man;
 His wife I am, dead or alive,
 My love shall end where it began.

Faith.

Fath. But daughter——

Maid. Mistress——

Mat. Grief, O grief!

1. 2. Will staying here bring him relief?
To moulder with him in the grave
Is killing two.

Mat. Adieu, adieu;

To die with him is all I crave.

1. 2. Some comfort take——

Mat. My heart will break.

1. 2. And with us go,

Mat. No, no, no, no.

Oh, oh, oh, oh!

1. 2. You shall, you must.

Mat. No, his dear dust

By me shall never be deserted;

But here I'll stay,

Both night and day,

Till Death has join'd whom Death hath parted.

Fath. Well, daughter, since intreaties all are vain,
And still your purpose you maintain

To give a sample

Of nuptial love,

And so to prove

To future wives a rare example,

I leave you to your fate.

The sad but glorious work complete;

And since all else your constancy denies,

When Death, as soon he must, hath clos'd your eyes,

Your weeping father shall return——

You cannot hinder him to mourn——

And with due rites perform your obsequies.

A I R.

But more——A monument I'll raise,

Where, sacred to your endless praise,

This just inscription shall be read:

“ Nipt in the flow'r of charms and youth,

“ A miracle of female truth

“ Lies here inroll'd among the dead.

“ Stop traveller, and, drawing near,

“ Bestow the tribute of a tear.

“ Death

"Death snatch'd her consort from her side ;
 "She lov'd, she sorrow'd and she died.

SCENE II.

Matron, Maid.

Mat. At length we're left alone,
 And the sad widow may indulge her moan.
 Receive me, earth, upon thy flinty breast,
 Helpless, forlorn, undone, with pain oppress :

A I R.

And while, grown frantic with my woes,
 I beat my bosom, tear my hair,
 Come, ye furies ; come despair ;
 And grief that never comfort knows ;
 All your horrors here display ;
 Nor thou, O Death ! be long away.

Maid. So, there she lies upon the floor !
 There never was such madness sure.
 And will you, in the dreary gloom
 Of this unwholesome tomb,
 In sighs and tears your life consume ?

Mat. What shou'd a wretched widow do ?

Maid. You're young and handsome yet,
 And might another husband get ;
 Ay, that you might—or two.

Mat. No, no ; I death prefer.

Maid. The more fool you.

Mat. This only I intreat, my faithful maid,
 That with me here you'll stay,
 And see my breathless clay,
 When I am dead, by my dear husband laid.

Maid. Well, Madam, since I must, I will.
 But give me leave to say,
 You'd better change your purpose still,
 And act a wiser way.

A I R.

If I was a wife, and my dearest dear life
 Took it into his noddle to die,
 E'er I took the whim to be buried with him,
 I think I'd know very well why.

If poignant my grief, I'd search for relief,
Nor sink with the weight of my care ;
A salve might be found, no doubt, above ground,
And I think I know very well where.

Another kind mate should give me what Fate
Wou'd not from the former allow :
With him I'd amuse the hours you abuse,
And I think I'd know very well how.
'Tis true I'm a maid, and so't may be said
No judge of the conjugal lot ;
Yet marriage, I ween, has a cure for the spleen,
And I think I know very well what.

SCENE III.

*The Centurion, Maid, and Matron on the Ground by her
Husband's Body.*

Cent. Ho, who's there below ?

Maid. Bless us ! I shall die with fear !

A man descends into the cave !

What shall our lives our honour's save !

Cent. Hey, who the devil have we here ?

Maid. A handsome fellow, never stir !

Cent. Speak.

Maid. Two sad women, worthy Sir.

A Matron, and my mistress she,

Who there upon the ground you see :

Her consort dy'd some days ago,

Which griev'd the poor dear lady so,

That, being here last night interr'd—

I think the like was never heard——

She wou'd needs be buried too.

And now, Sir, tell me who are you ?

Cent. A soldier—standing at my post,

To guard yon gibbets on the coast,

I saw a light, and hither came,

Directed by the glimmering flame.

Maid. My mistress, Sir, is much to blame,

Noble, and rich, and young and fair——

Cent. Her character is something rare.

Soft—hearken—yes——she draws her breath.

Maid. Besides, she's almost starv'd to death.

Two days she has not eat a bit
Cent. I'll rouse her from this desp'rate fit.

A I R.

Lovely dame, what, ho ! what, ho !
 From the depths of pain and wo,
 A soldier calls your beauty.
 And can bravery do less ?
 To succour ladies in distress,
 Is still the foldier's duty.

Cupid whispers in your ear,
 And will you refuse to hear,
 Accents form'd to move ?
 Oh ! lovely dame,
 For shame ! for shame !
 Shall one so fair,
 Be kill'd by care ?
 Rise to life and love.

S C E N E IV.

The Centurion, Maid, and Matron rising from the Ground.

Mat. Who'd comfort to a wretch afford ?
 Gone near half way to meet my lord,
 You fetch me back.

Maid. Upon my word
 I'm very glad your journey's stop.

Cent. Fair creature, gentler thoughts adopt ;
 You have fulfill'd your nuptial vow ;
 To yourself do justice now ;
 Nor sacrifice, by cruel wrong,
 A nymph so handsome and so young.

Maid. The rogue has a bewitching tongue.

Mat. He's very good I must allow,
 To take a widow's part so kindly.

Cent. Then follow not destruction blindly ;
 Nor the gifts of Heav'n abuse,
 But eat and live.

Mat. Indeed I swore
 Never to taste a morsel more :
 But since through pity you intrude

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Upon

Upon my sorrows, 'twould be rude
The prefer'd succour to refuse.

Cent. Here is the meat, my lovely dear!
But first your drooping spirits cheer.
A flask of wine I've got by stealth:
'Tis strong and old,
And from the cold
Upon my post this night has fenc'd me.

Mat. I vow and swear it goes against me:
However———Sir, your health.

D U E T.

Cent. By Venus, mother of desire,
Your eyes have set me all on fire!
There's magic in your touch.

Mat. My eyes! dear Sir—a-well-a-day:
Tears must have wash'd their pow'r away:
Indeed you say too much.

Cent. My heart is Cupid's drum,
He beats a march, and cries, Come,
Come follow me your chief.

Mat. My heart's in perturbation;
I too feel a palpitation;
But 'tis the effects of grief.

A. 2. What shall I do!
O tell me, who
Can ease the pangs I feel?
'Tis love——'tis grief,
Bring some relief,
A wounded heart to heal.

S C E N E V.

Centurion taking his leave, Matron and Maid

Cent. A moment now I must be gone;
I guard hard by some gibbet thieves;
Another soon my watch relieves,
I will be here again anon.

Mat. Well, if you must be gone, you must,
No soldier should neglect his post:
But I will candidly confess
Your care was soothing my distress;

And

And 'twould have pleas'd me could you just
Have staid to see me——give up the ghost.

A I R.

But before you go away, Sir,
As we ne'er may meet again ;
Give me leave to thank you, pray, Sir,
For the gen'rous care you've ta'en.
Well your candour might impeach me,
Was I blind to your desert ;
But, though love can never reach me,
Friendship still may touch my heart.

S C E N E VI.

Matron, Maid.

Maid. A sweeter man I never saw !
He might give woman-kind the law.
He talks and moves with so much grace !—
And then he has a charming face.

Mat. Dear girl, this is a shocking place ;
So dark and dismal——then the smell
Is really overcoming.

Maid. Well,
Why don't you leave it ?

Mat. Leave !——who, I !
Have I not sworn that here I'll die ?

Maid. Such oaths are better broke than kept ;
Enough you've sigh'd, enough you've wept ;
With this young fellow quit the cave ;
He's worth three dead men.

Mat. Sure you rave.
He wou'd not yield his youth to cheer
A weeping widow.

Maid. Never fear.

Mat. And shou'd I lightly seem inclin'd,
What wou'd the world say ?

Maid. Mever mind.

C 2

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Matron, Maid, and Centurion in a *Fright*.

A I R.

Cent. Zounds ! I'm undone !

Where shall I run ?

They've stol'n a thief from the gibbet !

And, when I'm in his place,

As will soon be the case,

A fine figure I shall exhibit.

Maid. Bless us, what storm is now a brewing ?

Mat. What is the matter ?

Cent. Death and ruin.

While love with you prolong'd my stay,

Some rogues have watch'd their time,

And from the gibbet stol'n a thief away.

The magistrates to me will lay the crime ;

And when 'tis mis'd, and I before 'em,

That other centinels their watch may keep,

I know they'll hang me in terrorem.

Mat. Hang you !

Maid. I vow it makes me weep.

Mat. Is there no shift ?

Cent. No, none.

Maid. 'Tis true.

Cent. Farewell ! eternally adieu.

This night I shall have cause to rue.

Mat. Hold ! there's a thought come in my head !

My husband is already dead,

And consequently has no feeling ;

And 'twou'd be very cruel dealing

To let you suffer for my sake :

Yonder he lies, his body take :

Strip off the shroud, and hang it where

The robber has been taken down.

Maid. A fine contrivance this, I swear.

Mat. While they see a body there,

The diff'rence never will be known.

Fate would my husband from me rend,

But shan't, if I can help it, take my friend.

Maid. Thus of all fear at once she rids you.

Cent.

Cent. How shall I thank——

Maid. By doing as she bids you.

A I R.

Men talk of their prudence and sense,
And make a strange pother
With this, that, and t'other ;
But, gad, 'tis all a pretence.
Their genius is trivial and common,
And for a shift,
At a dead lift,
There's nought like the wit of a woman.
To that every spring is obedient ;
And for ways and for means ;
If to meddle she deigns,
No premier of state
Like her can create
Or find you out an expedient.

S C E N E VIII.

The Matron, Maid, Father, and Centurion.

Mat. My father comes, and with him brings
The foldier.

Maid. Bless us ! more strange things !

Fath. Daughter, e'er this I thought you dead ;
And by paternal fondness led
From the city sadly came
To pay those dues the dead may claim.
But near the tomb I met this man,
Your husband's body on his back.

Mat. Name not my husband, Sir.—Alack !

Fath. First, to accuse him I began,
And call'd him robber of the dead ;
But you approv'd the deed he said ;
Now, tell me, is there truth in this ?

Maid. I'll answer for my lady.—Yes.

Fath. If that by any proof appears,
Her wedding-day she settles straight.

Cent. Say, dear, how long is't I must wait ?

Fath. Come, name your time, child.

Mat. Seven years.

C 3

Maid.

Maid. Sooner she cannot dry her tears
For her departed mate

Fath. Sev'n years ! prepost'rous ! speak again.

Mat. Well, let him wait a twelvemonth then.

Maid. The time is somewhat shorten'd, Sir.

Fath. But still too long.

Mat. Well, half-a year.

Cent. Too long by half.

Mat. A month then, pray.

Fath. Dauther, you shall be his to day.

Mat. To-day !

Fath. To-day.

Mat. Nay, pray, Sir, pray,

Admit a decent time for sorrow ;

To-day, I vow, I can't allow——

It must not be—before to-morrow.

A I R A N D C H O R U S.

Fath. Thus, old wits, in wicked satires,
Formerly the fair malign'd ;
Call'd them light, vain, false, affected,
And unsteady as the wind.
If they copy'd after nature,
Bless'd are English dames I trow,
So much alter'd from what ladies
Were two thousand years ago.

Mat. False and mean the accusation,
Men our sex unjustly blame ;
They are slaves to little passions,
And would brand us with the same.
Struck with native imperfection,
As their minds the object sours ;
From themselves they draw a picture,
Then cry out the face is ours.

Maid. Says a traveller to a lion,
Upon yonder sign-post see,
How a lion like your worship's
Torn by a man like me.

Says

Says the lion to the traveller,
'Twas a man the daubing drew ;
Had a lion been the painter,
I had been a-tearing you.

Cent. No excuses nor allusions :
Here's the burden of my song ;
Women sovereigns are of nature,
And as such can ne'er be wrong.
Sent to rule, to bless, to charm us,
Spite of wit, in rancour's spite,
Ev'ry thing they say is proper,
Ev'ry thing they do is right.

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CROSS



CROSS PURPOSES.

IN TWO ACTS.

By WILLIAM O'BRIEN, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Mr. Grub,</i> -	Mr. Wilton.	Mr. Parsons.
<i>Confol, his broker,</i>	Mr. Jones.	Mr. Suett.
<i>Francis Bevil,</i> -	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. R. Palmer.
<i>Harry Bevil,</i>	Mr. Booth.	Mr. Phillimore.
<i>George Bevil,</i>	Mr. Whitfield.	Mr. Barrymore.
<i>Gloppan, valet to G. Bevil,</i>	Mr. Bonnor.	Mr. Lewca.
<i>Robin, valet to H. Bevil,</i>	Mr. Stevens.	_____
<i>Servant to Mr. Grub,</i>	_____	_____

WOMEN.

<i>Mrs. Grub,</i> -	Mrs. Webb.	Mrs. Hopkins.
<i>Emily, her daughter,</i> -	Mrs. Lewes.	Mrs. Wheeler.
<i>A House-maid,</i> -	Mrs. Pouffin.	_____
<i>Maid Servants,</i>	_____	_____

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in George Bevil's House.

Enter Robin.

HEYDAY! here's a house with a witness! Two o'clock and not a soul stirring yet—What a charming thing it is to be quality! for then, one need never do any one thing like the rest of the world—lie a-bed all day, sit up all night, spend an estate without ever having one, run in debt to every body, pay nobody, laugh at every body, despise every body, and cuckold every body. Oh,

what a delightful thing it is to be quality!—But I wonder Mr. Chapeau is not yet up; he does not use to be so late. A sweet fellow—has more of the fashion about him than any servant in town—I wish I was like him; I strive all I can, but I cannot get his manner. (*A servant maid crosses the stage with a pail, &c.*) Harkee, my dear, is Captain Bevil at home?

Maid. Who, Sir?

Rob. What! is there nobody up yet?

Maid. Up yet! no, Sir; I believe they are not long gone to bed. Why sure you must be as great a stranger here as I am, to think of finding any one stirring at this time of the day.

Rob. A stranger! what, then you are a new comer—I don't remember having had the pleasure of seeing you before, my dear.

Maid. No, Sir; I have been here but a week, and I don't know yet who it is I live with. Mrs. Sudds, the washerwoman, recommended me; mayhap you may know her.

Rob. I am acquainted with the family, but I have not the honour of knowing her. (*Takes snuff.*)

Maid. And here I am, but I have ne'er seen the face of my master since here I've been. I never hears any thing of him but when he raps at door in the morning, and he is always going to bed just as I begin to think of getting up—What, perhaps, you want to speak to Mr. Chapeau?

Rob. Yes, I wish I could see him. You must know I live with your master's elder brother.

Maid. Oh, what in the square?

Rob. No, no; that's the eldest, the great Square Bevil; there are three of them—He that lives in St. James's Square is, as I told you, the eldest, and has a great fortune; my master studies the law in the Temple; and your master, my dear, is the youngest, and studies nothing at all in the army; he's an officer in the foot guards. I want to know if he's upon duty; can you tell me?

Maid. Indeed I can't, Sir; but I know that he never comes home all night long—I wonder, for my part, what

what the quality can find to do up so, always, night after night, night after night.

Chapeau within.

William ! William !

Maid. Oh, Lord ! I vow there is Mr. Chapeau up, I must run and wash the steps. Your Servant, Sir.

[Exit.]

Rob. Your servant, my dear. A good fine girl that—I must see if she's not to be had. Oh ! here he comes, here he comes.

Enter Chapeau.

Ah, Monsieur Chapeau ! How do you do ?

Chap. Ah, Master Robin, are you there ? How goes it, my little dapper Robin ?

Rob. You have slept it out with a witness, my dear Sir ; it is almost two o'clock. *(Looking at his watch.)*

Chap. Is it indeed ! why we were up very late at Almack's last night, and lost all our money. Come, sit down *(Drawing a chair.)* A damn'd run against us all night long. But, however, no matter, the worse luck now the better another time, eh, my little smiling Robin !

Rob. Ay, it is to be hoped so, Mr. Chapeau—I think they say that your master has lost considerably of late, has not he ?

Chap. Oh ! we have had the cursedest run of ill luck that ever people had !—and how to raise money upon earth we don't know : there's not a usurer, not a thief, between this and the Monument, but we have brought to a stand-still, not a penny will they lend us—I believe—though it is the devil to think of that too—but I believe we must marry somebody ; we can't keep our heads above water much longer if we do not.

Rob. I should suppose, Mr. Chapeau, that your master had well nigh spent all his fortune by this time.

Chap. Spent his fortune ! why we did not begin to make a figure, or be at all known in the world, till we had lost all we had.

Rob. Why, you don't tell me so !

Chap. You may stare, but it is very true—We did not begin to have credit till we had not a farthing left in the world. Ah ! Robin, London is the place for credit ;

pluck up but a good resolution, and you may run in debt as much as you please. Why the tradesmen are all playing as deep a game as our masters. William, bring chocolate.

Enter Servant.

Or would you rather have tea, Robin?

Rob. No, thank you, Mr. Chapeau; chocolate if you please; I have left off tea some time.

Chap. Why then bring chocolate. [*Exit Servant.*]

Rob. As one don't drink so confoundedly hard as one used to do, I think there's less occasion for tea in a morning. But pray, what might your master have lost last night?

Chap. Faith, I can't justly say. Bob told me, for you must know we had a little party with him last night, that at one in the morning he was out nine hundred, and kept calling for Rouleaus till past five, and every one quite worn out, so you may guess. (*Chocolate brought in.*)

How much do you think I lost last night?

Rob. Upon my soul I have no guess—Perhaps a guinea or two.

Chap. Fifty, or may I never rattle a box again. You must know that young Flimzy, Sir Harry Blackball, and some others, were all ballotted in last night, and we had devilish deep play.

Rob. What a genteel manner he has! (*Aside.*) Fifty guineas, Mr. Chapeau; why, that will make a horrid hole in your strong box, won't it?

Chap. A monstrous one, I can't say but I will [*Sipping chocolate*]. But you must know—don't take any notice of it though—I have been in keeping some time—A certain married woman that—shall be nameless—whose husband is monstrous rich, and keeps a shop in a certain street—that shall be nameless—You have seen her, my little Robin—a monstrous fine girl—she danced with me at the last masquerade—we were both monstrously well dressed—after which we went to a certain house, that shall be nameless—The husband is damn'd jealous though; and between you and I, I am afraid he wants to get rid of her; so that of late we are grown more circumspect—For though I should like the eclat of a divorce

voice—yet the money at present, the money, my little Robin, you know, is convenient.

Rob. Oh yes, damme—the money to be sure.

(*Sipping.*)

Chap. Robin, don't you remember meeting me in the Park, about ten days since, with a lady dressed in chintz, ha?

Rob. O Lord, ay, very well! She was dressed in a muff too—I remember her; why that, you told me the next day, was a wax-chandler's lady in——

Chap. Hush, you confounded blab you, not a syllable for your life! (*Clapping his hand to his mouth.*)

Rob. Ah, ah! have I smoked you—Ha, ha, ha!

(*Bell rings.*)

Chap. Ha! my master's bell; he is awake then, I find—*Toute à l'heure, Monsieur; toute à l'heure.* But what brought you here to-day so early, Robin; have you any message?

Rob. Yes, my master was not sure but his brother might be on guard, so bid me call and ask. He is at his brother's in the square; I fancy he intends coming down here presently—Some family-business in hand, I have a notion.

Chap. Ay, they want to raise the devil, cash, I suppose. I fancy it is confounded low with both of them. That curst place White's is so full of blacks, the poor lads can't keep a farthing for them. I suppose they want the oldest to lend.

Rob. Not my master, I warrant you. He's a good manager, sticks close to the law. Why he's to be called to the bar next term. Devilish clever he is; an't he?

Chap. O devilish clever—a monstrous genius, Robin.

Rob. Very true, Mr. Chapeau, he is very monstrous.

(*The house-maid crosses the stage again.*)

Chap. Oh, Jenny! do you know has any body called upon me or my master to-day?

Maid. Yes, Sir, there have been two ladies and an old clothes man to you, and two thin ugly men asked for my master; I believe they be Jews.

Chap. Jews! Gadso, they must not be neglected; did they say they would call again?

Maid. Yes, one, I think, did say he would call again,

again, and another on 'em left a paper-parcel. I put it on the drawing-room table. [Exit.]

Chap. It's very well, Jenny. (*Bell rings.*) Well, Robin, you may tell your master that mine is just awake. If he has any business this is the time to see him. Now or never. Adieu, *au revoir*.

Rob. Well, my dear Mr. Chapeau, adieu.—Adieu, as the French have it. (*Going.*)

Chap. But, Robin, damme, not a word of the little chandler—

Rob. Oh, upon honour I'll be close as wax.

Chap. Bravo, my little dapper Robin, you improve.

Rob. Yes, yes, thanks to you. I shall be something at last with a little of your assistance. A charming, genteel fellow! (*Exit.*)

Chap. A foolish awkward toad—(*Bell rings.*) I hear you, Sir—What a damned situation after all a servant's is (*taking snuff.*), never at ease, always attending other people's motions—I begin to be monstrous sick of it. As my master is pretty near ruined, I take it he will soon either hang or marry himself; I shall then beg leave to retire and enjoy the fruits of my industry, purchase some genteel fine cure, take a snug box in the country, and kill my own mutton. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *A Drawing Room, a Couch, French Chairs, Books, and Dress Clothes, as if taken off the night before.*

Enter George Bevil in his night-gown, and Chapeau.

G. Bevil. My brother Harry's man here, do you say?

Chap. Yes, Sir, he came from Mr. Bevil's in the Square, to know if you were upon duty or not.

G. Bevil. My brother, I suppose then, will call here; I am glad of it. I shall have an opportunity of letting him into my situation. (*Aside.*) Any body else?

Chap. The house-maid says, Sir, two Jews were here; before I was up; they said they would call again, and one of them left this parcel.

G. Bevil. Oh, very well; the writings I suppose—
Ay, 'tis so—Lay them down—If they come again I must see them—and if any body is with me shew them into my dressing-room—There's no living without these Israelites.

raelites. I am an absolute bankrupt with every Christian creature; and if my luck does not change shortly, they will find me out at Duke's-Place too.

Enter Harry Bevil.

H. Bevil. So, George, you are just up, I see; you are as regular in your irregularities, I find, as ever—St. James's dial does not better shew the hour of the day, than you do the life of a modern fine gentleman.

G. Bevil. St. James's dial, Sir, is not as constant to the sun as I am to my course of life. But how comes it that you are dressed so soon? are you going to dine with any of your patronizing attorneys in Chancery-Lane?

H. Bevil. No, I dine at this end of the town; but I have business upon my hands—business which perhaps may occasion business for my patronizing attorneys, as you are pleased to call them. In short, George, I am upon the brink of matrimony.

G. Bevil. Indeed! why that's the very business I was wanting to open to you. I have thoughts of marrying too.—In short, Harry, such is my situation at present, that, formidable as it may be, I must marry; I must find out a wife, whose fortune may set me afloat again; for faith, as matters go, I am sinking very fast.

H. Bevil. But the question is, where will you find one that can answer your purpose? I am sure she must be handsome, or you will never like her; and her fortune must be very handsome, I am very sure, or it will be of no use to you.

G. Bevil. In both these points, Harry, I have been lucky enough to succeed—During the course of my sauntering duty in the Park, with the nursery maids, I met with a very fine girl, who has a considerable fortune in her own power, but may expect a much greater if she marries with the consent of the old folks—of them I know nothing—The young thing is entirely mine—and I am foolish enough to be in love with her.

H. Bevil. Simple indeed! And her name is—

G. Bevil. There you must excuse me—I must be surer of carrying my point before I open myself farther, even to you—But what, pray, is your situation?

H. Bevil. Why faith, odd enough, you will say. You have always laughed at me for sticking so close to the old ladies,

ladies, but at last I am rewarded for it. One I have often seen at Lady Matchem's assemblies, has taken, it seems, so violent an inclination to me, that she has made me an offer of her daughter——'Tis true I am not acquainted with the girl, I have only seen her at a distance ; but she is reckoned handsome ; and as I am sure her fortune has numberless charms, I have made up my mind, and am resolved.

G. Bevil. And her name is——

H. Bevil. There you must excuse me. As you said, I must be surer of my point before I open myself, even to you——Lady Matchem has given me the characters of the family, which stand thus——The girl amiable and handsome, with a considerable fortune in her own power ; but, as you said of yours, if papa and mamma consent, may have a much greater. The father is a man who has all his money in the stocks ; and though he lives on this side Temple-Bar, is as ignorant of good company as if he had never removed from Thames-Street : all his time is taken up in listening to news, picking up intelligence, and buying in and selling out accordingly——The mother's only joy is cards, and governing her family, which she does with as much authority as her husband's obstinacy will let her. She has undertaken to open the matter to him ; and this afternoon, I am, perhaps, to have the honour of an introduction to him. More I'll tell you when I know more.

G. Bevil. Have you opened this business yet to my brother Frank ?

H. Bevil. Not yet. Does he know your plan of operations ?

G. Bevil. No : I went to him the other day with an intention of telling him all, and begging his advice and assistance ; but unluckily the conversation turning first upon my losses at play, put us both so heartily out of humour, that, company coming in, I took the first opportunity of retreating, and have not seen him since. It will be time enough to tell him when I am a little surer of success. The day wears though, and I have a great deal of business upon my hands, besides dressing. I am laying some of my burdens upon the tribe of Issachar.

H. Bevil. Who will take care to exonerate themselves,

I warrant. How many Jews may your honour have in hand now ?

G. Bevil. Umph ! why faith, I believe about a round dozen : but if I marry, I will discard them all, and play a more Christian kind of game for the future.

H. Bevil. Well, success attend you—Perhaps I may look in upon you at Almack's about eleven. [*Exit.*]

G. Bevil. Chapeau, get my things ready to dress. [*Exit.*]

Scene changes to Grub's House.

Enter Grub alone.

What a miserable man I am ! with a wife that is positive, a daughter that is marriageable, and a hundred thousand pounds in the stocks.—I have not had one wink of sleep these four nights for them ; any one of them is enough to make any reasonable man mad : but all three to be attended to at once, is too much. Ah ! Jonathan Grub ! Jonathan Grub ! riches were always thy wish, and now thou hast them, they are thy torment. Will this confounded broker of mine never come ? Let's see, (*Looking at his watch*) 'tis time he was come back—Stocks fell three per cent. to-day, and if the news be true, will tumble dreadfully to-morrow. (*A knocking at the door.*) There's Mr. Consol, I am sure. Who's there ? Does no body hear ? Open the door some-body. Oh, what infernal servants I have ! Open the door for Mr. Consol—I believe there was never any body so ill served as I am—Nobody to—Oh, Mr. Consol, have they let you in ? Well,

Enter Consol.

what says the ambassador's porter ? What intelligence have you picked up ? what says the ambassador's porter ?

Con. Why, he says—Have you heard nothing since ?

Grub. No, not a syllable. What does he say ?

Con. Why, he says—Lord how I am fatigued ! Ah, 'tis a sign I grow old, as I tell my wife—I ran all the way to tell you.

Grub. Well, well, what did he say ? what did he say ?

Con. Why, he said that his Excellency was at home all last night.

Grub. Indeed at home all night—ay, reading the dis-

dispatches—a war as sure as can be—Oh! the stocks will fall to the devil to-morrow—I shall lose all I have in the world—Why did I not take Whisper's advice, and sell out yesterday? I should have made one and a half per cent. and have been snug; but now—

Con. Why, but you are so hasty, Mr. Grub—you are so hasty, you won't hear me out, you are so hasty, as I tell my wife.

Grub. O, damn your wife—Hear you out; what more have you to say; tell me?

Con. Why, the porter said his Excellency was at home all the evening, as I told you before.

Grub. Well, zounds, man, you said so before; why do you repeat it? You grow the errantest old fool that I ever saw—But what of his being at home, tell me that?

Con. Why, I will, if you will but hear me out—Was at home all night—All night, says I? Yes, Sir, says he—

Grub. Oh, if you are got at your says I's and says he's—

Con. Nay, pray, Mr. Grub, hear me out.

Grub. Well, well, well, I hear you, man; but in the mean time, all I have in the world, the labour of fifty years, is going, going at a blow—Oh! this cursed Spanish war—I am sure we shall have a Spanish war—I always saw it would come to this—I was sure at the time of the peace that we should have a Spanish war one time or other—But prithee, man, do cut your story short.

Con. Well, well, to cut the story short, when I asked him if he could find out, or guess, what made the ambassador stay at home all night, he told me—

Grub. What, what?

Con. That the ambassador had a woman playing upon the fiddle to him all the evening,

Grub. A woman playing upon the fiddle! what to an ambassador of one of the first powers in Europe—It must be a joke—Why, zounds, man, they make you believe any nonsense they invent. An old fool.

Con. Well, well, however that may be, I have got rare news from another quarter for you.

Grub.

Grub. Have you? Well, what is it? None of your says I's and says he's now, I charge you.

Con. Why, who should I meet but our friend Ben Coolen coming hot foot to you from the India-house.

Grub. Indeed! Well, dear Consol, what is it?

Con. Why, he says there's great news; India stock is up six per cent already, and expected to be as much more by Change-time to-morrow.

Grub. My dear Consol (*Embracing him*), I thank you—that revives me—then hurry into the city as fast as you can, and buy as if the devil was in you; that revives me, that's great news indeed—Gad the newspapers have put me into a devilish fright of late.

Con. Yes, Sir; to be sure they do keep 'a sad rumpus in the papers always.

Grub. Damn it, man, I never know what to think they puzzle me so—Why now of a morning at breakfast—in the first column, a friend to the stockholders shall tell me, and write very well and sensibly, that we have got the Indies in our pockets—then that puts me into spirits, and I'll eat you a muffin extraordinary—When I turn to the next column, there we are all undone again; another devilish clever fellow says we are all bankrupts, and the cream turns upon my stomach: however, this is substantial; so, my dear Consol, lose no time—this revives me—thank you, my dear Consol—you are a very sensible man; and if you could but learn to leave out your says I's, and says he's, and says they's, as good a broker as ever man put faith in—Come, get you gone, for I have great business in hand—the marriage of my daughter, Consol, or I would go into the city with you myself.

Con. Ah! what, have you made up your matters then with Lord Thoughtless?

Grub. No, no, Consol, not I indeed; he's none of my man, I promise you; I'll have none of your lords for my son-in-law—that I can tell you.

Con. Ay, ay, very sad times among the quality, as I tell my wife. The Lord help them!

Grub. But away, away, dear Consol, and be sure let me hear before bed-time what you have done; I'll be in the city by seven to-morrow morning.

Con.

Con. Very well, Mr. Grub—I'll take care, I'll take care. (*Going.*)—Oh! but, Mr. Grub, I hope you won't forget to come and eat a Welsh rabbit with me some of these days as you promised me. I have finished my room—the bow-window is finished.

Grub. Is it indeed?

Con. Yes, and charming pleasant it is—I look up my lane, and down my lane, from the pewterer's at one corner, all the way along to the tallow-chandler's at the other.

Grub. Indeed!

Con. Yes. And not a soul can stir of a Sunday, or knock at a door, but I see them.

Grub. Ay! why, that is pleasant! why, you have a knack at these things, Confol; you are always improving—You have a knack at these things.

Con. Yes, I thank Heaven! I am always a-doing, now a bit and then a bit. I am always a-piddling, as I tell my wife, I am always a-piddling.

Grub. Yes, yes, depend upon it I'll come—But dear Confol, make haste now if you love me.

[*Exit Confol.*]

Well! now this goes as I would have it, this goes as I would have it—If India stock rises six per. cent to-morrow, I shall make a great hand of it—But now for this other affair—now for the marriage of my daughter—I am glad I was so fortunate as to get acquainted with this gentleman—a fine fortune, in parliament, and an economist; three things very much to my mind—If I can but get my confounded wife to agree to it—but she's the devil to deal with—It was lucky I happened to meet with this man; for the women are so agog now-a-days, that you can't provide too soon for them; and a fine young girl, with thirty thousand pounds in her own power, is so tempting an object in this town, that the sooner you can get her married, and safe out of your hands, the better—Ah!—Now, if I could but double my capital, and bury my wife, (*Sigsbr.*) but there is no such thing as real happiness on this side the grave!

[*Exit.*]

ACT

A C T II.

Enter Grub.

Now for this wife of mine—I suppose I shall have a fine piece of work with her to make her approve of this match—nay, ten to one, but as I have found out the man, she for that reason only will set herself against the business—But here she comes. Hum!—I must break it to her by degrees—bring it coolly and cunningly about—by degrees—

Enter Mrs. Grub.

Oh, Mrs. Grub! my dear, how d'ye do—What's the news?

Mrs. Grub. News! Heavens! Mr. Grub, will you never leave off that filthy vulgar city custom of yours, of asking every body you see for news? news? as if one was a hawker of Lloyd's Chronicle or the Public Ledger. Now you are removed to this end of the town, why don't you do like the rest of your neighbours? When you are at Rome, do as Rome does, was always the saying of my poor dear brother Sir Tympany Tar-Barrel.

Grub. Your poor dear brother might say what he pleased, but he would never do as I have, leave the city and all his old friends, and begin the world as it were over again, only to oblige his wife. You could never get him to stir out of Gutter-Lane.

Mrs. Grub. O, hideous! name it not: but if you are at a loss for friends, why don't you do as I do, take pains to make them?—but no—I must do every thing for the honour and credit of our name; and if I did not go about to the watering places in the Summer, with my child, and pick up fashionable company, and make a point of playing high at their assemblies in the winter, neither I nor my poor child would have a friend or acquaintance on this side Ludgate—Mrs. Deputy this and Mrs. Deputy's t'other, and Alderman Goose and Alderman Gander; pretty creatures to introduce a young lady with the fortune that Miss Grub will have.

Grub. Why, it is very true, as you say, you have
taken

taken great pains about her acquaintance, that's certain—but now you talk of acquaintance, my dear, who d'ye think is dead—Poor Alderman Marrowfat.

Mrs. Grub. Oh! the filthy wretch, I'm mighty glad on't—he ought to have died twenty years ago—What was the matter with him?

Grub. Apoplexy!—Eat as hearty a dinner at Girdler's hall as man could eat, and was dead before he could swallow church and state, stiff before the second toast could go round!—Ah! the new paving of the streets killed him—Ah! the fatal effects of luxury! they will never leave their cursed improvements till they have killed us all—But, my dear, there's rare news from the Alley; India stock is mounting every minute.

Mrs. Grub. I am very glad to hear it, my dear.

Grub. Yes, I thought you would be glad to hear it: I have just sent Consol to the Alley to see how matters go—I should have gone myself—but—I—wanted to—open an affair of some importance to you—

Mrs. Grub. Ay, ay, you have always some affair of great importance.

Grub. Nay, this is one—I have been thinking, my dear, that it was high time that we had fixed our daughter; 'tis high time that Emily was married.

Mrs. Grub. You think so, do you? I have thought so any time these three years, and so has Emily too I fancy—I wanted to talk to you upon the same subject.

Grub. You did! Well, I declare that's pat enough, he, he, he! I vow and protest I'm pleased at this—Why, our inclinations do seldom jump together.

Mrs. Grub. Jump, quotha! No, on my conscience, I should wonder they did—And how comes it now to pass? What, I suppose you have been employing some of your brokers, as usual; or, perhaps, advertising, as you used to do—But I expect to hear no more of those tricks, now we are come to this end of the town.

Grub. No, no, my dear, this is no such matter; the gentleman I intend—

Mrs. Grub. You intend!

Grub. Yes, I intend.

Mrs. Grub. You intend! What, do you presume to dispose of my child without my consent? Look you, Mr. Grub,

Grub, as I have always said, mind your money-matters; look to your bull's and your bears, and your lame ducks, and take care they don't make *you* waddle out of the Alley, as the saying is—but leave to me the management of my child—What! things are come to a fine pass indeed! I suppose you intend to marry the poor innocent to some of your city cronies, your factors, supercargoes, packers, and dry-falters; but, thank my stars, I have washed my hands of them, and I'll have none of them, Mr. Grub; no, I'll have none of them—It shall never be said, that, after coming to this end of the town, the great Miss Grub was forced to trudge into the city again for a husband.

Grub. Why, zounds, are you mad, Mrs. Grub?

Mrs. Grub. No, you shall find I am not mad, Mr. Grub; that I know how to dispose of my child, Mr. Grub—What, did my poor dear brother leave his fortune to me and my child, and shall she now be disposed of without consulting me?

Grub. Why the devil is in you, certainly! If you will but hear me, you shall be consulted—Have I not always consulted you—was I not inclined to please you, to marry my daughter to a lord? and has she not been hawked about till all the peerage of the three kingdoms turn up their noses at you and your daughter?—Did I not treat with my Lord Spindle, my Lord Thoughtless, and my Lord Maukin? and did we not agree, for the first time in our lives, that it would be better to find out a commoner for her, as the people of quality only marry nowadays for a winter or so?

Mrs. Grub. Very well, we did so—And who, pray, is the proper person to find out a match for her?—Who, but her mother, Mr. Grub, who goes into company with no other view, Mr. Grub—who flatters herself that she is no contemptible judge of mankind, Mr. Grub.—Yes, Mr. Grub, I know mankind as well as any woman on earth, Mr. Grub.

Grub. That I believe from my soul, Mrs. Grub.

Mrs. Grub. Who then but me should have the disposal of her?—and very well I have disposed of her—I have got her a husband in my eye.

Grub. You got her a husband!

Mrs. Grub. Yes, I have got her a husband.

Grub. No, no, no, Mrs Grub, that will never do——
What the vengeance, have I been toiling upwards of fifty years—up early, down late, shopkeeper and housekeeper, made a great fortune, which I could never find in my heart to enjoy ! And now, when all the comfort I have in the world, the settlement of my child, is in agitation—shall I not speak, shall I not have leave to approve of her husband ?

Mrs. Grub. Hey-day ! you are getting into your tantrums, I see.

Grub. What, did I not leave the city, every friend in the world with whom I used to pass an evening—Did I not, to please you, take this house here—nay, did I not make the damndest fool of myself, by going to learn to come in and out of a room with the grown gentlemen in Cow-lane——Did I not put on a sword too, at your desire—and had I not like to have broke my neck down stairs, by its getting between my legs, at that diabolical lady what-d'ye-call-'ems route?—and did not all the footmen and chairmen laugh at me ?

Mrs. Grub. And well they might truly. An obstinate old fool——

Grub. Ay, ay, that may be ; but I will have my own way—I'll give my daughter to the man I like—I'll have no Sir this, nor Lord t'other—I'll have no fellow with his waist down to his knees, and a skirt like a monkey's jacket—with a hat not so big as its button, his shoe-buckles upon his toes, and a queue thicker than his leg !

Mrs. Grub. Why, Mr. Grub, you are raving, distracted, surely. No, the man I propose——

Grub. And the man I propose——

Mrs. Grub. Is a young gentleman of fortune, discretion, parts, sobriety, and connections——

Grub. And the man I propose is a gentleman of abilities, fine fortune, prudence, temperance, and every virtue——

Mrs. Grub. And his name is——

Grub. And his name is Bevil !

Mrs. Grub. Ah !

Grub. And his name is Bevil, I say.

Mrs.

Mrs. Grub. Bevil?

Grub. Bevil! a very pretty name too!

Mrs. Grub. What, Mr. Bevil of Lincolnshire?

Grub. Yes, Mr. Bevil of Lincolnshire.

Mrs. Grub. Oh, my dear Mr. Grub, you delight me; Mr. Bevil is the very man I meant.

Grub. Is it possible! Why, where have you met with him?

Mrs. Grub. Oh! at several places, but particularly at Lady Matchem's assemblies.

Grub. Indeed! My dear Mrs. Grub, let me have one kiss!

Mrs. Grub. Take twenty, my dear Mr. Grub.

(They embrace.)

Grub. Was ever any thing so fortunate! Did not I tell you that our inclinations jumped—He, he, he! But I wonder that he never told me he was acquainted with you —

Mrs. Grub. Nay, I cannot help thinking it odd, that he should never tell me he had met with you; but I see he is a prudent man, he was determined to be liked by both of us. But where did you meet with him?—

Grub. Why he bought some stock of me, and so we came acquainted; but I am so overjoy'd, adod, I scarce know what to say. My dear Mrs. Grub, let's send for the child, and open the business at once to her—I am so overjoyed—who would have thought it? Let's send for Emily—poor dear little soul, she little thinks how happy we are going to make her.

Mrs. Grub. I'll go fetch her——Oh, Betty, bid Miss Grub come down to her papa—Yes, poor soul, she will be overjoyed and surpris'd; so let us, my dear Mr. Grub, be gentle, and calmly drop it to her—Your only fault always was and will be hastiness—Don't be hasty with her.

Grub. I won't, Mrs. Grub, I won't—But I am so overjoyed—

Mrs. Grub. O, pray now don't be a fool—Here comes the poor child—compose yourself, my dear—consider the poor child.

Enter Emily.

Emily, my dear, come hither child—your papa and I—

Grub. Yes, my dear, your mother and I—

Mrs. Grub. Mr. Grub, will you hold your tongue, or I—

Grub. My dear, I say no more, I say no more ; but harkee—

Emily. So, the usual scene, I find—Something interesting is on foot, I am sure : I suppose a new match has been thought of for me—(*Aside.*) I heard you wanted me, papa.

Grub. Yes, my dear, but your mother will—

Mrs. Grub. Yes, my dear, I will, if you will but get out of my way—Yes, my sweet child, I want you—I am going to ask you a few questions—

Emily. Heavens ! I hope they have not discovered me. (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Grub. Which I hope you will answer me ingeniously—Come, now don't be disturbed or alarmed. Ah ! that enchanting modesty ; how she puts me in mind of myself when I was of her age.—But, my dear, your papa and I wish to know the state of your affections—How is your heart inclined towards the reception of a tender passion ?

Grub. Ay, my dear, your mother means to ask you, how you are inclined to matrimony ? What do you think of a husband, Emily ?

Mrs. Grub. Mr. Grub, for Heaven's sake, dont be so gross to the poor child—Come, my dear, you know your papa and I mean only to make you happy—Indulgence was the plan upon which we brought you up.

Emily. My dear mamma, I should be the most undutiful of daughters, did I not shew a constant and grateful sense of it.

Mrs. Grub. Ay, very true : Now, child, we are always resolved to leave you to yourself in the choice of a husband—I remember my own case—Mr. Grub, my dear, do you remember, I could not abide the sight of you ?

Grub. Yes, my dear, its very true, I shall never forget it.

Mrs.

Mrs. Grub. I believe we were married nigh fix weeks before you could get a syllable out of my mouth.

Grub. Yes, but you have made it up to me since with a vengeance! But, as to love, that always comes, as the old saying is——

Mrs. Grub. O, prithee, none of your filthy old sayings now—Speak, Emily.

Emily. I hope, my dear mamma, I shall ever behave as you would wish me: your kind declarations to me now, as well as the assurances you and my papa have always given me of an entire liberty in the choice I might hereafter make, call for my warmest acknowledgments; and I should be the most ungrateful of creatures, if, as far as in my power lies, I did not comply——

Grub. My dear child, my dear wife, I am the happiest man in the world, the happiest man in the world——

Mrs. Grub. My dear Mr. Grub, compose yourself, and don't go raving mad—Nay, I knew my sweet soul would be all compliance, and rewarded you shall be for it; we have found you a husband, that——

Emily. Ah!

Grub. Ay, we have got you such a husband, my dear——

Mrs. Grub. Ha! Why, methinks you change colour at the news, Emily! I beg, my sweet soul, you won't be alarmed.

Emily. Your pardon, my dearest mother; I must be alarmed, and own to you my reasons for it. Your very humane declarations, that you will never force me in an object of such importance, gives me spirit and confidence to tell you that I have already disposed of my heart.

Mrs. Grub. How!——

Grub. What!

Mrs. Grub. Am I awake?

Grub. No surely——we are in a dream.

Emily. Oh, Heavens, Sir! dearest mamma! don't terrify me with those looks.

Mrs. Grub. Dispos'd of your heart!

Grub. Dispos'd of your heart with a vengeance——

Mrs. Grub. When?

Grub. Where?

Mrs. Grub. To whom?

Grub. Ay, to whom I say?

Mrs. Grub. Where, and when was it?—Who is he?—Tell me all about it this instant.

Grub. Was there ever such an artful baggage!—Oh, I am the most miserable man! the most miserable man in the world!

Mrs. Grub. After all my pains!—after all the money I have spent in going to Tunbridge and Bath, to Margate and Harrowgate, fresh water and salt water!

Grub. Oh, Mrs. Grub, Mrs. Grub! this is the blessed effect of your jauntings and journies—With as snug a box upon Clapham Common,—which I think by far the finest part of England, and every thing handsome about you, you could not be contented—and because there's not a foolish body of quality now-a-days lives a summer in their own houses, as they ought to do, you must be driving away to all the watering-places too; and flap-dash, all on a sudden, when I least think on't, away I am hy'd the devil knows where—ha!—Then such plungings and pumpings, such divings and dippings, as if you had been bit by all the mad dogs in the kingdom!

Emily. My dearest father, hear me—Chance brought me acquainted with a gentleman, who is, I am certain, if you did but know him, the man in the world you would wish me to have—a man amiable in the highest degree.

Mrs. Grub. Yes, yes, very likely truly.

Grub. Ay, ay, a very pretty fellow to be sure.

Emily. Yes, I must own, he has insinuated himself into my heart, and made on it the most indelible impression—

Mrs. Grub. Very fine truly! I say impression, indeed!—after all our indulgence—

Grub. Ay, after all our indulgence—Who was ever better dressed at my Lord Mayor's balls—But who in the devil's name is he?

Mrs. Grub. Ay, who is he? speak, who is he? what's his name, urchin?

Emily. His name is—Bevil.

Mrs. Grub. Ha!

Grub. What?

Emily. I said his name is Bevil.

Mrs. Grub. Bevil! what, Bevil of Lincolnshire?

Grub.

Grub. Ay, Bevil of Lincolnshire.

Emily. Yes, I think I have heard him talk of going into Lincolnshire.

Grub. Tol lol derol!—My dear child, my dear wife—

Mrs. Grub. My dear daughter—my sweet Mr. Grub!

Grub. I am the happiest man in the world, the happiest man in the world!—who could have thought it?

Emily. What can all this mean?

Mrs. Grub. Ah, my dear child, you have surely inherited all the penetration of your mother, with that strong likeness of my poor dear brother—Why, my dear, that Mr. Bevil is the very identical person we have had in view for you.

Emily. Oh, my dear mamma, is it possible?

Grub. Ay, by the lord is it; so say no more, but kiss your own dear papa, you sweet little cherubim.

Mrs. Grub. But, my dear, it is very odd he should be acquainted with the child, and never once hint it to us.

Grub. Oh, not at all. I see through it, I see through it; he is a notable one, I see; he wants to have all our consents separately, that he may be the more certain of our affections.

Mrs. Grub. Nay, it must be so: and did he never say that he had met with your papa or me?

Emily. Never; I am very much surprised at it; but I am so happy in your concurrence with my wishes, that it almost overcomes me. This, sure, is the oddest event that ever happened. (*Aside, and walking up the stage.*)

Mrs. Grub. Now, my dear, I think, we may say that we are completely happy.

Grub. Yes, my dear, we are indeed—Such a dear, good child, and such a respectable son-in-law—The baggage knows how to choose herself a husband—he, he, he!—He's as handsome a black man, I think, as ever I saw—

Mrs. Grub. Black, Mr. Grub! why, surely, your eyes begin to fail you—He's as handsome a fair man, indeed, as ever I saw.

Grub. Fair!—No, no, no; I know complexions better than that comes to—He's black, I tell you.

Mrs. Grub. But he is fair, I tell you.

Grub. And I say he is black.

Mrs. Grub. Black!

Grub. As a dot of ink.

Mrs. Grub. Why, child, Emily, my dear, what do you say, is he a black or a fair man?

Emily. In my opinion, he is neither one nor the other.

Mrs. Grub. Well, it does not signify disputing; as he will be here presently, we shall see which of us is right.

Grub. Here!—How do you know that?

Mrs. Grub. I appointed him to call on me this evening, and the hour draws nigh.

Grub. Why, I appointed him to be here between six and seven too!—he, he, he!—Our inclinations have jumped most marvellously to-day.

Emily. I received a note from him, about two hours since, telling me that he would be here about seven. I must own, thinking you would be out of the way, I permitted him to come here for the first time.

Grub. And he never said a syllable to either of us, and pretended not to know us, ha, ha, ha! that's very good.—(Looks at his watch.)—But its time he was come;—though perhaps the business of the house may detain him—I don't believe they are up yet.

Mrs. Grub. The house! what house?

Grub. The House of Commons—You know he is a member of parliament, I suppose, child.

Mrs. Grub. Not I, indeed, I know no such thing; I know he's not in parliament.

Grub. But I tell you he is.

Mrs. Grub. That's a very pretty story, indeed. Emily, child, do speak to your father, and don't let him expose his ignorance and obstinacy so unmercifully—Is not he studying the law in the Temple, my dear?

Grub. Don't he live in St. James's-Square, my sweet?

Emily. No, indeed, papa; he is an officer in the guards, and lives in Pall-Mall.

Mrs. Grub. The girl is distracted, sure, and will distract us too, I believe.

Grub.

Grub. I never heard such confounded nonsense. You are both mad, I believe.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A gentleman below desires to speak to my master.

Grub. Oh, he's come, I suppose—Now we shall see who's a fool—who's obstinate, and who's ignorant. Where is he?

Serv. I shewed him into the parlour, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Grub. O, very well, I'll go down and shew him up. Now we shall see, now we shall know who he is; and what he is. [*Exit.*]

Enter a Maid-Servant to Mrs. Grub.

Maid. Madam, the gentleman you expected is come, and in your dressing-room waiting for you.

Mrs. Grub. Yes, yes, I know he is come; but he is below stairs, your master is just gone down to him.

Maid. No, Madam, that is somebody come in just now; the gentleman you mean, Madam, has been here this half-hour. As you and my master seemed to be at high words, I did not choose to come in.

Mrs. Grub. Oh, then it seems your papa has got somebody else upon business with him. I'll go to Mr. Bevil, and make my apologies to him for detaining him so long. [*Exit.*]

Emily. This is, surely, the strangest affair that ever happened. What can they mean? I have no idea of it. I think Mr. Bevil would never enter privately into engagements with them, and not mention it to me—but I am glad its come to this crisis; the sooner its over the better; I am heartily tired of these violent disputes and wrangles every minute.

Enter Emily's Maid.

Maid. Madam, the gentleman's come; he is in the blue room, and nobody has seen him.

Emily. Good Heavens! what can all this mean? I'll go this instant to him; perhaps he may be able to explain it to me. [*Exit.*]

Enter Grub.

Grub. Mrs. Grub, Mrs. Grub, Mr. Bevil is come, my dear.

Enter Mrs. Grub.

Mrs. Grub. Yes, my dear, I know he's come, he is in my dressing-room here.

Grub. In your dressing room!—Why, does the devil possess you still! why, he is on the stairs coming up with me; he only stopped to speak to his chairmen.

Mrs. Grub. That's very pleasant, truly; you are obstinate to the last, I see, you strange wretch you—But I'll shew you that Mr. Bevil is up here with me.

(Goes to a door.)

Grub. And I'll shew you that Mr. Bevil is down here with me. *(Goes to the room door.)* Oh, Mr. Bevil pray, Sir walk in—Take care, the stairs are rather of the darkest.

Mrs. Grub. Mr. Bevil. Sir, pray walk into this room.

Enter Frank and Harry Bevil at opposite sides.

F. Bevil. (Aside.) My brother Harry here! this is very odd.

H Bevil. (Aside.) My brother Frank! this is very strange!

Grub. (Turning about.) Here's Mr. Bevil, my dear!

Mrs. Grub. No, my dear, this is Mr. Bevil.

Grub. That! who the devil is that?

Mrs. Grub. Mr. Bevil, I tell you. Who is that with you?

Grub. Why, who should it be but Mr. Bevil?

Mrs. Grub. Hey-day! what can all this mean? Why, where is Emily, where is the child?

Grub. Ay, where is the child? where is Emily?

Enter Emily.

Mrs. Grub. Here, Milly, my dear, here is Mr. Bevil come to see you.

Grub. No, no, no, child, here is Mr. Bevil.

Emily. Where Sir?

Grub. Here; this is he.

Mrs. Grub. No, no, no; this is he. *(Turning her.)*

Grub. No, no, no; this is he. *(Turning her.)*

Emily. No, indeed, papa, that's not the gentleman; I never had the pleasure of seeing him before.

Grub. No! why, zounds—

Mrs. Grub. No, no, no; I knew he was mistaken; I saw

saw he did not know what he was doing—but you are an obstinate brute—I knew that my Mr. Bevil here——

Emily. Who, Madam, that gentleman?

Mrs. Grub. Yes, my dear, this is Mr. Bevil.

Emily. No, indeed, mamma, that is not he.

Mrs. Grub. Ha! what not he! who is he then?

Grub. Ay, speak; who is he then?

Emily. I don't indeed know who the gentleman is.

Grub. But who is your Mr. Bevil then? Where is he to fill up this concert?

Enter George Bevil.

G. Bevil. Here I am at your service, Sir.

F. Bevil. (*Afide.*) George here!—nay then the mystery's out.

H. Bevil. (*Afide.*) This is very ridiculous, faith.

Grub. The most impudent fellow I ever saw! Pray, Sir, give me leave to ask you, who, in the devil's name, are you?

G. Bevil. Sir, I have the honour to call myself Bevil.

Mrs. Grub. Pray, Sir, do you know either of these gentlemen?

G. Bevil. Oh! impostors, Madam, impostors! I am the only Bevil breathing. Ha, ha, ha!

F. Bevil. Come, Sir, I'll explain this mystery: We are brothers; we have all been so close in this business, that we have unavoidably ran counter to one another—and as George seems to have plann'd his operations with more propriety than we did, and made sure of the lady's affections, with pleasure I shall quit the field, and bow to his superior merit.

H. Bevil. My dear George, you know me too well to doubt of my being in the same sentiments.

Grub. My dear, what do you think of this business?

Mrs. Grub. Why, I think, my dear, that, as we can't help ourselves, we may as well make the best on't. What's done can't be undone, and it's well it's no worse, as was always the saying of my poor dear brother, Sir Tympany.

Grub. Egad, I believe he was right, and I may as well make the best on't; for if I don't give her away, she'll throw herself away. But I hope you won't fol-

low the example of the great ; there is such work among them !

G. Bevil. Dear Sir, don't nourish such strange prejudices. The great have their follies, 'tis true ; but they have also their virtues as well as the rest of mankind ; and there are among them many shining objects of imitation : we should consider, Sir, that the greatest couple in the nation is the best and happiest in it.

THE WATERMAN:

OR,

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

A BALLAD OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

By CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hay-Market

Covent-Garden.

MEN.

<i>Tug,</i>	-	Mr. Bannister.	Mr. Davies.
<i>Bundle,</i>	-	Mr. Wilson.	Mr. Fearon.
<i>Robin,</i>	-	Mr. Parsons.	Mt. Edwin.

WOMEN.

<i>Mrs. Bundle,</i>	-	Mrs. Thomson.	Mrs. Webb.
<i>Wilhelmina,</i>	-	Mrs. Jewell.	Mrs. Bannister.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Gardener's Garden, where several Gardeners are at work, some digging, &c. others, together with several Women tying up bundles of Asparagus. Bundle and Tug seated under a Tree, at Breakfast upon cold Roast Beef; a Tankard of Beer upon the Table.

D. 6

G. H. O.

CHORUS.

LABOUR, lads, e'er youth be gone,
 For see apace the day steals on ;
 Labour is the poor man's wealth,
 Labour 'tis that gives him health ;
 Labour makes us, while we sing,
 Happier than the greatest king.
 Then labour, lads, e'er youth be gone,
 For see apace the day steals on.

Bun. This, now, is my delight, to sit at breakfast while the men work. Come, honest Tom, let us make an end of our tankard before my wife gets up ; her raking so in London (where, between you and I, she stays a devilish deal longer than while she sells the sparrow-grass) keeps her bed woundy late of a morning.

Tug. Why, Master Bundle, I have often times thought to myself, that it was a wonderful kind of thing how it came to pass, that you two agree so badly ; when out of all the four-and-twenty hours you are hardly ever above two of them together.

Bun. Ah, Thomas, Thomas ! 'tis very hard that a man like me can't be allow'd to get drunk once a-day, without being call'd to an account for it ; but, between you and I, she is the arrantest——

Mrs. Bun. (Within.) What are you all about there ? Where's your lazy, idle master ?

Bun. You hear she has begun to ring her usual peal : this is the way the moment she is up.

Tug. And I believe she seldom leaves off till she goes to bed ; does she, Mr. Bundle ?

Bun. No, nor then neither ; every thing must be her way, or there's no getting any peace. As soon as the marketing's over in town, away she and her favourite Robin trudge to the two-shilling gallery of one of the play-houses, where they have pick'd up such a pack of damned nonsense, about sentiments and stuff, that I am not only oblig'd to put up with her scolding me all the time I do see her, but I am scolded in a language I don't understand.

Tug. Why, I should like that best now ; for then, you

you know, one has no right to take it for scolding at all.

Bun. O, when once she raises her voice, you never can take it for any thing else.

Tug. Why then, mayhap, it is all concerning this same play-house business that she's so stout against me, and does all she can to serve Master Robin with Miss Wilhelminy.

Bun. Ay, there was another of her freaks; she was then as fond of romances as she is now of plays; and though my father, who was as plain a man as myself, swore he would not leave us a farthing if we did not call the girl Margery, nothing would satisfy her, forth, but we must give her the name of Wilhelmina:—'Tis such a dama'd, confounded, hard name, that I was a matter of three years before I could pronounce it right.

Tug. Well, stand to your oars, for here she comes?

SCENE II.

Mrs. Bun. Is it not a most marvellous thing, Mr. Bundle, that I must be such an eternal slave to my family, in this here manner, while you and your cologuing companions are besotting and squandering away your time with your guzzling, and every thing goes to rack and manger? I that am such a quiet, well-bred, easy, tame creature, that never scolds, nor riots; nor dins your faults in your ears; but am always as gentle and as patient as a lamb.

Bun. You are a very good wife to be sure, my dear; only a little inclin'd to talking; if you now had no tongue, or I had no ears, we should be the happiest couple in the world.

Mrs. Bun. What a provoking creature—tongue! But this comes of marrying such a scum of a fellow: one that you may throw away all the tenderness in the world for before it makes any oppression upon him.—But it serves me right, for 'tis very well known, what great offers I refused upon your account!

Bun. I don't know how it should be otherwise than well known, my love; for I generally hear of it about six times a-day: But, my dear, don't you think it will
be

be necessary to give orders about loading the cart against you go to London?

Mrs. Bun. Sir, I shall not go to London to-night at all. Robin, Miss Wilhelmina, and I, are invited to go with a party to see the rowing match this afternoon; and afterwards there is to be a hop at Mr. Wick's the tallow-chandler's, where I intend to settle the preliminaries about my daughter's wedding: And I desire you to take care, that the pines are not all gone before next week, for I intend to invite the whole party to a hop here.

Tug. But, Madam Bundle, be'n't you some how or other afraid, that what with one thing and what with another, you'll hop all the money out of your husband's pocket.

Mrs. Bun. I don't direct my discourse to you, Sir; but 'tis my husband that encourages you to behave in such a brutish and outrageous manner. He has promised you, I know, that you should have my daughter; but I'll make him to know who's at home, I will:—I'll assure you, indeed!—Such a fellow as you!—A nasty, idling, scurvy, rascallion, that leads a filthy, drunken, lazy life; sotting in one ale-house, and sotting in another: and shall such a low brute dare to expire to the honour of marrying Miss Wilhelmina Bundle?

Tug. I'll tell you what, Ma'am Bundle, I should not care much for marrying your daughter, if she was not of a little better temper than yourself.

Mrs. Bun. O, the villain!—Why, you vile, wicked—

Bun. My dear, how can you put yourself in such a passion; you, you know, who are such a tame creature—one that never scolds, nor riots?—

Mrs. Bun. I'll riot you all to some tune, I will—therefore, Mr. Bundle, unless you would have me sue for a separate maintenance; mind what I say—Next time I go to London, I shall take Robin with me to Doctor's-Commons, and nothing but your consent to his marrying your daughter shall ever make me look upon you again.

A I R.

My counsel take,
Or else I'll make
The house too hot to hold you ;
Be rul'd, I pray,
I'd something say,
Did I e'er rout or scold you ?
But spite to wreak,
On one so meek.
Who never raves or flies out ;
On me, who am
Like any lamb,
Oh ! I could tear your eyes out.

SCENE III.

Bundle and Tug.

Tug. Well, and what say you to all this ?

Bun. Why, I'll tell you what, honest Thomas ; for me to contradict her, would be much the same thing as for you to row against wind and tide.

Tug. Why then, that would be bad enough, Master Bundle.

Bun. But I'll try what I can do with my daughter for you ; and all I can say to put you in heart is, that if I find her as headstrong and as perverse as her mother, I shall advise you to have nothing to do with her, and so save you from hanging yourself in a month.

Tug. But, Master Bundle, if I marries Miss, I expect to be a little happier than you are.

Bun. Ah, Tom, Tom ! the wisest of us may be deceived !

A I R L.

I just as eagerly as thee,
Thought when I got a wife,
My joy, of course, so great would be,
It needs must last for life.
When she agreed to tie the knot,
I thought of nothing else ;
Then all was glee,
'Twixt her and me,
Nor did I grudge the king his lot.
When ding dong went the bells.

11.

II.

But, ah! our joys were fleeting soon,
 Words that did sweetly fall,
 E'er we had pass'd the honey-moon,
 To wormwood turn'd to gall.
 Whate'er of furies they invent,
 Broke out of flaming cells,
 You now may see,
 In her and me;
 We fight, and scold, and both repent
 That ding dong went the bells.

SCENE IV.

Tug. I don't know but you are in the right of it. A waterman would be a confounded fool, that would put up a sail with the wind and tide both in his teeth.—But here comes Miss Wilhelmina.—If she marries me, I'll see if I can't get her to change her name.

SCENE V.

A I R. Miss Wilhelmina.

I.

Two youths for my love are contending in vain,
 For do all they can,
 Their sufferings I rally, and laugh at their pain;
 Which, which is the man
 That deserves me the most? Let me ask of my heart,
 Is it Robin, who smirks, or who dresses so smart?
 Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan;
 Which, which is the man?

II.

Indeed, to be prudent, and do what I ought,
 I do what I can;
 Yet surely papa and mamma are in fault;
 To a different man
 They, each, have advis'd me to yield up my heart;
 Mamma praises Robin, who dresses so smart;
 Papa honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan:
 Which, which is the man?

III.

III.

Be kind, then, my heart, and but point out the youth,

I'll do what I can,

His love to return, and return it with truth ;

Which, which is the man ?

Be kind to my wishes, and point out, my heart,

Is it Robin who smirks, and who dresses so smart ?

Or Tom, honest Tom, who makes plainness his plan ?

Which, which is the man ?

Tug. Take my advice, Miss, and let it be honest Tom.

Wil. O, you brute ! did you hear me ?

Tug. Why, Miss, suppose if I did, you a'n't afraid of speaking your mind, be ye ?

Wil. My mind ! why you have not the assurance to pretend that I said any thing in favour of you ?

Tug. Why, no, I can't say directly that you said as how you'd have me ; but I'm sure you can't help saying yourself, that it sounded a little that way.

Wil. And do you imagine that I could prefer you to Robin, sweet Robin, as the song says, that's all over a nosegay, and the very pink of good breeding.

Tug. For my part, I makes no comparisons, as a body may say ; but I'd be sorry, Miss, if there was not others as agreeable and well behaved as he, however.

Wil. What, yourself, I suppose ?—Do you know, you odious creature, that he can spout Romeo by heart, and that he's for ever talking similes to me ?

Tug. I know he's for ever talking nonsense to you.

Wil. O ! hold your filthy tongue : Did you but hear him compare my cheeks to carnations, my hands to lilies, my beautiful blue veins to violets, my lips to cherries, my teeth to snow drops, and my eyes to the sparkling dew that hangs upon the rose-trees in the morning—what would you say then ?

Tug. Ah ! but you know, Miss, that's all in his way.

Wil. Then he writes verses, O, dear me ! the author of the opera book in the parlour window is a fool to him for writing : O ! he is a very Ovid's Metamorphose !

Tug. Why, for the matter of that, Miss, there are other folks that can write as well as he. What would you

you say now, if I had wrote something about concerning my falling in love with you ?

Wil. I should then begin to have some hopes of you.

Tug. Should you ? Why then I have.

Wil. Oh, dear ! let's see it.

Tug. It's a song, Miss ; I'll sing it to you, if you please.

A I R.

I.

And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,
Who at Black-friars Bridge us'd for to ply ;
And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye :
He looked so neat, and rowed so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,
And he eyed the young rogues with so charming an air,
That this Waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

II.

What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and painted with all ;
He was always first oars when the fine city ladies
In a party to Ranelagh went or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering ?
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering,
For loving or liking he little did care,
For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

III.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen ;
As he row'd along thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smil'd, and so straightway in love he did fall ;
And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to night before to-morrow :
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's married, and never in want of a fare ?

Well, Miss, how do you like it ?

Wil. Like it ! way it is the very moral of yourself !
If you had not pass'd half your time between Wapping
and the Tower-Stairs you could never have wrote such a
song.

Tug.

Tug. Didn't I tell you as how it was the thing? Well, now, I hope you will consent?

Wil. Consent to what?

Tug. Why, to marry me; to be sartain, you won't find me like your Mr. Robin, an inconsiderative puppy, that will say more in half an hour than he'll stand to in half a year! I am a little too much of an Englishman, I thank you, Miss, for that; my heart lies in the right place, and as we say, 'tis not always the best looking boat goes the safest.

Wil. And so, Mr. Thomas, you really think, by all this fine talking, to make me dying for love of you?

Tug. Why, Miss, for the matter of that, I don't see why I should not.

Wil. Well, then, I'll tell you what, if you ever expect to have any thing to say to me, you must kneel at my feet, kiss my hand, swear that I am an angel, that the very sun, moon, and stars, are not half so bright as my eyes; that I am Cupid, Venus, and the three Graces put together.

Tug. Why, to be sure, all this may be very fine; but why should I speak to you in a lingo I don't understand?

Wil. This, as my dear Robin says, is the only language of true lovers; and if you don't understand it already, you'll learn it for my sake.

Tug. I'll tell you what, Miss, if you don't marry me till I make such a fool of myself, 'tis my mind you'll never marry me at all. I love you to be sartain; there's nobody can say to the contrary of that; but you'll never catch me at your Cupids and Wenisses; I am plain and downright. I'd do all that is in my power to make you happy, if you'd have me; and if you won't, I have nothing to do but to cast away care, and go on board a man of war, for I could never bear to stay here if you was married to another.

Wil. What, then, you'd leave England, and all for the love of me?

Tug. That's what I would, Miss.

Wil. Well, that would be charming! Oh! how I should doat upon it, if I was to hear them cry through Battersea.

Battersea-streets, The unfortunate sailor's lamentation for the loss of his mistress!

Tug. I'll stick to my word, I assure you; if you won't have me, I'll go on board a man of war.

A I R.

I.

Then farewell my trim-built wherry,
Oars, and coat, and badge, farewell;
Never more at Chelsea Ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

II.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I'll go;
Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

III.

Then, may-hap, when homeward steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you the story hearing,
With a sigh may cry, poor Tom!

[*Exit Tug.*]

SCENE VI.

Wilhelmina and Robin.

Wil. Well, 'tis a most charming thing to plague these creatures—Die for me!—If I had not given myself some airs to him, he never could have thought of such a thing; but that's the way, if one does not use them like dogs, there's no getting any thing civil from them—But here comes Robin: I must plague him in another way.

Rob. Miss Wilhelmina, may I have the unspeakable happiness to tell you, how much words fall short of the great honour you would prefer upon me, if you would grant me the request of favouring me with your hand this evening at the hop.

Wil. Why, Mr. Robin, what particular inclination can you have to dance with me?

Rob. What inclination, Miss! ask the plants why they love a shower? ask the sun-flower why it loves the sun? ask the snow-drop why it is white? ask the violet why it is

is

blue? ask the trees why they blossom? the cabbages why they grow? 'tis all because they can't help it; no more can I help my love for you.

Wil. Lord, Mr. Robin, how gallant you are!

Rob. Oh, my Wilhelmina! thou art straighter than the straightest tree; sweeter than the sweetest flower! Thy hand is as white as a lily! thy breath is as sweet as honey suckles! and when you speak, grace is in all your steps! heaven in your eye; in every gesture—Oh! dear.

Wil. Lord, Mr. Robin, you have said that so often—

Rob. Well, you never heard me say this in your life—Now, mind. My heart is for all the world just like a hot-bed, where the seed of affection, sown by your matchless charms, and warm'd by that sun, your eyes, became a beautiful flower, which is just now full blown; and all I desire, Miss, is, that you'll condescend to gather it, and stick it in your bosom.

Wil. And what pretensions have you to think I shall ever consent to such a thing?

Rob. Pretension, Miss! because my love is boundless as the sea, and my heart is as full of Cupid's arrows as a sweet briar is full of thorns.

Wil. But I am afraid, if I was foolish enough to believe you, you would soon forget me.

Rob. Forget you, Miss! 'tis impossible! sooner shall sparagus forget to grow, seed forget to rise, leaves to fall; sooner shall trees grow with their roots in the air, and their branches buried in the earth, than I forget my Wilhelmina.

Wil. Well, I do declare there's no resisting you.

Rob. Resisting me, Miss! no, I don't know how you should; my heart is stock'd with love, as a flower-garden is stock'd with flowers. The Cupids that have fled from your eyes, and taken shelter there, are as much out of number as the leaves on a tree, or the colours in a bed of tulips. You are to me what the summer is to the garden; and if you don't revive me with the sunshine of your favour, I shall be over-run with the weeds of disappointment, and choak'd up with the brambles of despair.

Wil. That would be a pity, indeed.

Rob.

Rob. So 'twould, indeed, Miss.

Wil. Do you really love me, then ?

Rob. Love you !

A I R.

I

Bid the blossoms never be blighted,
Birds by scare-crows never be frightened,
From the firm earth the oak remove ;
Teach the holly oak to grow,
Trees bear cherries,
Hedges berries,
But, prithee, teach me not to love.

II.

Grass shall grow than cedars higher,
Pinks shall bloom upon the briar,
Lillies be as black as jet,
Roses smell no longer sweet,
Melons ripen without heat,
Plumbs and cherries
Taste like berries,
When Wilhelmina I forget.

[*Exit. Robin.*]

SCENE VII.

Bundle *and* Wilhelmina.

Wil. Oh, Papa ! are you there ?

Bun. Hush ! hush ! speak softly ! you have not seen your mother, have you ?

Wil. No.

Bun. Because I wanted to talk with you, Wilhelmina, my dear.

Wil. What, upon the old subject, I suppose.

Bun. Yes, but I would not have her hear us.

Wil. Oh ! she is safe enough, scolding the men in the garden.

Bun. Oh ! that will take her some time. Well, have you seen Thomas ?

Wil. Yes, I have seen him, and a most deplorable figure he cuts ; I believe by this time he has entered himself on board a man of war ! that so, as the history-book says, he may put an end to his existence and my cruelty together.

Bun.

Bun. Why, did he say he would ?

Wil. Don't I tell you I was cruel to him ; and how could he do any less ?

Bun. Why the girl's distracted ! but this comes of gadding about with your mother ; if you had listen'd to my advice, I would no more have suffer'd you to put on such ridiculous conceited airs—Why, you and your mother are the laughing stock of the whole place ; I never pop my head into the Black Raven to get my penny-worth in a morning, but all the folks are full of it.

Wil. Why, papa, we are only a little genteeler than the rest of the people of Battersea, that's all.

Bun. Genteeler ! Do you call it genteel, then, to take a pleasure in being pointed at ? But I'll not bear it ; therefore hear what I have to say, or——

Wil. Why do you tell me all this ? Why don't you speak to my mamma ? 'Tis no wonder she does what she pleases with me, when you know you don't care to contradict her yourself.

Bun. Not dare to contradict her !

Wil. No, papa ; you know she will have her own way ; and since she has desired me to have Robin, what can I do but be dutiful ?

Bun. What, then you owe no duty to me, I suppose ?

Wil. Indeed I do ; and if I could see that you owed a little to yourself, I would oblige you willingly.

Bun. But, as it is, you won't marry Thomas.

Wil. I can't indeed.

Bun. And for no other reason, but because your mamma insists upon your marrying Robin ?

Wil. No other.

Bun. Very well, I'll settle the matter : she shall do as I please ; and if she was to come across me now——

SCENE VIII.

Bundle, Wilhelmina, and Mrs. Bundle.

Mrs. Bun. What then, Mr. Bundle ?

Bun. My dear.

Mrs. Bun. What could have conduced you to raise your voice to such a pitch ? I hope you had not the assurance to be tampering, and plotting, and undermining my daughter's inclinations ; and, above all, I hope you was

was not hatching up any vile scheme to impose my authority.

Wil. Poor papa! how he looks.

Bun. Why, my dear, I did intend to say something to you on that subject, but as my tongue does not go quite so fast as a water-mill, I am afraid it would be but to little purpose.

Mrs. Bun. Scurvy creature!

Wil. If you don't speak, papa, I shall be obliged to marry Robin

Bun. I can't help it.

Wil. 'Tis all your own fault, now; don't blame me—I must marry Robin; you have perfectly given me your consent.

Bun. So thou could'st but unmarry me, I'd consent to your marrying whoever you pleased [Exit.

Mrs. Bun. Well, my dear, what has he been saying to you? nothing, I hope, to discourage you in your inclinations to Robin.

Wil. Indeed he has; and I can't think of being undutiful.

Mrs. Bun. Undutiful, indeed! I say undutiful—which will reflect most upon you, do you think? to obey a mean, poor-spirited, drone of a father, who has nothing but low, mechanical ideras, or a mother who is acquainted with Shakspeare, goes to all the sentimental comedies, can play at cards, dance kittellions and allemandes, and knows every particle of purliteness and high breeding?

Wil. Very true, Ma'am; but then Mr. Thomas is such a sweet young man.

Mrs. Bun. He!

Wil. So good natured.

Mrs. Bun. The Vandil!

Wil. So honest!

Mrs. Bun. Low creature!

Wil. Such an immensity of love!

Mrs. Bun. The Hottentot! I'll tell you what, Wilhelmina, your father has put all this into your head. I'll go and give it to him heartily while my blood's up, for daring to be beforehand with me; and then I have but one word to say to you, either comply and marry Robin,
or

or else I'll disinheret you from any share in the blood of my family, the Grogams; and you may creep through life, with the dirty, pitiful, mean, paltry, low, ill-bred notions, which you have gathered from his family, the Bundles.

A I R.

Wilhelmina, you see I'm quite cool;
Obey me, 'tis all for your good;
Or may I be counted a fool,
If I own you for my flesh and blood.
Prefer such a lout, Miss, for shame,
To Robin so spruce and so trim;
But your father it is that's to blame,
And so I shall e'en talk to him.

SCENE IX.

Wilhelmina.

Well, in all I have read, I never met with a girl of more spirit than myself—for o make two lovers and a father and mother as miserable as I can desire; and yet am I to blame? are not they the authors of all this bustle themselves! If I oblige one, I disoblige the other: I shall, therefore, set all other considerations aside, and consult only mine own heart.

A I R.

I

Too yielding a carriage,
Has oft before marriage
To ruin and misery pointed the way:
You're shunn'd, if complying,
But your lover once flying,
How eager he'll follow, and beg you to stay.

II

A coquette ne'er proclaim me,
Ye maids then, nor blame,
If I wish to be happy whene'er I'm a wife;
Each lover's denial
Was only a trial
Which is he that's most likely to love me for life.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Bundle, Mrs. Bundle.

Bun. WHAT shall I do with this perverse girl? I have but poor comfort for my friend Thomas. However, all things considered, I don't know whether I should not have done him a more unfriendly office by marrying him than by keeping him single. For my own part, was I to choose whether I would keep my wife or have the plague, on my conscience I should run the risk of the last. But, mercy on us, here she comes—'tis a strange thing that I never mention the word plague but she's at my elbow.

Mrs. Bun. Mr. Bundle—I shall be very cool, Sir.

Bun. I hope so, my dear.

Mrs. Bun. What the devil is the reason that you have been making all this here piece of work?

Bun. My dear.

Mrs. Bun. I say, Sir, how comes it to pass, that in spite of all my conjunctions to the contrary, you will behave so monstrously shameful as to oblige me to put myself in these here passions.

Bun. Why, my dear, are you ever in a passion?

Mrs. Bun. Don't provoke me—You think, I suppose, because you have got your daughter on your side, to carry all before you; but, Mr. Bundle, though you have been coaxing and wheedling her to marry that low, dirty—I won't bemean myself by repeating his filthy name; though, I say, she has been undutiful and wicked enough to suffer such a low, unpolite clown as you, to persuade her to marry a fellow as vulgar and as mean as yourself; yet if I have any authority, you shall no more carry it off in the manner you think——

Bun. My dear——

Mrs. Bun. I won't hear a word.

Bun. Have a moment's patience now, and I'll convince you.

Mrs. Bun. I won't have patience; nor I won't be convinced, 'tis a shame, and a scandalous thing; and whoever tells me to be patient, or wants to convince me, it shall be the worse for them.

Bun.

Bun. Go on, my dear.

Mrs. Bun. Oh, how I am used ! I could hang myself for vexation.

(Crying.

Bun. My dear, if you had but about half as much reason as you have passion, how very easily could all these matters be settled ; for you are wrong from the beginning to the end in this affair. In the first place, I don't think it would be very undutiful in a girl to do what her father desires her, was it as you say ; in the next, I desired her to give her consent to marry Thomas, 'tis true, but she refused me.

Mrs. Bun. Why, this is worse than t'other—First use me ill, and then refuse me—for the girl told me, with her own mouth, that she promised you to marry Thomas.

Bun. And she told me, with her own mouth, she had promised you to marry Robin.

Mrs. Bun. What am I to think of this ?

Bun. E'en what you please, my dear ; you know I never dictate to you.

Enter Wilhelmina.

Mrs. Bun. Here she comes herself, we shall know the truth of all this. Come here, child, speak ingenuously now : did not you tell me that you would not marry Robin ?

Wil. I did, Ma'am.

Mrs. Bun. There, Mr. Bundle—and pray what reason did you give me for it ?

Wil. Because papa had persuaded me to marry Thomas.

Mrs. Bun. And have you the confidence to look me in the face after all this ?

Bun. Pray hear me one word ?

Mrs. Bun. I won't hear a syllable.

Bun. Nay, let me speak in my turn. Wilhelmina, come hear, child, speak ingenuously ; did not you tell me you would not marry Thomas ?

Wil. I did, Sir,

Bun. There, Mrs. Bundle—And pray what reason did you give me for it ?

Wil. Because my mamma had persuaded me to marry Robin.

Bun. And have you the confidence to look me in the face after this?

Mrs. Bun. Why, you little dirty trollop, have you been making a jest of us both?

Bun. Indeed, my dear, there is something—

Wil. Hear me, my dear papa and mamma; when first you proposed Robin to me, and you Thomas, I determined to have neither, 'till one or the other had given me some proof beside telling me so, that he would make me a faithful and affectionate husband; the first that does shall have me; and though I would not wish to have either of you think me undutiful, on that alone shall depend my giving my consent to be a wife.

A I R.

I

In vain, dear friends, each art to try,
To neither lover's suit inclin'd;
On outward charms I'll ne'er rely,
But prize the graces of the mind.
The empty coxcomb which you chose,
Just like the flower of a day,
Shook by each wind that folly blows,
Seems born to flutter and decay.

II.

Your choice an honest aspect wears;
To give him pain I oft have griev'd
But it proceedeth from my fears;
Than me much wiser are deceiv'd.
I thank you both, then, for your love,
Wait for my choice a little while;
And he who most shall worthy prove,
My hand I'll offer with a smile.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Bundle, Mrs. Bundle.

Bun. Well, my dear, what do you say to all this?

Mrs. Bun. Say! why that I am perfectly in a quandary; the confidence of the baggage goes beyond all—one would think she had never been educated by me.

Bun. Oh! I am afraid its her having been educated by you, as you call it, that has taught it her.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bun. What do you stand muttering there about? 'Tis you she may thank for all these mean notions: if she would but suffer me to teach her a little of the bone-tone, she would despise the idea of consulting her heart about marrying; such low mechanical stuff has been out of fashion a long time since among people that know how to bemean themselves.

Bun. Well, but I suppose you intend to let her do what she pleases.

Mrs. Bun. No, Sir; do you think I am so tame as to be ruled by my daughter? I believe you can witness for me that I seldom let any body rule but myself.

Bun. You never let any body rule but yourself, my dear; and you really do it so well, it is a pity to hinder you.

Mrs. Bun. None of your sneers, Sir——But I see into the bottom of all this: 'tis a scheme between you and your daughter to make a fool of me: but I'll after her, and cure her of her ridiculous notions of love, and a pack of stuff, and she shall marry the man I have chose for her, or——In short, I have determined what to do, and let me hear you, or her, say a single word against it, if you dare.

A I R.

How can she thus low-minded be?

A girl of her merit!

What's become of her spirit?

Would the baggage take pattern by me,

She'd value the pleasure of no man!

But hold up her head,

And in all that she said,

Claim the privilege due to a woman.

Our wills ought to be without measure;

And the best thing that you

Male creatures can do

Is to buckle to our will and pleasure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Bundle and Tug.

Tug. Master Bundle, how fares it? I wanted to speak to you, but I never likes to interrupt people when they are in agreeable company.

Bun. What, you saw my wife with me : she is the most agreeable, it must be confess'd.

Tug. Why, she did not seem to be cantancaras with you now ?

Bun. No : her anger was levelled at her daughter ; but 'tis all the same ; I feel the good effects of it, let her be cantancaras, as you call it, with who she will.

Tug. But, Master Bundle, how comes it to pass that she should be angry with Miss Wilclmina ? she has not refused to marry Robin, has she ?

Bun. But she has, though ; and refused to marry you too.

Tug. Ay, ay ! why, I never heard she had any other sweetheart.

Bun. I don't know what the girl has got in her head, not I—a parcel of absurd stuff ! She has a mind to make fools of us all, I believe ; but there was something well enough, too, in what she said, if she's sincere ; but the Lord help those that trusts too much to them, say I.

Tug. Why, what does she say ?

Bun. Why, that she does not know which she shall have yet ; but that she'll marry the first that does any thing to deserve her.

Tug. Does she ?—Why then 'tis my opinion she'll marry me.

Bun. Why so ?

Tug. I know why well enough ; but could not a body speak to her now ?

Bun. I am going in, and I'll send her to you ; but I would not have you depend too much upon her,

Tug. I'll run the risk, Master Bundle.

Bun. Only see the difference between us ;—you are all agog to get married, and I would give the world to be rid of my shackles.

Tug. Why, I believe if a man was to take up the trade of unmarrying folks, he would get more money by it than you or I do by ours.

Bun. More money !

A I R.

I.

Did but the law allow us one

Tir'd couples to release again,

What

What shoals of all degrees would run
To break their matrimonial chain!
The widow old,
Herself and gold,
Who to the healthy spendthrift gave;
And the rich churl
Who took a girl,
Poor wretch ! with one foot in the grave.

II.

Prudes, who at men would never look,
Yet slyly tasted Hymen's joy ;
And wild coquettes who husbands took
When they could get no other toy :
Millions would try
The knot to untie :
Towards the goal of liberty,
Lord ! what a throng
Would crowd along,
And in the midst my wife and me.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Tug. Yes; but I hope I shan't have such a crank and humourfome piece of stuff to deal with as you have; I don't know, not I; but, for my share, I can't see why married people mayn't be as happy as well as others; 'tis my mind Miss, here, is trying which is the most loving of us two; and if so I would not give my little Robin three-pence for his chance; for I know as well as can be, that he has no more notion of making a woman happy than nothing at all—But here she comes.

Enter Wilhelmina.

Wil. Hey dey! why, I thought you was gone on board a man of war before now!

Tug. Why, no Miss, I a'nt yet gone; I am in hopes there will be no occasion—if there should, I am always one of my word.

Wil. Oh, you unkind creature! to disappoint me so. I was in hopes by this time to have received a long letter from you, upbraiding me with my cruelty, and telling me that you were gone abroad with a broken heart at being disappointed of me.

Tug. Why, Miss, as to breaking my heart, to be sure

sure I should go well nigh to do that if I could not persuade you to have me; but I have been thinking that it would be better to try if I can't stay at home and do something to obtain your consent; for, to be sure, the pleasure of having you is not what every body deserves.

Wil. Oh! till I hear you have been venturing your life for me, I shall never relent.

Tug. Well now, Miss, I, for my part, think you will.

Wil. Indeed you have a great deal of confidence to think any such thing.

Tug. I hope you won't be angry if I do my best to make you——

Wil. And what do you call doing your best?

Tug. Why, 'tis not my way to brag, and so I won't say any thing about it now; but I have a favour to beg of you, if you please.

Wil. What is it, pray?

Tug. Why, you know that the young watermen are to row for a coat and badge this afternoon; and so I have made bold to bespeak a room at the swan for you and your friends to go and see the fight.

Wil. That's very gallant, indeed, Mr. Thomas! but you talk of trying to deserve me; why did you not make one among the watermen, and so win the coat and badge yourself?

Tug. Well, never you mind any thing about that—will you except of my proffer of the room?

Wil. Why, I think I will.

Tug. And do you think, now, if ever I was to do any thing with an intent to please you, that you could bring yourself to look upon me with kindness?

Wil. Why, I don't know but I might.

Tug. Why then, I assure you, if ever you shou'd be agreeable to marry me, you shou'd be as happy as ever love and an honest heart can make you.

A I R.

I.

Indeed, Miss, such sweethearts as I am,
I fancy you'll meet with but few;
To love you more true I defy them,
I always am thinking of you.

There

There are maidens would have me in plenty;
 Nell, Cicily, Priscilla, and Sue;
 But, instead of all these, were there twenty,
 I never should think of but you.

II.

False hearts all your money may squander,
 And only have pleasure in view;
 Ne'er from you a moment I'll wander,
 Unless to get money for you.
 The tide, when 'tis ebbing or flowing,
 Is not to the moon half so true;
 Nor my oars to their time when I'm rowing,
 As my heart, my fond heart, is to you. *(Exit)*

SCENE V.

Wilhelmina, Robin.

Wil. There's great honesty about this poor fellow—
 Here comes t'other—I see I must choose soon, or there
 will be no peace for me. So, Mr. Robin, what news
 have you?

Rob. News, my angel! news that will make your
 heart dance with joy, and clear away the clouds and
 mists that hang on thy beautiful face; just for all the
 world, as the sun clears away the showers in the month
 of April.

Wil. Indeed! I should be glad to hear it.

Rob. You can't think how you will be overjoy'd!

Wil. Shall I? Why don't you tell it me then?

Rob. Well then, Miss, I'll keep you no longer in
 suspense; your mother is determined that we shall be
 married to-morrow morning.

Wil. What, whether I will or no?

Rob. Whether you will or no! how can you help it?
 Don't I love you better than the ivy loves oak? better
 than cucumbers love heat, or birds love cherries? I love
 you better—

Wil. Hold, hold, Mr. Robin, 'tis necessary, in this
 case I should love you a little.

Rob. And don't you?—Hear this, you blooming jon-
 quils, and loose your sweetness! turn white you roses,
 and you lilies red! each flower lose its fragrance and its
 hue, and nature change! for Wilhelmina's false!

Wil. Indeed, Mr. Robin, you have such winning ways ; that pretty speech has half persuaded me to consent.

Rob. Has it ?

Wil. It has, upon my word.

Rob. Jonquils smell sweet again ! roses and lilies keep again your colour ! and every flower look brighter than before ! for Wilhelmina's true !

Wil. How dearly do you love me, Mr. Robin ?

Rob. Why, Miss, the passion which is planted in my heart has taken root, as like as can be to a great elm, which there is no grubbing up ; but it spreads farther and farther, and you can't for the life of you destroy it till you saw down the trunk and all.

Wil. That's as much as to say that you'll love me as long as you live.

Rob. The very thing——Lord, how sensible you are, Miss !

Wil. Really, Mr. Robin, you are so gay and agreeable——

Rob. A'n't I, Miss !. So every body says——only think then how you will be envied !——Well, then, I'll step to your mamma and tell her what has pass'd ; and then I shall have nothing to do but to go to town to-morrow for the ring and licence.

A I R

I.

Cherries and plums are never found

But on the plum and cherry tree ;

Parsnips are long, turnips are round,

So Wilhelmina's made for me.

II.

The scythe to mow the grass is made,

Shreds to keep close the straggling tree ;

The knife to prune, to dig the spade ;

So Wilhelmina's made for me.

SCENE VI.

Wilhelmina, Robin, and Mrs. Bundle.

Mrs. Bun. Well, Robin, have you reform'd her what I order'd you ?——What, I suppose you have been a fool now,——there never was such a tiresome fellow in the world——

world—I tell you what, Wilhelmina, if I find you have been imposing upon this poor bashful creature, you will put me in a passion; and you know when I am once in a passion I am not easily pacified.

Wil. Let me understand you, Ma'am.

Mrs. Bun. Why, I sent this blockhead to let you know that I am dissolved to see you married to-morrow morning, and I know you have been giving yourself some confounded airs or other, and so he has been afraid to tell you.

Wil. I wonder, Ma'am, you should be uneasy on that account—he told me, and in very plain terms.

Mrs. Bun. Well, and I hope you had not the conference to say any thing against it?

Wil. So far from it, Ma'am, I now plainly see the great absurdity of attempting to oppose your will.

Mrs. Bun. And have you consented to have him, then?

Rob. She has, Ma'am.

Mrs. Bun. Then thou art my child again—Mr. Wick's family will be in raptures at this. Run, Robin, and tell them we shall call at their house in our way to the rowing match.

Wil. And will you forgive my former disobedience, Ma'am?

Mrs. Bun. Oh! it was all your father, my dear; but I'll now take the pains to instruct you how to behave yourself.

Wil. I am obliged to you, Ma'am; but I don't think I shall ever be so accomplished as you.

Mrs. Bun. Why, I don't think you will ever get my genteel air; but as for other matters they are easily understood.

Wil. Are they, Mamma?

Mrs. Bun. I'll tell you.

A I R.

R.

To be modish, genteel, and the true thing, my dear,

In short, to be monstrous well bred,

You must ogle, and simper and gigue, and leer,

And talk the first nonsense that comes in your head.

E. 6.

Ln.

II.

In grave, fusty, old-fashion'd times,
 E'er ease and deportment went hence,
 To be bold was the vilest of crimes,
 And deceit was an heinous offence.

III

But the fashions are now of another guess-kind,
 Our modes are by no means the same;
 For, bless'd with good eyes, we pretend to be blind.
 And with strength to run miles appear lame. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VII.

Wil. Indeed, Mamma, I beg your pardon; but I shall not receive my instruction from you—Let me see—I have promised her to marry her favourite Robin! to heighten the plot a little more, I'll e'en go and promise my Papa to marry his favourite Thomas; and then for the Swan, where I think there will be a tolerable confusion. What a bustle this same love makes among us—we all seem to be afraid of it, and yet all wish to possess it.

A I R.

I.

Girls, during courtship, should at least,
 No lover trust, but doubt him;
 But when they've sworn before the priest,
 To find no fault about him.

II.

Who venture all upon a stake,
 Undone if they miscarry;
 The risks they run from each mistake
 Behoves them to be wary.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE the LAST. A Room at the Swan.

Mrs. Bundle, Robin, and Company, afterwards Wilhelmina.

Mrs. Bun. My dear Robin, as to that gentility's every thing—I hates to see a parcel of trumpery that knows nothing of life. Do, Robin, step and see after Wilhelmina—what can become of the girl?

Rob. She's here, Ma'am.

Mrs. Bun. Come, my dear, you'll lose the fight; they tell

tells me that the rowers have set out from the Old Swan some time.

Wil. They are very near, surely ; for see what a number of boats are come in sight.

Mrs. Bun. Oh ! I can see them very plain. How many is there ?

Wil. One, two, three, four ; I think I can count five.

Mrs. Bun. That smart young man will certainly win it ; how clean and neat he looks !

Wil. Here he comes ; his boat perfectly flies !

Mrs. Bun. Oh, he'll win it !

Wil. He has won it already, Madam ; he's past the stairs.

Rob. See, he jumps on shore !

Wil. And see, he's coming this way——Surely 'tis not——

Bun. (*Coming on.*) Here's your Thomas for you ! he's coming ! (*Enter Bundle and Tug.*) I told you he'd be the first that would do any thing to deserve you——Here he is !

Wil. And was it you that won the coat and badge ?

Tug. 'Twas indeed, Mifs.

Wil. And what made you——

A I R.

Tug. I row'd for the prize,
To receive from those eyes

A kind look, from those lips a sweet smile :

But lest I should lose,

And you for that fault your poor Tom should refuse,

My heart it went pit-a-pat all the while.

When we came to the pull,

How I handled my scull !

'Twould have done your heart good to have seen us ;
There was never a boat's length between us.

But the Swan once in view,

My boat how it flew !

And verily b'lieve 'twas all thinking of you.

Wil. Thus then I reward you.

Rob. What is all this ?

Tug. Why, all this is, that I am a happy fellow, and you are knock'd out of your chance.

Wil.

Wil. Is not he a sweet fellow, Ma'am ? *How neat and clean he looks !*

Mrs. Bun. Wilekmina, don't put me in a passion.

Wil. I have no intention, Ma'am, to do any such thing.

Mrs. Bun. Why, you impudent slut ! have not you deceived me ? deposed upon me ? promised me to marry this young man ? and——now——

Wil. Indeed, Ma'am, you must excuse me ; but, in so serious a matter, I thought it of much more consequence to consider myself than you. Besides, I was so situated that I must have disobliged either you or my Papa ; for whenever I gave you a promise I gave one to him ; and had your choice appeared to me the most likely to make me happy, I shou'd not have hesitated a moment in refusing his.

Rbb. My hopes are all blighted then, I find.

Mrs. Bun. I said all along, that it was a contrived thing between you ; but, Mr. Bundle, you shall smart for it.

Bun. My dear, you know I am a man of an easy temper and few words ; but I am pretty firm in keeping a resolution. I have suffered you to expose me at home pretty well ; but if you are resolved to carry your folly to such a height as to expose me abroad, I am resolved it shall not be for nothing : Therefore, either promise, before this company, to bid adieu to scolding for the future, or before this company I will do what you threatened me this morning—be separated from you.

Mrs. Bun. Why, I am thunderstruck !

Bun. I expected little less ; but am resolved, depend upon it : however, to let you see that you are very welcome to be mistress of your own house, manage your concerns as you like ; do what you please ; so you let me be quiet : In short, do nothing to give me uneasiness, and I make an agreement from this moment, for you to govern while I smoke.

Wil. Dear Mamma, it is impossible for any thing to be fairer.

Bun. Come, come, she must have a little time to think of it : but she'll agree to the terms, I'm sure of it ; and now let us think of nothing but pleasure : and

as this is the happiest day I ever saw in my life, I say
let us make it the merriest.

A I R.

Tug. Ne'er let your heart, my girl, sink down,
That I am true, believe me ;
Or, next time that I row to town,
May wind and tide deceive me !
By this here breeze
My heart's at ease,
Now dances at high water ;
My labour's o'er,
I've gain'd the shore,
And, free from fear,
Am landed here,
With my dear gard'ner's daughter.

Mrs. Bun. I see, my dear, 'tis all in vain,
Since thus you think expedient ;
If of the post you'll not complain,
Henceforth I'll prove obedient.
Folks us'd to cry,
A tartar I
Had prov'd, and you had caught her ;
But now shall raise
Each voice in praise,
Through all her life,
Of the gard'ner's wife,
As well as of his daughter.

Bun. My child, you've fairly won my heart,
You took no counsel from us ;
But, prizing love, and scorning art,
Preferr'd your honest Thomas :
'Twas wisely done,
Shake hands, my son,
Love's lesson you have taught her :
And now, my dear,
Be but sincere,
I do not fear,
There'll ne'er appear
So good a wife and daughter.

Wil. And now, good friends, pray take my part,
 I kept them to their tether ;
 For I had sworn my hand and heart
 Should always go together.
 From fops and beaux
 A maiden chose
 An honest heart that sought her ;
 See her appear
 On trial here ;
 This very night,
 If she was right,
 Applaud the gard'ner's daughter.

A TRIP TO SCOTLAND.

IN ONE ACT.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Cupid,</i>	-	-	<i>Drury-Lane</i>
<i>Mr. Grifkin,</i>	a wealthy Citizen,	-	Master Cape.
<i>Jemmy Twinkle,</i>	a city Apprentice,	-	Mr. Parsons.
			Mr. Brereton.

WOMEN.

<i>Mrs. Fillagree,</i>	Housekeeper to Mr. Grifkin,	}	<i>Mrs. Bradshaw.</i>	
	and Governess to Miss,			
<i>Miss Grifkin,</i>	Niece to Mr. Grifkin,	-	<i>Miss Pope.</i>	
<i>Young Couples,</i>	} going to, and returning from Scotland,	}	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>	
				<i>Miss Burton, &c.</i>
<i>Landlady,</i>	} at the Inn on the North Road,	}	<i>Mrs. Love.</i>	
<i>Chamberlain,</i>				<i>Mr. Booth.</i>
<i>Housemaid,</i>				<i>Miss Platt.</i>
<i>Hoflers, Postillions, Servants of the Inn, &c. &c.</i>				

Enter Cupid, as Prologue, in the Habit of a Postillion.

Cupid.

Ye belles, ye beaux, of whatso'er degree,
Above, below, around; behold in me
A modern Cupid; not like ancient love
On nimble wings, but post-horses, I move.
Their idol's arms let Heathen bards recount,
This is *my* bow, I smack it, and I mount.
My spurs are pointed arrows in disguise,
And this broad belt the bandage from my eyes.

Nay ev'n those wings which once outstripp'd the wind
Hang dangling now like shoulder-knots behind.

For you transform'd I quit the Paphian grove ;
Cold Scotland's now the only land for love.

For Scotland ho !—on no fool's errand sent,
I come myself, my own advertisement.

Ye blooming maids, whom half-pay captains press,
Or struck, perhaps, with Robin's rainbow dress,

Who in assemblies sigh, or pine in shades :

Ye youths, who languish for your mother's maids,

Why will ye idly wait for twenty-one ?

Behold your vassal ! Mount, and let's be gone :

Despise what vulgar mortals prudence call ;

Love is the word, and love can equal all.

The eager hostler in the passage stays,

My steeds are ready harness'd to my chaise :

And if this season ends as it began,

Egad, next year I'll drive a caravan.

Does no one want me ?—But the cause I see ;

You're all agham'd before good company ;

Well then, I never blab ; my province is

To deal in secrets : but remember this—

In eight-and-forty hours we reach the borders.

—I'll in the green-room wait for further orders.

[Cupid waves his whip and goes out. *The scene shifts.*

A Room in Mr. Grisikin's House.

Enter Fillagree hastily, followed by Mr. Grisikin.

Fil. As I hope to live and breathe then, I know nothing at all of the matter. I wish I may be burned if I do. You are eternally suspecting me.

Gris. Don't be in a passion, Fillagree, don't be in a passion.—Zoons, 'tis I that ought to be in a passion. Has not my neighbour Flack been telling me here for this twelvemonth past ; Grisikin, says he, that niece of yours will be ruined, will be undone.

Fil. What is old Flack to me ? Let him trouble his head with his own business, and take care of his own daughter.

Gris. Ay, there's a girl, Fillagree ! there's a jewel of inestimable price ! And a fine scholar, too, Fillagree !

Why,

Why, her aunts tell me that she read through a whole circulating library once in half a year.

Fil. I am out of patience!—Why, are my ears to be stunned for ever with Miss Flack's perfections? Who can give a young lady a better education than myself? And have not I exerted all my abilities in accomplishing Miss Griskin?—But I see, after all the pains and trouble I have taken, you want to get rid of me—and so, Sir—

Grif. I don't, I don't, Fillagree—But zoons, what does the education you have given her signify, if you contrive to ruin her at last.

Fil. I contrive to ruin her!

Grif. Why, have not you always suffered this young fellow to be hankering about the house? Does not he drink tea, forsooth, with my niece and you? And are not you continually gadding to Islington with them on a Sunday? Ah! Fillagree!

Fil. Suppose we do go to Islington on a Sunday: Is taking a little fresh air one day in the week such a mighty matter? Are not we stifed to death here, in this narrow street, with a cheesemonger on one side of us, and a tallow-chandler on the other.

Grif. Zoons, am I against your taking the air? But why must Jemmy Twinkle be of the party?

Fil. Because he is a very genteel, creditable young fellow, and the best company in the world.

Grif. There, there now; don't you allow that you admit him?

Fil. Did I ever deny it? I like Mr. Jemmy most exceedingly. Lord! he talks so charmingly. He knows every thing that is done at the polite end of the town. He goes to the Bedford coffeehouse, and behind the scenes at the play-houses, and tells one such comical stories of the wits, and the players, and the Covent-Garden ladies, and——

Grif. What is all that stuff to him? why does not he mind his own business?

Fil. Why, so he would, if you did not prevent it. Stuff indeed! Lord help you! If Miss Griskin was my niece twenty thousand times over, and had twenty thou-

land times more money than she has, Jemmy should be the man.

Grif. There, there again ! and yet you pretend to be angry at my suspecting you.

Fil. So I do, because you suspect me wrongfully.

Grif. Wrongfully ! why don't you say——

Fil. No, no, I tell you ; I don't say any thing.—As to the match, I approve of it. But you accuse me of being aiding and abetting in their elopement, as you call it. Now, that I positively deny. For though I love young people should come together as well as any body ; yet I always choose it should be honourably.

Grif. Honourably !

Fil. Yes, honourably. Why, might not you and I, and the young couple, have gone a little party of pleasure together in a coach to Highgate, or on the water to Greenwich, and have had them married and bedded honourably ?

Grif. Don't make me mad. You know I could never consent to it.

Fil. And see what your hard-heartedness has produced. As the case stands now, were I in your place, I would pursue them to the world's end. Lord ! I am frightened to death to think what may happen. Two young giddy people got together, without a prudent friend to advise them to moderate their passions, and put a bridle, as it were, upon their desires.—O, if you had heard the lessons I gave them when we walked to Islington. Indeed I went with them for that very purpose. Mr. Jemmy says I—Miss Griskin, says I——

Grif. Poo, pox ! What signifies what you said to them ? How is one to find them now ? Where can one go after them ? ten to one they are gone away to Scotland.

Fil. I wish they may, with all my heart.

Grif. With they may !

Fil. Yes, certainly. For if they will do a foolish thing, one should choose to have it a fashionable one. They tell me that road is full of young couples : And Jemmy always loved to act like a person of distinction. O, he is not such a sneaking devil as you and old Flack are.

Grif.

Grif. What do you mean, Fillagree? What do you mean?

Fil. I don't know what I mean, not I. You put one in a passion, and then one says any thing.—I ask your pardon.

(In a grumbling manner, with a kind of half curtsy.)

Grif. Well, well, I forgive it.—But what is to be done? I am half mad. Where shall I go?

Fil. Go! To every inn in town where they let post-horses. Enquire of every body you meet, man, woman, and child; and if you hear any thing of them, drive after them immediately. You ought to be at Barnet already; for I dare swear they are gone to Scotland.—What do you stand fretting and teasing yourself for? Go, go, I say. *(Pushing him to the door.)*

Grif. I will, I will, Fillagree. Mercy upon me! I am in such a fidget!—Whither shall I go first?

Fil. Any where, every where.—My poor dear Miss! she may be ruined and undone by this time; and all from your monstrous behaviour. Get you gone, can't you. You are as slow in preventing the mischief, as you was cruel in exposing her to it.—Come, come, I will force you out.

Grif. *(turning back and looking at her.)* Ah, Fillagree! *[Exit.]*

Fil. *(looking after him and mocking him.)* Ah, Grikin! —An old curmudgeonly fellow! if it was not for me, there would be no spirit, politeness, or generosity in the family. Let me see that he is gone though. Yes, the door claps; and from this window I can observe which way he goes.—O, down the street, trot, trot, with his hands dangling, and his head noddling. O he is a sweet creature!—He has turned the corner;—and now for my young lovers. *(Opening a closet-door.)* Come out, ye couple of young handsome devils you, come out. Here have I been swearing through thick and thin for you.

Enter Jemmy and Miss Grikin.

Jem. O my dear Mrs. Fillagree!

Fil. Ay, ay, you have a deal of gratitude at present; but how will it be a twelvemonth hence?—Hey-day, Miss!

Miss ! you look quite mournful. What is the matter with you ?

Miss. I don't know what is the matter with me. I am not well, I believe, Fillagree.

Fil. Not well ! Odd's my life, is this a time to be ill in ? "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," as Mr. Jemmy used to say.—Why, you ought to be half way to Scotland by this time. Come, come, pluck up your spirits.

Miss. My heart misgives me, Fillagree.

Jem. My dear Miss !—

Miss. It does indeed, Mr. Twinkle.—My uncle has been very good to me, and we have always behaved hitherto like a sober girl, and a very dutiful niece : and I should not care to forfeit that character now I am grown a woman. I am sure Miss Flack would not do so.

Jem. Racks and tortures !

Fil. Bless me, Miss, what is all this ? Sober ! dutiful ! good to you ! Who can have put such idle notions into your head ? You have not told any body of your intentions besides me, have you ?—I'll be hang'd if you have not been talking to Miss Flack.

Miss. No, indeed, Fillagree. They are my own reflections. They came across me whilst I was shut up in that dark closet with Mr. Twinkle.

Jem. And why Mr. Twinkle, my angel ? Why not your tender, your affectionate Jemmy, whose very soul is yours ?—Can you forsake me ? Can you forget you ever said you loved ?

Fil. (*aside to Jemmy.*) Ay, ay, ply her that way.

Miss. I assure you, Mr.—Mr. Jemmy, I love you as much as ever I did ; and it goes to the heart of me to refuse you.—This I can promise you, that I will never marry any other man as long as I live. Besides, I shall be of age, you know, in four or five years time.

Jem. Four or five years ! Four or five ages. Do you take me for an antediluvian ? Any lover since the flood would have died with expectation in half that time.—Unkind and cruel !

Miss. Don't accuse me of unkindness, Jemmy. Don't accuse me of that. I cannot bear that.

Fil. She softens.—Why, these are arrant vapours,
Miss.

Miss. A journey in the fresh air is absolutely necessary for you. There is not a physician in London but would prescribe it. The sooner you get into the chaise, and the further you go, the better.

Miss. Ay, there again, Fillagree: to leave all one's friends and relations, and run into the wide world.—You know I never was ten miles from London in my life before.

Fil. So much the better. The air will do you the more good now.—I really don't know (*to Jemmy*) whether she ought not to go part of the way on horseback,

Miss. No, no, indeed Fillagree, no: I cannot ride.—What do you look so melancholy for, Jemmy?

Jem. Can you ask me that question? Did not you talk this moment of the wide world, of friends, of relations? Ah! Miss Griskin, it is into these arms you run, not the wide world. This amorous circle shall protect my fair one. I am every friend, every relation, in one; your lover, guardian, uncle, every thing!

Miss. (*with a sigh*) How charmingly he talks!—What would you advise me to, Fillagree? Shall I venture?

Fil. To be sure; and make as much haste as possible too; for the old man may be back every moment. Here, here, talk to her, whilst I fetch down the little band-box she is to carry in her lap. (*Going, returns.*) You are sure you have every thing ready, and where the old fellow cannot possibly find you out?

Jem. Yes, yes; we are right there—my dear madam! [*Taking Fillagree by the hand.*]

Fil. Get you gone; it is not my hand you should squeeze so.—What did you let her make reflections in the closet for!

Jem. (*a little fluttered.*) Why, we were afraid of Mr. Griskin.

Fil. Psha, psha!

[*Exit.*]

Miss. What does she say, Jemmy?

Jem. Say, my adorable! that I am the happiest man in the universe. My heart is again at ease. How could you alarm the poor flutterer?—O let me clasp thee to me!—Hyblæan bees!—Nectar and ambrosia!

Miss.

Miss. I believe, verily, you have bewitched me, *Jemmy*.

Re-enter Fillagree.

Fil. Away, away, you will have toying enough in the chaise.—You must go out at the back-door. I will do every thing in my power to retard the old man's march; and, if I find we are likely to overtake you, I will hire the postilion to overturn us.

Jem. Ten thousand thanks!

Miss. Good by'e, Fillagree;—heigh ho!

Fil. Nay, nay, no more melancholy. Carry her off, carry her off. (*Jemmy carries off Miss in his arms.*)

Fil. What is come to the girl. She was ready enough, I am sure, this morning. I am afraid the young spark has not so much spirit as I thought he had. I shall be in a fine situation, if she should give him the slip before. I have carried my own design into execution.—But mum! the old wretch is come in without my hearing him. He could not meet them, for they went the other way.

Enter Grifkin out of breath.

Grif. I have found them, Fillagree;—I have found them.

Fil. I hope not. (*Aside.*)—Where, dear Sir, where?

Grif. At the very first place I went to.

Fil. I am glad of it, with all my heart. And have you brought them back?

Grif. No, no. They went for Scotland before day-break. But I shall be after them directly. There were four or five couple set out at the same time; and, by the description, they are all so like my niece and her sweet-heart, that one of the couples must be they.

Fil. Then you don't know that they were they for certain?

Grif. I tell you there were four or five couple, and they were all so like, that they must be among them. Why, all London cannot afford another couple of the same sort.

Fil. (*Aside.*) Five hundred at least.—We are pretty safe, I find.

Grif. But we must not stand prating here. Our chaise will be at the door immediately. I ordered the boy to come

come as quietly as he could, and up the other end of the street, that the Flack family may know nothing of the matter. Therefore put up a shirt or two for *me*, and what little things you will for yourself, and——

Fil. For myself?—Why, do you think that I will go with you?

Grif. To be sure, Fillagree.

Fil. What! I trust myself in a post-chaise with a man alone, running I know not whither?

Grif. Dear, dear! What, not with your old master?

Fil. Old master! Some people may make themselves older than they are, for aught that I know, merely to bring about their wicked purposes.

Grif. Lud! Lud! I never had any wicked purposes.

Fil. I don't know that. I have seen you leer at me sometimes in a manner which I thought very improper.

Grif. How *can* you talk so?

Fil. Why, can any thing be worse than a proposal to me now, which must sully my reputation with the whole neighbourhood? What do you think the Flack family will say of *me*? Pray, Sir, have I ever behaved in your house in a manner to encourage it? My unspotted reputation!

"The man who fishes from me my good name," As *Jemmy Twinkle* says, "Poor *me*, indeed!"

Grif. You will absolutely make me distracted.

Fil. I am sure you deserve it.

Grif. You know you may trust *me*.

Fil. Trust *you*!—To tell you the truth, I hardly know whether I dare trust myself. You are an old man, to be sure; but I'cod you are a very smug one. And how does one know what the devil may put into one's head—I will not go, positively.

Grif. Now, dear Fillagree——

Fil. Keep your distance. Don't grow fond, I beg of you. It frights me to death. I am all over in a tremble.—I will go, however, and get your things ready, for I think I hear the post-chaise stop at the door.—But I desire you would not come up stairs after me, for I am resolute in my determination. (Exit.

Grif. I will follow you though; for I am sure you love the

the girl so much that you must comply. And there shall be no pains wanting on my side to bring it about.——Hark! It is the chaise. I hope old Flack has seen nothing of it. I will just go and speak to the boy.——Poor Fillagree! I do not believe she has her equal for virtue in the world. She is rather a comely woman too; and though her temper is a little violent, she has many good qualities.——A smug old man, he, he!—I wish I have not more to fear on my side than she has on her's.——But go she must, at any rate. A smug old man, he, he!

(Exit.

The Scene changes.

A Dance of Postilions and Chambermaids. After the Dance, enter Cupid.

Cup. Well, gentlefolks, though you refuse my aid, I've got good customers, and been well paid. And now, in hopes it may encourage you, I'll shew you what the pow'r of love can do.

Your Grecian bards, in their immortal scenes,
Have deities descending in machines;
And many a knotty point their godships clear,
Which you, bold sons of Britain, scarce would bear.

—Hold! scarce would bear?—not in a serious play,
But in a trifling farce perhaps you may;
Where love, the great magician, waves his wand,
And then, as chorus, lends a helping hand.

Hey, pass, begone! swift as the lightning's gleam,
Or lying Mahomet's fictitious dream!
Time, space, be nothing!

(On his waving his whip, the scenes shift, and the Inn appears.

Since I saw you last,
Days have roll'd on, and weary miles been pass'd;
Without one seeming interval between,
You're now in Yorkshire, and the scene an inn;
Where couples throng, like clust'ring bees in swarms,
And all my rabble-rout are up in arms.
Hark! do you hear them? What a pleasing brawl!
Bells jingle, chaises rattle, hostlers bawl,
And lovers join in one great caterwaul!

Play

Play with your fancies, then, as Shakespear says,
And think all real which our scene displays ;
Play with your ears, and swell the noise more loud,
Play with your eyes, and multiply the crowd.

—And lo ! to make the strong deception warm,
Our landlady appears ! Herself a storm !

A storm I fly from.

(Runs off.)

Enter Landlady, with a crowd of young couples. Postillions, bestlers, servants of the inn, &c. carrying trunks, portmanteaus, band-boxes, &c.

Land. Joseph ! Thomas ! Betty ! Where are ye all ?
—Shew the Lion there.—If you please to step behind the bar, ladies, for a moment,—Light a fire in the Pelican.—O ! as private as you please, ma'am ; a two pair of stairs room, Betty, for this gentleman and lady.—Bless me ! John Hostler, why don't you look about you ? There are two chaises now jammed together in the gateway.—Indeed, madam, you need be under no apprehensions ; nobody comes into my house to disturb company.—Lights, there, lights !—I'll wait upon you presently, Sir ; be so good to follow the servants, you will find every thing commodious.—Here, James, take this candle.—That fellow is drunk now, but I will give it him in both his ears when he is sober, I can assure him.—Good gentlemen and ladies, I will attend you all as soon as this bustle is a little over.—Shew this lady to the larder ; ducks, chickens, rabbits, eels, and all kinds of butcher's meat.—It shall be as safe, ma'am, as if it was in your own custody ; put it into the bar there.—

Mercy on us, what a hurry do we live in ! But now, thank heaven, one may breathe a little. *(Coming forward.)*

Well, these Scotch marriages are glorious things for our road. Heaven bless their good hearts who nrit thought of evading the law. Nothing but post-chaises day and night, night and day ; from London to Scotland, from Scotland to London ; up and down, down and up : and then the young couples are such open-hearted generous souls, that I warrant you some of them spend half their fortunes in the journey.—What are become of all my servants ? Betty, I say, Betty !

Enter Betty.

Betty. Here, madam, here.

F 2

Land.

Land. What are you always out of the way for? Prating with the chambermaid, I suppose, upon the stairs, or letting some of the gentlefolks footmen pull you about.

Betty. Lord, ma'am! you sent me up stairs with the gentleman and lady?

Land. Well, well, so I did.—Let the sheets be aired for the Antelope;—and do you hear, Betty, ask all the couples who are going down to Scotland, whether they choose one bed, or two. As to those who are coming from it, we put them to bed together of course you know, and sometimes, egad, against their will.

(Exit Betty, grinning.)

Joseph Chamberlain!

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Ma'am!

Land. Pray is that young couple come back again yet that we had such a fuss about the other day?

Cham. Not unless they came back in the night, ma'am, when it was Thomas's turn to sit up, or called at the other inn.

Land. Poor girl, she was in a terrible taking. But he was a coaxing young rogue.

Cham. Yes, yes, ma'am; we men know how to manage ladies.

(Rubbing his hands.)

Land. Aye, fie upon you, fie upon you. My poor husband, I am sure, had none of those wheedling ways with him.—Go, go, there are two or three bells ringing.

(Exit Chamberlain.)

A good neat tight-made young fellow, now I have got him to wear white stockings and a chitterling. But I shall turn Betty away, I can assure him that, if he follows her in the manner he does; a pert trollop! I wonder the fellow has not more ambition in him.

Enter Betty.

Betty. O, ma'am, ma'am!

Land. Well, what is the matter now? Bawling enough to split one's ears.

Betty. The young couple are come again, ma'am, that you was so fond of.

Land. Lord bless them! Shew them in.

Enter Miss Griskin as Mrs. Twinkle.

Land. My dear madam!

(Running up to her.)
Mrs.

Mrs. Twink. O Mrs. What-d'ye-call-'em ! I am glad to see you again. Lord ! I am quite another creature now.

Land. I am mighty happy to see your ladyship in spirits.

Mrs. Twink. Spirits ! Lord, ma'am ! why, I am married, and every body that is married is in spirits you know.—Pray, Mrs—— I cannot think of your name—How old was you when you was married ?

Land. O dear madam, we poor folks don't marry so early as the gentry. I was on the wrong side of thirty, I can assure you.

Mrs. Twink. Bless my soul ! Thirty ? Why, I shan't be seventeen these six months. One may have half a dozen husbands before one is thirty. If my dear Jemmy was to die to-morrow—What can be become of him ? He grows so loitering. Haggling, I suppose, with the postilions. I am sure they ought to be well paid, for they drove most delightfully. Whisk away, splash and dash, through thick and thin ; chatter went the glasses, niddle noddle, bounce forward, bounce backward ; O it was charming !—Pray was you married in Scotland, Mrs. Thing'em'me ?

Land. No, dear madam, not I ; there was no such good doings in my time.

Mrs. Twink. For my part, I will never be married any where else, if I am married fifty times.—What can my husband be about ? *My husband*, he, he ! How I shall laugh at Miss Flack.—Come, Jemmy, come !

(*Taking him by the hand as he enters.*)

Enter Jemmy.

Jem. Don't be so teasing.—You should not be so fond before company.

Mrs. Twink. Lord ! you are grown so crusty.

Land. (*Curtisying.*) Give you joy, Sir.

Jem. (*Counting his money.*) Thank you, thank you good woman.—They have cheated us of a mile or two, I am sure.

Mrs. Twink. Well, and what does that signify ? have not we money enough to pay for it ?—Pray, Mrs. What's your name, can I have a dish of tea ?

Land. I will order it immediately, madam.—So, so !
(*Looking at them, and shaking her head as she goes out.*)

(*Mrs. Twinkle comes up to Jemmy, leans her arm on his shoulder, pats his cheek, and then speaks.*)

Mrs. Twink. Won't you put our wedding in the newspaper, my dear ?

Jem. Psha ! you put every thing out of my head.

Mrs. Twink. Why, there is no company here now, is there ?

Jem. When a man is married, madam, and the cares of the world are coming upon him, he has something else to think of than toying with his wife. We had fooling enough in the chaise, I think.

Mrs. Twink. Fooling, do you call it ? I am sure I thought it was very pretty.

Jem. When do you think of writing to your uncle ?

Mrs. Twink. I don't care a pin's point for my uncle, not I.

Jem. But we must care about your portion, madam, or we shall make a strange figure in the world.—Now I am thinking——

Mrs. Twink. Aye, but you should not think at all, Jemmy, if it makes you so fretful.—I am sure I think of nothing but you.

(*Taking him by the hand, and making him drop his money.*)

Jem. Don't be so foolish.—See what you have done now !

Mrs. Twink. Well, well ; I'll pick it up for you.

Land. (*Looking in*) The tea is ready, madam.

Mrs. Twink. Very well, Mrs. What-d'ye-call-'em :

Jem. Go, go, drink your tea, and let me consider a little with myself.

Mrs. Twink. (*Going.*) I won't drink a drop till you come. (*Comes back.*) Nay, I won't stir a step without you. How can you be so cross, Jemmy ? Are all your vows and promises come to this ? Did not you tell me, too, that you would write some verses upon our marriage, and put them into the newspaper ? I'cod, if you do not, I will shew the world how you did love me once, that I will, and put in my own name too, not Cælia, as you used to call me. I have all your poems in my pocket-book.

book.—There is, “On Cælia’s first appearance at Harbardashers-hall.”——“On seeing Cælia walk down Cheapside, while Bow-bells were ringing.”——And that very pretty one “On Cælia’s biting off the finger of her glove at White-Conduit-house.”——I will be hanged if there is any thing like that in all Pope’s works.

(During this speech of Mrs. Twinkles, Jemmy’s countenance clears up gradually, till at last he smiles and speaks.)

Jem. Why, that, that is tolerable, I must confess. I was rather happy there.—But you are a flattering huffey.

Mrs. Twink. Flattering! It ought to be printed in letters of gold. “Sweet lovely maid, were I a glove.”—Eh Jemmy!—Come, you shall go and drink tea with me.

Jem. Well, well; I don’t much care if I do.

Mrs. Twink. *(Taking him by the hand.)* I knew you would be a good dear at last.. “Sweet lovely maid, were I a glove”—I can say it by heart, I can assure you.—My dear, dear Mr. Twinkle!

(Hanging upon him as they go out.)

Enter Landlady.

Land. I am heartily glad it has ended so well. I was sadly afraid they would have quarrelled. Men are men I see in all stations; it is her turn to wheedle now. *(A noise without.)* What is all that bustle about?

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. O ma’am, ma’am, here are the strangest couple come! They cannot be going to Scotland, I am sure.

Land. What are they? Who are they?

Cham. I cannot guess, ma’am; but the old man is so furious and boisterous; he flounced out of the chaise, and hobbled away to every room he could come at, opened all the doors, disturbed all the company, and has put the whole inn in an uproar.

Land. Where are all my servants? Call the Constable; nobody shall break open a door in my house. Bless me, what a racket he has made!

(Several couples run in, very much alarmed.)

This way, ladies ; this way, gentlemen. Here, Betty ! John ! Thomas ! put all the company into the great dining-room and lock the door after them—Pray excuse it—I beg ten thousand pardons. (*They go out in a bustle.*) He has not been above stairs, has he ?

Cham. Not yet, ma'am.

Land. Nor he shan't neither. Why don't you send for the constable ?

Enter Mr. Grifkin.

Grif. Ay, ay, send for the constable. I will search every room in the house, and every corner in every room.

Land. Indeed but you shall not, Sir. Where is your officer ?

(*Putting herself in his way, and spreading her petticoats.*)

Enter Fillagree.

Fil. Fie, fie, Mr. Grifkin, how can you expose yourself thus ?—Dear good madam, reach me a chair ; I am frightened and fatigued to death.—Don't mind *him*, Mrs. What d'ye-call-em, don't mind *him*.

Land. I am sure, madam, I do nothing uncivil to the gentleman ; but to have one's house disturbed at this rate——

Fil. For shame, Mr. Grifkin, be quiet.—Did not you promise me in the post-chaise not to be riotous ;—I am ready to die——We shall stay here all night, madam.

(*In a languishing tone to the landlady.*)

Grif. All night ! I won't stay an hour after I have searched the house.

Fil. (*Rising hastily.*) Then by my soul, since you make me swear, you shall go by yourself. Is all your wheedling and nonsense come to this ? Have I exposed my character, exposed my person, to be used at this rate at last ?—Go, be a monster,—and leave me.

Grif. (*Looking sheepish.*) She makes an arrant fool of me.

Land. Indeed, Sir, the lady advises you all for your own good. You had better be pacified. Shew another room, Betty.—Your ladyship and the gentleman lie in the same bed, I presume ?

Fil. In the same bed, woman ! In the same bed !

Land.

Land. You may have two beds in the same room, or chambers adjoining, if your ladyship pleases.

Fil. I am ruined, I am undone; my reputation is gone for ever!—See you wretch, how injuriously I am treated upon your account—O it will break my heart!

Grif. Don't cry, Fillagree, don't cry.

Fil. Don't come near me.

Land. Nay, now madam, indeed your ladyship is to blame; for the gentleman seems to grow very loving.

Fil. I shall faint, I shall die!—Don't use such expressions, woman.—Heigh ho!—Have you never an honest virtuous neighbour, who could let me have a bed out of the house?

Land. To be sure such things are to be had, ma'am; but if your ladyship does not choose to lie near your spouse—

Fil. Spouse!

Land. I say, ma'am, in such a case we have a long gallery, where you may have six bedchambers between you.

Fil. Have not you two galleries?

Land. We had, ma'am, before the house was burnt down; but when the insurers built it up again, we thought as how that one might be sufficient, and so made the rooms on the second story, ma'am, more larger and more commodious. They are all double beds, and mighty convenient; I can assure you. I have lain in them all round in my poor husband's time; but since that I have confined myself entirely to the little room behind the bar, where I have a small press-bed. ma'am, that I can easily shut up, ma'am; and then, as your ladyship knows, it makes a very pretty parlour. A great many gentlemen who frequent this house—

Fil. Well, well; I don't want the history of the bed or the gentlemen; I am not used to such conversation—But the rooms you were speaking of, are you sure there are six chambers between them?

Land. At least, madam; your ladyship may see them yourself, if you please, and be an eye-witness.

Fil. Well then, that may do.—But I must have one of your maids to sit up with me, for fear of any intrusion.

Land. Poor lady!—~~Shall~~ I lead you into the next room, ma'am, and bring you a glass of hartshorn and water.

Fil. Any where to be away from him.

[*Exit, leaning on the landlady.*]

Grif. What surprising virtue! Why, she is chaster than Sufannah.—Let old Flack say what he will, I must make her reparation.

Land. (returning.) Go, Sir, comfort your poor lady; she is in a piteous taking.

Grif. I am almost afraid to go to her. But I will venture.—I believe I had as good have a glass of hartshorn and water too. (*Exit.*)

Land. Hoity, toity! here is more fufs with one old couple than with twenty young ones. But I am glad the inn is quiet again.—You may let the company out of the dining-room.

Enter Chamberlain and Betty eagerly.

Cham. O ma'am, the young couple you love so much belong to those old folks who came last. They were just got to the lady as the old fellow came to her, and there is fine work among them.

Land. Ay, ay, that signifies nothing. The deed is done, you know; and I warrant old Hocus must come down with his money-bags.—I'll try if I can overhear them, for I love such sport dearly.—Let Betty alone, can't you?

(*Pushing out the chamberlain before her; Betty follows, making mouths behind her back.*)

Enter Cupid laughing and singing.

Cup. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Cupid triumphs o'er all ages,
Beardless youths, and bearded fages
All submit to Cupid's law.

Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Conquest to the fair belongs,
Be they foolish, be they witty,
Be they frightful, be they pretty,
All, ay all, have flattering tongues;
All, ay all, have flattering tongues.

He

He speaks.

Well, thus far I have brought, you see,
My couples pretty handsomely ;
And every thing has been express'd :
—Then why proceed ? You know the rest.
You know, in cases such as these,
How nature works by just degrees ;
What dreadful storms at first arise
Of clamorous tongues and weeping eyes,
Till all their griefs beyond expressing
End in a calm, and, Sir, your blessing.

Suppose we, then, our doating sage
Has spent his impotence of rage ;
That pouting miss had wept her fill ;
That Fillagree, with female skill,
Has touch'd each kind consenting chord,
Has wheedl'd, threaten'd, and implor'd,
And brought at length her several views
Just to the crisis she would choose.

By your consent the rest we'll spare,
Jump to th' event, and catch them there.

*(*He waves his whip.*

They rise, they speak ! and I refrain—
Be courteous, and I'll come again.

(Nodding to the audience, and exit.

(On Cupid's waving his whip, the scene shifts, and discovers Mr. Grisikin and Fillagree in earnest conversation on a couch, Miss leaning against one side-scene, pouting and leering at Jemmy, who leans against another scene, twirling his bat and playing with his fingers. The landlady, servants of the inn, &c. appear listening at the several doors.)*

Fil. (Rising and coming forward.) Well then, upon that condition, and upon that condition only, there's my hand.

Grif. (Grasping her hand eagerly.) 'Tis a hard one, Fillagree.—But I must comply. Come, hither, you ungracious couple you ; I am forced to forgive you.—Get up, get up, and don't plague me any more about it. You may thank Fillagree for it. I was as hard as adamant till she softened me.

(Ogling her.

Jem. Ten thousand thanks, my dear madam.

Mrs. Twink. (Embracing her.) My good Fillagree! (Landlady, servants, young couples, &c. run in, in a croud, and Cupid among them.)

All. Give you joy, ladies; give you joy, gentlemen; give you joy.

Grif. Hey tofs! here is a fine company of you!—and the fiddles too!

Land. Yes, yes, Sir, we have always fiddles ready for such joyful occasions.

Grif. I'dod, then, we'll have a dance.

(He talks apart with the Landlady and Fillagree.)

Mrs. Twink. Dear Jemmy, do look yonder; there is Miss Trot, and Miss Sneak, and Miss Giddy—and, as I hope to live, that little postilion that drove us so well—Come hither, my dear; there's half a crown for you, child. *(Chucking Cupid under the chin.)*—I'cod, Jemmy, if you grow crusty again, I'll run away with that pretty postilion, as sure as you are alive.

Cup. (Bowling and strutting.) I shall be at your ladyship's service at a moment's warning.

Jem. Get away, you young dog you.

Grif. Ay, ay, get away!—And now, Fillagree, I have but one care remaining; if I could but get over that cursed difficulty of the Flack family, I should be a happy man indeed.

A voice from the crowd. O I can hold no longer!

Grif. What is the matter there?

A young woman coming forward. O Sir, O Mr. Grifkin! you know my friends, you know my relations—Behold upon her knees poor Dolly Flack!

Grif. Miss Flack! Impossible!

Fil. Mrs. Twink, &c. Miss Flack!

Miss Flack. How long has love reduced me!

Grif. Rise, rise, Miss Flack—I shall burst out laughing. *(Aside to Fillagree, who lifts up her hands and eyes.)* I do know your friends, I do know your relations—But how—what—Why, sure your education—I cannot hold, Fillagree. *(Aside.)*

Fil. Hush!

Miss Flack. Talk not of education; my education has undone me. Alas, Sir! from all my reading I drew but one idea; 'twas that of love. Not formal mercenary love,

love, which comes attended with settlements, and all the odious incumbrances of jointures and pin-money; but that restless passion, that instantaneous emotion, that fascination of eyes which kindles into rapture even at the first approach—Such I thought this gentleman's affection for *me*. Can it be wondered at then, that I should consent to elope with him?

Chor. of young women. O no, certainly not.

Grif. (*To Fillagree who checks him.*) I shall burst.

Miss Flack. The morning was a fine one; a gentle shower had laid the dust, and the air breathed sweetly.—To Barnet, to Hatfield, to Biggleswade, to Bugden, nothing so kind as he! At the next stage, I know not why, he grew more cool, then sullen, then ill tempered. His sighs for *me* were changed to execrable oaths. The roads, the postilions, and every inn, disgusted him.—'Till at the last, even at this fatal place, he owned, the monster owned, he loved no longer.

Chor. of young women. O fie, fie!

Grif. How is this: What is all this? Come forward, young man, and answer for yourself. Who are you? What are you?

Young Man. My name, Sir, is Sotherton, Tom Sotherton, at your service. My profession is that of a strolling player. The accusation which is laid against me is undoubtedly a true one. And in order to account for my behaviour, with the leave of this good company,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,

How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,

And the in-mine.

Chor. of young men. Ay, ay, hear him! hear him!

Grif. Speak then, young man; but let it be as short as you can, and in plain English.

Sob. In plain English, then, Sir, I went to town in hopes of being engaged at one of the theatres; when a friend of mine pointed out to me the happier prospect of succeeding with this young lady. He knew, pardon the expression, the romantic turn of her disposition: (*The young men titter; the girls look down.*) He told me likewise that she was certainly possessed of ten thousand pounds in her own disposal—" 'Twas on that hint I spake."

Chor.

Chor. of young men. Right, right, Sotherton.

Soth. It was last Monday was se'nnight, and it is now Wednesday, that I had the first opportunity of addressing her. She was turning the corner of a narrow street within ten yards of her own house, passing, as it should seem by the thread paper in her hand, to a milliner's a few doors below. I gazed, I stopped, and expressed my admiration by a low bow. She blushed and curtsied. I seized her hand, she endeavoured to pull it from me. I protested my intentions were honourable; and she not only let me keep her hand, but kiss it. We began then to be afraid of observation. We parted; each with a sigh, but not without a promise of meeting again the next day, in the same place, at the same hour. In short, we met every day the whole week through, sometimes for a quarter of an hour, sometimes for half an hour; till at the last our lucky stars gave us an hour complete; at which interview she kindly consented to clope with me.

Grif. Heyday! Monday a quarter of an hour—Tuesday—Wednesday—half an hour—a whole hour—Why, then about three hours and an half did the business, He, he, he!

Fil. You were very hasty indeed, Miss.

Miss Flack. Why, I was afraid of being found out, Mrs. Fillagree, if I had let him court me any longer.

Chor. of young women. To be sure, to be sure!

Soth. The journey proceeded as the lady has already described. At Stilton, the post where she says my coldness began, an express overtook me, sent by the same kind friend who had first proposed the undertaking.—Fatal express to both of us! for it informed me that the ten thousand pounds were so far from being in Miss Flack's own power, that they depended not only on her father, but on a grandmother and two maiden aunts. What then was to be done? Could I ruin the lady? Could I ruin myself? No: with a truly heroic resolution, I stifled my own passion, and by pretended ill usage endeavoured to put an end to her's.

Chor. of young men. Very honourable, very honourable indeed!

Soth. So that you will perceive, Sir, at least the good company

company will perceive, that whatever effect the late run of sentimental comedies may have had upon their audiences, they have at least made the players men of honour.

Miss Flack. You are a villain !

Mrs. Twink. He talks very finely though for all that, Miss Flack ; and is a very pretty man too.—I wish you health and happiness, Mr. Sotherton.

[*Dropping a curtsy, half aside.*]

Grif. I can hardly speak for laughing.—Come, come, Miss Flack, never mind him, you shall return with us, and I will make up the affair with your relations—Old Flack can't find fault with us now, Fillagree, he, he, he ! There is nothing like having one's friend and acquaintance in the same scrape with one's self.—But let us have the dance ; for, by their looks, half the couples here else will have some complaint or other to make, he, he !

Mrs. Twink. You may take out Miss Flack, Jemmy ; I shall dance with Mr. Sotherton.

Fil. (*In a half whisper.*) Hark you, Miss Flack, have you preserved your virtue ?

Miss Flack. O yes, indeed, Madam.

Fil. Then you may defy the world ; and learn from my example, that the woman who preserves her virtue will always be rewarded at last.

[*Before the dance, Fillagree comes forward with Cupid in her hand, by way of Epilogue.*]

Fil. Ladies, you'll witness what this boy has done,
What fools he makes us, and what risks we run,
When this vile gad-fly goads us ;
This puppet thing, this miniature of man !
What say you, shall I brain him with my fan ?
Or, in the very zenith of his glory,
Here with my glove-string strangle him before you ?
—You're tender-hearted. Well, then, so am I.
Methinks it were a pity Love should die.

Cup. Love cannot die, whilst so much beauty reigns
In yon fair circle.—

Say, ye nymphs, ye swains,
Was it not right, one knotty point to clear,
That Love himself should be in person here ?

That

That boys should match with girls, and girls with boys,
Mere nature can produce such idle toys :
But sure it asks some supernatural aid
When such a lover sighs for such a maid.

[Pointing to Fillagree and Grislin.]

Besides, ye fair, from me perhaps you'll hear
What from mere mortals might offend your ear.

Between ourselves, I cannot quite approve
This modern bare-fac'd hurrying into love.
My ancient chiefs, so fam'd for love and war,
Besieg'd whole ages the obdurate fair.
Now, e'er the lover wooes, the lady's won,
And half the sex run post to be undone.

Be wise, be cautious ; keep this truth in view ;
Few hasty marriages are happy too.
Approach with awe th' indissoluble bands,
Try well your hearts before you yield your hands.
Let each kind parent's voice complete the plan,
And blush consent, even then, behind your fan.

Country Dance of the Characters, led by Cupid.

MAY-DAY;

OR THE LITTLE GIPSY.

A MUSICAL FARCE,

OF ONE ACT.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Furrow</i> , a rich farmer, <i>William</i> , his son, <i>Clod</i> , his servant, <i>Doney</i> , <i>Crier</i> ,	- - - - -	<i>Drury Lane</i> . Mr. Parsons. Mr. Vernon. Mr. Bannister. Mr. Weston. Mr. Wrighten.
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WOMEN.

<i>Little Gipsy</i> , <i>Dolly</i> ,	- - -	Miss Abrams. Mrs. Wrighten
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Country Lads and Lasses.

SCENE I.

Enter William and Dolly.

Wil. Go on, dear sister Dolly—And so my sweet girl was brought to the Widow Gadly's, as a relation of her's from Shropshire, and went by the name of Belton!

Dol. Yes, yes—you had not been gone to London two days before your father and she met in the widow's garden.

garden. I was with him ; he was very inquisitive indeed, and was struck with her lively manner. I could hardly get him home to dinner.

Wil. Why this was beyond expectation ; and so, Dolly.—

Dol. Yes, his liking went much beyond my expectation or your wishes : In a week he fell in love with her, and is at this time a very dangerous rival.

Wil. I am sure to have some mischief happen in all my schemes.

Dol. Her finging, and twenty little agreeable fooleries puts on, have bewitched him : Her mimicking the gipsies has so enchanted him, that he has prevailed upon her to come to the May-pole to-day among the holiday lads and lasses and tell their fortunes. She has dress'd up herself often, and been among 'em, without their knowing who she is—In short, she has bewitch'd the whole village—I am to be there too as her mother—My father will have it so.

Wil. So much the better ; while you are telling fortunes, I may talk to her without being observ'd. Send but a fortune-teller, or a mountebank, among country people, and they have no eyes and ears for any thing else. Where is my father now ?

Dol. Upon some knotty point with Roger Dozey the clerk—I must go and prepare for the frolic. Don't be melancholy, Will ; the worst that can happen is to marry the girl without your father's consent, turn gipsy with your wife, and send your children to steal his poultry.

Wil. But harkee, Dolly, who is to have Mr. Goodwill's May-day legacy ? A hundred pounds is a tolerable foundation to build upon—What is become of George, Dolly ?

Dol. I have not time to tell you—He is a rogue like the rest of you : But as I have a heart that can make an honest man happy that possesses it, so it has a spirit within it to despise a knave or a coxcomb.

Would

Would women do as I do,
 With spirit scorn dejection ;
 The men no arts could fly to ;
 They'd keep 'em in subjection.
 But if we sigh or simper,
 The love-sick farce is over ;
 They'll bring us soon to whimper,
 And then good-night the lover.

Would women do as I do,
 No knaves or fools could cheat 'em ;
 They'd passion bid good-bye to,
 And trick for trick would meet 'em.
 But if we sigh or simper,
 The love-sick farce is over ;
 They'll bring us soon to whimper,
 And then good-night the lover.

Wil. Well said Dolly !—but I am afraid, in my situation, I must give up all hope.

Dol. Then you'll give up the best friend you have ; make much of her, or, with a true female spirit, like mine, she'll leave you the moment you seem to neglect her.
 [*Exit. Dolly.*]

William.

How can my heart rest, when I see from the land
 Fanny's arms open'd wide to receive me ?
 If hope cast her anchor to fix on the sand,
 The winds and the waves both deceive me.

My love to its duty still constant and true,
 Though of fortune and tempest the sport,
 Shall beat round the shore, the dear object in view,
 Till it sinks, or is safe in the port.

SCENE, *A hall in Furrow's house.*

Enter Furrow and Dozey.

Fur. Well, but Dozey, think a-little, and hear a little before you speak, and understand my question.

Doz. Put it.—

Fur. You know that Walter Goodwill, Esq; left a legacy of one hundred pounds to the couple who shall
 be

be married upon certain conditions, in this parish, on the first of May.

Doz. I have 'em in my hand here, a true copy.

Fur. You told me so before.

Doz. Truth may be told at any time.

Fur. Zounds! hold your tongue, or we shall keep talking all day.

Doz. Keep your temper, which is a better thing.

Fur. But I can't, if you won't hear me.

Doz. I say nothing, and will say nothing.

(Twirling his thumbs.)

Fur. I know you are my friend, Dozey, and I have been your friend—I found you a good companion, and a scholar, and got you rais'd from sexton to clerk.

Doz. Necessity! There was but one person more in the parish beside myself who could read, and he stammer'd.

Fur. Well, well, no matter, we shall never come to the point.

Doz. Never, if you travel out of the way so.

Fur. I say then——

Doz. And I am silent.

Fur. I am over head and ears in love.

Doz. You had better be over head and ears in your horse-pond, for that might cool you——Put no more upon an old horse than he can bear——An excellent saying!

Fur. You put more upon me than I can bear: I want no advice but your opinion. If I marry Fanny Belton, may I demand 'Squire Goodwill's hundred pound legacy?

Doz. I will read it. *[Searching for his spectacles.]*

Fur. Zounds, I have read it a thousand times; and the bellman cries it all about the parish.

Doz. Are you her free choice?

Fur. To be sure I am, as she is mine.

Doz. What age has she?

Fur. About twenty.

Doz. Has she her senses perfect?

Fur. To be sure.

Doz. I doubt it!—A girl of twenty marry threescore and five, a free choice, and in her senses; it can't be.

Fur.

Fur. You are grown old and stupid.

Doz. She must be young and stupid, which is worse.

Fur. May I claim the legacy if I marry her?

Doz. You say the choice is free?

Fur. I do.

Doz. But is it not *fit*, another of the conditions—
The choice must be both *free* and *fit*—Ergo, I say you
can't have a penny of it.

Fur. Why will you vex me so, Roger Dozey? I am
always helping you out of scrapes and difficulties, and
why won't you assist me?

Doz. I am getting you out of a scrape now, by pre-
venting your marrying.

Fur. I'll tell you what, Roger—there is something so
perverse about you, that though I am your friend, you
are always thwarting me.

Doz. Because you are always wrong—You are so
blinded with passion, that you wou'd thrust your hand in
the fire, if I did not take care that you should not burn
your fingers.

Fur. Well, but dear Dozey, you are the fore-horse
of this parish, and can lead the rest of the team as you
please. Pray now con over this matter by yourself: you
shall sit in my little smoaking room, and have a bottle of
my best October to help your study; and when you have
finished the bottle, and settled your mind with a dram
afterwards, meet me at the May-pole, and give your opi-
nion. I shall be there by that time, to claim the girl
and the legacy—If it is mine, a good large fee out of it
shall be your's. Remember that.— [Exit.

Doz. It is the only thing you have said worth remem-
bering—Let me see—a large fee, and a good bottle of
October will do wonders—And yet to make the union
of one-and twenty with sixty-five *fit*, will require more
fees than his purse can furnish, and more October than
ever was, or ever will be, in his cellar—However, not
to be rash—I'll drink the bottle, and consider the
case. [Exit.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

'A Country Prospect.

A Village and a May-Pole, with a Garland.

Lads and Lasses are discover'd dancing, while others are playing on the ground.

After the Dance, they surround the May-Pole, and sing the following

C H O R U S.

O lovely sweet May !
The first of sweet May !
Spring opens her treasure,
Of mirth, love, and pleasure.
The earth is dress'd gay,

We see all around, and we hear from each spray,
That nature proclaims it a festival day.

Clod. Well sung my lasses—which of you all will have 'Squire Goodwill's legacy ? I don't believe that any of you are in the right road to it—it must be turn'd over to the next year, and then I shall marry one of you out of pity, and get double by it.

Bet. I'll assure you, Goodman Clod—I would not have you for double, and double, and double—

Clod. The grapes are four, Betty—

Nan. What a sin and a shame is it—that a poor girl should miss such a fine fortune for want of a sweet-heart.

Bet. Its a sin and a shame that there's no young fellow to be had for love or money—The devil is in 'em I believe.

Nan. They are like their betters in London—They marry, as they would do any thing for money—But then they yawn, and had rather let it alone.

Clod. What the deuce, have we got any maccatonies in the country ?

Bet. Maccatonies ! What are them, Clod ?

Clod. Tho'f I saw a power of 'em when I was up among 'em, yet I hardly know what to make of 'em.—

Bet. What, were they living creters ?

Clod.

Clod. Yea, and upon two legs too—Such as they were.

Nan. What, like Christians?

Clod. 'Ecod I don't know what they're alike, not I—they look like something—and yet they are nothing—I heard a person say I sat next to at the show-play (for I would see every thing), that these maccatonies say themselves they have no souls, and I say they have no bodies and so we may well say that they look like something and are nothing, 'ecod.

Bet. Come, prithee *Clod*, let's hear all about what you saw in London, and about the fine ladies too; what did they look like, pray?

Clod. Like a hundred things all in one day; but my song that I got there will tell you better all about it than I can.

I.

What's a poor simple clown
To do in the town,
Of their freaks and vagaries I'll none;
The folks I saw there,
Two faces did wear;
An honest man ne'er has but one.

C H O R U S.

Let others to London go roam;
I love my neighbour,
To sing and to labour,
To me there's nothing like country and home.

II.

Nay the ladies, I vow,
I cannot tell how,
Were now white as curd and now red;
Law! how would you stare
At their huge crop of hair,
'Tis a haycock o'top of their head!
Cho. Let others, &c.

III.

Then 'tis so dizen'd out,
An with trinkets about,

With

With ribbands and flippets between
 They so noddle and tofs,
 Just like a fore horse,
 With toffels and bells in a team,
Cho. Let others, &c.

IV.

Then the fops are so fine,
 With lank wasted chine,
 And a little skimp bit of a hat ;
 Which from sun, wind, and rain,
 Will not shelter their brain ;
 Though there's no need to take care of that,
Cho. Let others, &c.

V.

" Would you these creatures ape
 " In looks and their shape,
 " Teach a calf on his hind legs to go ;
 " Let him waddle in gait,
 " A skim-dish on his pate,
 " And he'll look all the world like a Beau.
Cho. Let others, &c.

VI.

" To keep my brains right,
 " My bones whole and tight,
 " To speak, nor to look, would I dare ;
 " As they bake they shall brew,
 " Old Nick and his crew,
 " At London keep Vanity Fair.
Cho. Let others, &c.

All. Well sung, Clod—

Bet. But, tell us, Clod—How did young Will Furrow
 behave in London ?—He rak'd it about, I suppose, and
 that makes him so scornful to us.

Clod. Poor lad ! he was more mop'd than I was : he's
 not scornful—His father, shame upon him, cross'd him in
 love, and he sent him there to forget it.

Nan. And he ought to be cross'd in love. What does
 he mean by taking his love out of the parish ? if he has
 lost one there, he may find another here, egad, and I
 had lik'd to have said a better.

Clod. Ay, but that's as he thinks—If he loves lamb,
 he

he won't like to be cramm'd with pork——Ha, ha, ha!

Bet. His father wou'd send him to the market-town to make a schollard of him ; which only gave him a hankering to be proud, to wear a tucker, and despise his neighbours.

Clod. Here he comes, and let him speak for himself—he looks as gay as the best of us.

Enter William.

Wil. My sweet lasses, a merry May to you all—I must have the privilege of the day——Kisses and the first of May have ever gone together in our village, and I hate to break through a good old custom. [*Kisses 'em.*]

Bet. Old customs are good all the year round, and there can't be a better than this——

[*Curtseys and kisses him.*]

[*The tabor and pipe is heard.*]

Clod. Come, come, adorn with your kissing, for here comes the crier to proclaim 'Squire Goodwill's legacy.

Enter Crier, tabor and pipe playing.

Cri. O yes! O yes! O yes! Be it known to all lads and lasses of this Village of Couple-Well, that George Goodwill, Esq. late of Bounty-Hall, in this County, has made the following bequest—You, my lads, open your ears, and you, my lasses, hold your tongues, and hear his worship's legacy.

Clod. Silence——Silence.

Crier reads.

Is there a maid, and maid she be,
But how to find her out, who knows?

Clod. Who knows indeed!

Cri. Silence, and don't disturb the court.

Is there a maid, and maid she be, (Reads.
But how to find her out, who knows?

Who makes a choice that's *fit* and *free*,
To buy the wedding clothes ;

If such rare maid and match be found
Within the parish bound,

The first of May,

Shall be the day,

I give this pair a hundred pound.

God save the King!

[*Exit Crier, the lads and lasses buzzing!*]

Wil. Well, my good girls, and which of you is to have the hundred pound legacy?

Nan. Any of us, if you will give us a right and title—What say you to that, Mr. William? The money ought not to go out of the parish.

Bet. Ay come now—Here are choice; you must be very nice indeed, if one of us, and a hundred pound won't satisfy you.

Clod. 'Ecod but he knows a trick worth two of that.

(*Aside.*)

Bet. Well, what say you Mr. Will?

Wil. I like you all so well, that I can't find in my heart to take one of you without the others.

Nan. What, would you make a great Turk of us, and live like a heathen in a serallery?

WILLIAM.

I.

Yes, I'll give my heart away

To her will not forsake it.

Softly, maidens, softly pray,

You must not snatch,

Nor fight, nor scratch,

But gently, gently take it.

II.

Ever constant, warm, and true,

The toy is worth the keeping;

'Tis not spoil'd with fashions new;

But full of love,

It will not rove——

The corn is worth the reaping.

III.

Maidens, come, put in your claim,

I will not give it blindly:

My a heart a lamb, though brisk is tame;

So let each pass,

Before me pass;

Who wins, pray use it kindly.

IV.

All have such bewitching ways,

To give to one would wrong ye;

In turns to each my fancy strays;

So let each fair
Take equal share,

I throw my heart among ye.

Clod. You may as well throw your hat among them, Master William; these lassies can't live upon such slender fare as a bit of your heart.

Wil. Then they must fast, Clod; for I have not even a bit of my heart to give them. (*Aside*) What in the name of May, neighbours, comes tripping through farmer Danby's gate, and looks like May from top to toe.

Clod. As I hope to be marry'd 'tis the Little Gipsy that has got a bit of your father's heart; aye, and a good bit too, and holds it fast.

Jen. I'll be hang'd if she's not going to the Grange now—Your father casts a sheep's eye at her—He hinders his own son from wedding lawfully, while he is running after this Little Gipsy—I hope she'll run away with his silver tankard.

Wil. Upon my word I think my father has a good taste. How long has she been amongst you? who is she? what is she? and whence comes she?

Jen. That we neither know nor can guess—She always comes out of 'Squire Grinly's copse, but nobody knows how she gets there—Clod dog'd her t'other night, but she took care to throw something in his eyes that struck fire, and half blinded him.

Clod. Ay, feath did she; and while I was rubbing them, she vanish'd away, and left me up to my middle in a bog.

Wil. Poor Clod! you paid dearly for peeping.

Bet. I wish she would sing! she is a perfect nightingale.

Wil. Hush! hark! I hear something—let's go back, or she may be sham'd fac'd—She's very young, and seems very modest—True merit is always bashful, and should never want for encouragement. She comes this way—let us keep back a little. [*They retire.*]

Enter Little Gipsy.

Gipsy.

Hail, Spring! whose charms make nature gay,

O breathe some charm on me,

That I may bless this joyful day,

Inspir'd by Love and thee!

O Love ! be all thy magic mine,
 Two faithful hearts to save ;
 The glory as the cause be thine,
 And heal the wounds you gave.

What a character am I oblig'd to support ? I shall certainly be discover'd—the country folks I see are retir'd to watch me, and my sweet-heart among 'em—I am more afraid of a discovery from these than from wiser people—Cunning will very often overshoot the mark, while simplicity hits it. I must rely upon my dress and manner—If I can but manage to tell other people's fortune, though but falsely, I may really make my own.

Clod. She mutters something to herself; I wish I could hear what she is maundring about.

Wil. Fortune-tellers always do so—the devil must be always talk'd to very civilly, and not loud, or he won't be at their elbow.

Clod. Lord bless her, there's no harm in her—I wish I was the devil to be so talk'd to.

Gip. What a frolic have I begun ! should I succeed, our present distress will double our succeeding happiness—
(The country people come forward.)

Your servant, pretty maids, and to you also young men, if you are good ; for naughtiness, they say, has found its way into the country—I hope none of you have seen it.

Wil. O yes, I have seen enough of it ; it hangs about one like a pest ; and for fear my clothes should be infected, I order'd that they should be burnt before I left London.

Clod. Ay, ay, wickedness there sticks to a body like pitch.

Gip. Then I'll fly away from the infection. *(Going.)*

Wil. No, no, you little Gipsy, that won't do ; we must hear that sweet voice again, and have our fortunes told before you go away. *(They lay bold upon her.)*

Jen. I vow, neighbours, I think I have seen this face before.

Gip. It is not worth looking upon a second time.

Wil. Indeed but it is, I could look at it for ever.

Clod. 'Ecod, and so could I, and buss it into the bargain.

Bet.

Bet. Law, don't make such a fuss with the poor girl, as if nobody was worth kissing but a gipsy—Sing away, child, and don't mind 'em.

Gip. No more I will, mistress.

(*Curtseys.*)

Gipsy.

I.

O spread thy rich mantle, sweet May, o'er the ground,
Drive the blasts of keen winter away;
Let the birds sweetly carol, thy flow'rets smile round,
And let us with all nature be gay.

II.

Let spleen, spite, and envy, those clouds of the mind,
Be dispers'd by the sunshine of joy;
The pleasures of Eden had bless'd human kind,
Had no fiend enter'd there to destroy.

III.

As May with her sunshine can warm the cold earth,
Let each fair with the season improve;
Be widows restor'd from their mourning to mirth,
And hard-hearted maids yield to love.

IV.

With the treasures of spring let the village be dress'd,
Its joys let the season impart;
When rapture swells high, and o'erflows from each breast,
'Tis the *May* of the mind and the heart.

Wil. Now you have charm'd our ears one way, my sweet Gipsy, delight our hearts by telling us our fortunes.

Clod. Here are fine cross doings in my hond.

(*Shewing it.*)

Jen. Pray look into mine first. (*Cleaning her hand.*)

Dol. Here's a hand for you, Gipsy! (*Shewing hers.*)

Gip. I never saw a worse in all my life; bless me! here is—it frights me to see it!

Dol. Then I am sure it will fright me to hear it; so I'll stay till another time.

Wil. Little pretty Gipsy, what say you to mine?

Gip. (*Looking into his hand.*) You have a dozen lasses in love with you, and are in love with none of 'em.

Clod. There's a little witch for you!

Wil. There you are out, Gipsy ; I do love one truly and sincerely.

Gip. As much as you love me—Don't believe him, lassies—Come, come, let me see your hand again—By the faith of a gipsy you are in love, and the lass that you love——

All. Who is she ?

(Getting about her.)

Gip. She is in this parish, and not above twenty yards from the Maypole.

Clod. The dickens she is ! who, who is it ?

(All looking out.)

Wil. Say no more, Gipsy ; you know nothing at all of the matter ; you should be whip'd for fibbing.

Clod. And I'll be the constable ; but 'ecod I would not hurt her.

Gip. Ay, but I do know, and she is about my size.

(They all measure with her.)

Wil. Hold your tongue I say—here comes your mother I suppose.

Enter Dolly, like an old Gipsy.

Dol. What, did you run away from me, you little baggage ? Have I not warn'd you from wandering in the fields by yourself these wicked times ?

Gip. Pray, mother, don't be angry ; the morning was so fine, the fields so charming, and the lads and lassies so merry, I could not stay at home, and I knew you'd come limping after——

Dol. Hussy, hussy ! have not I told you, that when the kid wanders from its dam, the fox will have a breakfast.

Clod. 'Ecod and a good breakfast too—it makes my mouth water.

Dol. I don't much like the company you are in—Who is that young rake there ?

Wil. One that hates kid, mother, and is only giving your daughter a little good advice.

Dol. Indeed the young fellows of this age are not so rampant as they were in my days.—Well, my lads and lassies, who among you longs to know their fortunes ? I am the oldest, and the best fortune-teller under the sun.

(They all gather about her.)

Wil.

Wil. Now, my dear little Gipsy, you must tell me my fortune. *(They retire, and the rest get about Dolly.)*

Jen. Now for it, mother.

Dolly.

Young maids, and young swains, if you're curious to know
What husbands you'll have, and what wives ;
From above I can know what you'll do here below,
And what you have done all your lives :

Don't blush and don't fear,

As I'm old I am wise,

And I read in your eyes——

I must whisper the rest in your ear.

If you, a false man, should betray a fond maid,

I'll read what the stars have decreed ;

If you, a fond maid, should be ever betray'd,

You'll be sorry that page I should read.

Don't blush, and don't fear, &c.

If youth weds old age, though it wallows in gold,

With sattins, and silks, and fine watch ;

Yet when for base gold youth and beauty is sold,

The devil alone makes the match.

Don't blush, and don't fear, &c.

" If an old man's so rash to wed a young wife.

" Or an old woman wed a young man ;

" For such husband and wife I read danger and strife,

" For nature detests such a plan.

" Don't blush, and don't fear, &c.

Clod. There's a slap o'the chops for old measter, 'ecod,
I wish he was here to take it.

Jen. But now, come to particulars, goodey Gipsy.

Nan. Ay, ay, to particulars ; we must have particulars.

Clod. Ay, zooks, let's understand your gibberish.

Dol. Let me sit down upon the bench under yonder tree, and I'll tell you all I know.

Clod. And he that desires to know more is a fool——
Come along, Dame Deal-Devil.

(They retire with Dolly, and then William and Gipsy come forward.)

Wil. May heaven prosper what love has invented ;
and may this joyful day finish our cares for ever.

D U E T T O.

William and Gipsy.

Passion of the purest nature
 Glows within this faithful breast,
 While I gaze on each lov'd feature,
 Love will let me know no rest.
 Thus the ewe her lamb caressing,
 Watches with a mother's fear,
 While she eyes her little blessing,
 Thinks the cruel wolf is near.

Fur. (*Without.*) Where is the Gipsy? where is my little Gipsy, I say?

Wil. The wolf is near indeed, for here comes my father.

Gip. What shall we do?

Enter Furrow.

Fur. Where are the lads and lasses, and what are you two doing here alone?

Wil. Had I my will, we should not long have been here alone: I would have put her into the hands of the constable, and sent her to the parish. (*Gipsy looks grave.*

Fur. She has cheated him too—That's excellent! this is a rare frolic, faith (*Aside.*) You send her to the constable, you booby!—I should have put you in the stocks if you had, Sirrah—Don't be grave, my little pretty Gipsy, that bumpkin shan't hurt you—What a fine May-game this is!—I love her more than ever!—I'll marry her to-day, and have the hundred pounds too—

(*Aside.*

Gip. I'll go home directly, I can't bear to see that young man look so cross.

(*Going.*

Fur. You shall go to my home, my dainty sweet Gipsy. and make him look crosser.

Wil. I wonder, father, you are not ashamed of yourself, to be impos'd upon by such a little pilfering creature; she ought to be whip'd from village to village, and made an example of.—

Fur. How the fool is taken in!—I'm out of my wits (*Aside.*) I'll make an example of you, rascal, if you don't speak more tenderly to that lady.

Wil. Lady! a fine lady! ha! ha! ha!

Gip. Don't put yourself into a rage with him, he is mad they say, mad for love.

Fur.

Fur. So am I too—I am his father, and have more right to be mad than he has.

Wil. A lady!—A Gipsy lady!—ha, ha, ha!

Fur. And what is more, Mr. Impudence, she shall be my lady—And then what will you say to that, rascal?

Wil. That you've got a fine lady.

Fur. Have I given you a good education, you ungrateful whelp you, to laugh at me? Get out of my sight, or I'll spoil your mummery—I will——

(Holding up his stick.)

Wil. I am gone, Sir—one word if you please—You prevented me from being happy with the choice of my heart, and to one superior to her sex in every quality of the mind; and now without the excuse of youth on your part, or the least merit on hers—as you have made me miserable with great cruelty, you are going to make yourself so without reason. And so, Sir, I am yours, and that fair lady's, very humble servant—Ha, ha, ha!

(Exit William.)

Fur. If I had not resolv'd not to be in a passion this first of May, the festival of our village, I should have sent him to the bottom of our horse-pond; but I can't help laughing neither, you have done it so feately—How the poor boy was taken in; he! he! he!—fine frolic, faith! And now, Miss, I will open my mind more to you; why should we lose a hundred pounds?—I'll marry you to-day—The better day the better deed—What say you, my little Gipsy?

Gip. It will make a great noise!

Fur. I love a noise—What is any body good for without noise—Besides, we shall be the happiest couple for a hundred miles round.

Gip. Not while your son is miserable—make him happy first, and then nobody can blame you.

Fur. What a sweet creature you are! Don't trouble your head about such a fellow; I'll turn him out of the house to seek his fortune, and so he'll be provided for.

Gip. If he is not happy I shall be miserable; nor would be a queen at the expence of another's happiness for all the world.

Fur. What a sweet creature you are!—And how happy shall I be; the rascal shall know your kindness to him,

him, and how little he deserves it—it shall be done, and the village shall know it is all your doings. And here they come! now for it! I am ten times happier than I was this morning!

Enter all the Lads and Lasses.

Come, where is my son, where is Scapegrace?

Clod. Here, Master William.

Enter William.

Here's Scapegrace, Sir.

Fur. Now you shall know what a fine lady this is, or rather how unlike a fine lady she is. This pilferer, wretch, baggage, and so on—she vows not to be made happy till you are so—and so being prevail'd upon by her—and her alone—I give you my consent to marry the girl you were so fond of; or any girl of character, and before all my neighbours here, on this joyful holiday, the first of May; and I likewise consent to give you the Bilberry-farm to maintain her and my grandchildren.

Wil. If you indulge my inclination, I have no right to find fault with yours—Be my choice where it will, you will be satisfy'd.

Fur. More than satisfy'd—I will rejoice at it, and reward it—Name the party, boy.

(The girls stand all round with great seeming anxiety.)

Wil. I always did obey you, and will now.

(Looking at, and passing by the other girls.)
This—this is my choice.

(Takes the Little Gipsy by the hand.)

Clod. Zooks! here's a fine overturn in a horse-pond.

(Aside.)

Fur. He's crack'd, sure!

Wil. I was, Sir, and almost broken-hearted; but your kindness, consent, and generosity, have made me a man again, and thus we thank you. *(They kneel to him.)*

Fur. This is some May-game—Do you know her—And does she know you?

Wil. We have known each other long—This is she, father, I saw, lov'd, and was betroth'd to; but your command separated us for a time—In my absence to London, she was here under the name of Belton; you

saw her often, and lik'd her, nay lov'd her—It was our innocent device, that you might see her merits, and not think 'em unworthy of your son—You over-run our expectations, and we delay'd the discovery till this, we hope, happy moment.

Clod. You must forgive 'em, Measter.

All. 'To be sure.

Fur. I can't—I am trick'd and cheated—I can't recal the farm; but I can, and I will——

[*Walks about angrily.*]

Clod. Be more foolish if you please—You have trick'd and cheated yourself, Measter—But heav'n has been kind to you, and set all to rights again——

Gipsy.

[*Addressing herself to Furrow.*]

I.

Love reigns this season, makes his choice,
And shall not we with birds rejoice?
O calm your rage, hear nature say,
Be kind with me *the first of May.*

II.

Would you, like misers, hate to bless,
Keep wealth from youth you can't possess?
To nature hark, you'll hear her say,
Be kind with me *the first of May.*

III.

Oh! then, be bounteous, like the spring,
Which makes creation sport and sing;
With nature let your heart be gay,
And both be kind *this first of May.*

Fur. I won't be sung out of my senses——

Enter Dozey, drunk.

Doz. Where is he? where is the bridegroom? I have it, I have it—October has done it!—It has inspir'd me! and the legacy shall be old George Furrow's, or I will never taste October again—I have got you the money, old boy! [*Claps him on the shoulder.*]

Fur. You are got drunk, you old fool, and I don't want the money. [*Sulky.*]

Doz. What, you are sick of marriage, and don't want the

the wife perhaps—Did not I tell you it was not *fit*? was not I *free* enough to tell you so!—It is not *fit*.

Fur. This drunken old fool completes my misery.

Dox. Old fool! what, Mr. Pot, do you abuse your friend-kettle:—Old fool am I? Now judge, neighbours—I have been drinking *October* to make this a joyful May-Day, and he wants to marry a young girl to turn it into sackcloth and ashes—Who's old fool now?

Fur. Take him away.

Dox. I shall take myself away—Lasses, if any of you long for the legacy, and are not engag'd, I am your man—that old fellow there would have married a child in sober sadness; but I have been courting a good bottle of *October*; and now, having lost my senses, I am *free* and *fit* to marry any body—— (Exit reeling.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Fur. Where's Dolly;—was she in this plot?

Wil. In that part of it you gave her: she perform'd the Old Gipsy to a miracle, as these lasses can testify, and then went home to prepare the May feast.

Fur. I will have no feast.

(Sulky.

Jen. Was she the old Gipsy?

Bet. It was all a dream to me!

Fur. I can't come to rights again.——

(The lads and lasses push the Gipsy and William towards him, saying—to him, to him.

Clod. Never was known such a thing as ill-nature and unkindness in our village, on the first of May, for these ten thousand years.

F I N A L E.

Clod. Shall our hearts on May-day,

Lack and a-well-a-day!

Want their recreation?

No, no, no, it can't be so,

Love with us must bud and blow,

Unblighted by vexation.

Wil. Shall a maid in May-day,

Lack and a-well-a-day!

Die of desperation?

No, no, no; for pity's sake

To your care a couple take,

And give 'em consolation.

Gip.

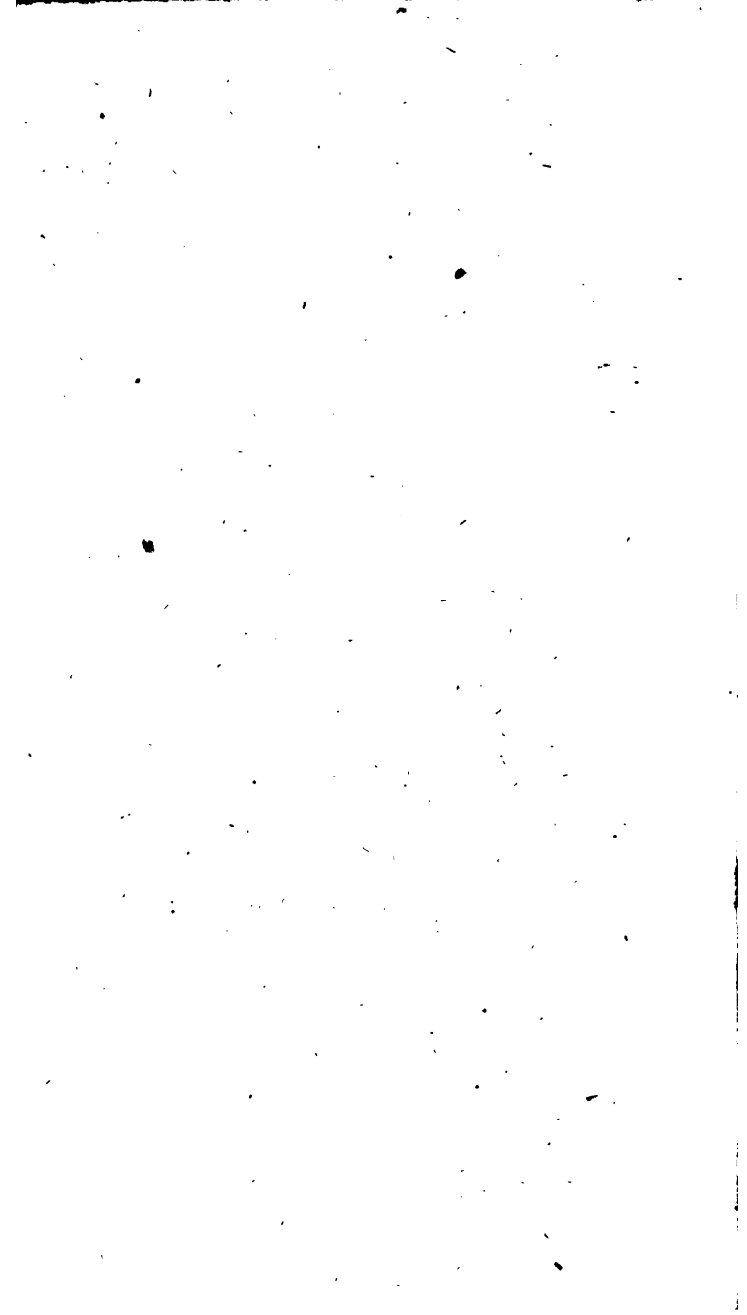
Gip. Shall a youth on May-day,
 Lack and a well-a-day!
 Lament a separation?
 No, no, no; the lad is true,
 Let him have of love his due,
 Indulge his inclination.

Fur. Shall my heart on May-day,
 Lack and a-well-a-day,
 Refuse its approbation?
 No, no, no, within our breast,
 Rage, revenge, and such like guests,
 Shou'd ne'er have habitation.
William and Gipsy.

We no more on May-day,
 O, what a happy day!
 Shall never know vexation;
 No, no, no, your worth we'll sing,
 Join your name to bounteous spring,
 In kind commemoration!

GRAND CHORUS.

" Cold winter will fly,
 " When spring's warmer sky,
 " The charms of young nature display;
 " When the heart is unkind,
 " With the frost of the mind,
 " Benevolence melts it like *May*."



T H E

THEATRICAL CANDIDATES,

A

MUSICAL PRELUDE,

Upon the Opening and Alterations of the
 THEATRE, DRURY-LANE, 1775.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.		
<i>Mercury,</i>	-	Mr. Vernon.
<i>Harlequin,</i>	-	Mr. Dodd.
W O M E N.		
<i>Tragedy,</i>	-	Mrs. Smith.
<i>Comedy,</i>	-	Mrs. Wrioughten.
<i>Followers of Tragedy, Comedy, and Harlequin.</i>		

Enter Mercury.

Mercury.

I, God of Wits and Thieves—birds of a feather,
 (For Wit and Thieving often go together)
 Am sent to see this House's transformation,
 Ask if the Critics give their approbation;
 Or, as in other cases—"Yawn at alteration."

}
 Old

Old Lady Drury, like some other ladies,
 To charm by false appearances, whose trade is,
 By help of paint, new boddice, and new gown,
 Hopes a new face to pass upon the town :
 By such like art, stale Toasts and Maccaronies,
 Have made out many a Venus and Adonis :
 To business now—Two Rival Dames above,
 Have pray'd for leave to quit their father Jove ;
 And hearing in the papers—we have there,
Morning and Evening as you have 'em here ;
 Juno loves scandal, as all good wives do,
 If it be fresh, no matter whether true ;
Momus writes paragraphs, and I find squibs,
 And *Pluto* keeps a press to print the fibs :
 Hearing this house was now made as good as new,
 And thinking each that she was sure of you ;
 They came full speed, these Rival Petticoats,
 To canvass for your int'rest and your votes :
 They will not join, but sep'rate beg your favour,
 To take possession and live here for ever.
 Full of their merits, they are waiting near ;
 Is it your pleasure that they now appear ?
 I'll call 'em in ; and while they urge their claims,
 And Critics, you examine well the dames,
 I'll to Apollo, and beg his direction ;
 The God of Wisdom's new at an election !

S O N G.

Hark ! the pipe, the trumpet, drum ;
 See, the sister Muses come !

'Tis time to haste away !

When the female tongues begin,

Who has ears to hear the din,

And wings to fly, will stay ?

I'll away, I'll away.

When the female tongues begin,

Who has ears to hear the din,

And wings to fly, will stay ?

(Runs off.)

Enter Tragedy and Followers to a March.

Trag. Britons, your votes and int'rest both I claim ;
 They're mine by right,——*Melpomene* by name.

S O N G.

S O N G.

If still your hearts can swell with glory,
 Those passions feel your fires have known,
 Can glow with deeds of ancient story,
 Or beat with transport at your own !
 Success is mine,
 My rival must resign,
 And here I fix my empire and my throne !
 My nobler pow'rs shall Britons move,
 If Britons still they are ;
 And softer passions melt the fair,
 To pity, tenderness, and love !
 My merits told—who dares contend with me ?

Enter Comedy and Followers.

Com. I dare, proud Dame ; my name is *Comedy* !
 Think you, your strutting, straddling, puffy pride,
 Your rolling eyes, arms kimbo'd, tragic stride,
 Can frighten me ?—Britons, 'tis yours to choose,
 That murd'ring lady, or this laughing muse ?
 Now make your choice :—with smiles I'll strive to win ye :
 If you choose Her, she'll stick a dagger in ye !

S O N G.

'Tis wit, love, and laughter, that Britons controul,
 Away with your dungeons, your dagger, and bowl :
 Sportive humour is now on the wing !
 'Tis true comic mirth,
 To pleasure gives birth,
 As sunshine unfolds the sweet buds of the spring :
 No grief shall annoy
 Our hearts light as air ;
 In full tides of joy
 We drown sorrow and care :
 Away with your dungeons, &c.

Trag. Such flippant flirts, grave Britons will despise.

Com. No, but they won't ;—they're merry and are wise :

Trag. You can be wise too : nay, a *thief* can be !

Wife with stale sentiments all stol'n from me :
 Which long cast off, from my heroic verses,
 Have stuff'd your motley, dull, sententious farces :
 The town grow sick !

Com.

Com. For all this mighty pother,
Have you not laugh'd with one eye, cry'd with t'other?

Trag. In all the realms of nonsense, can there be
A monster like your comic-tragedy?

Com. O yes, my dear!—your tragic-comedy.

D U E T T O.

Trag. Wou'd you lose your pow'r and weight?
With this flirt-girl laugh and prate.

Com. Let this lady rage and weep;
Wou'd you choose to go to sleep?

Trag. You're a thief, and whip'd shou'd be.

Com. You're a thief, have stol'n from me.

Both. { Ever distant will we be,
 { Never can, or will agree.

Trag. I beg relief—such company's a curse!

Com. And so do I—I never yet kept worse!

Trag. Which will you choose?

Com. Sour Her, or smiling Me?

There are but two of us.

Enter Harlequin, &c.

Har. O yes, we're three!

Your votes and int'rest, pray, for me! *(to the pl.)*

Trag. What, fall'n so low to cope with thee?

Har. Ouy, Ouy!

Com. Alas, poor We!

(shrugs her shoulders and laughs.)

Har. Though *this* maid scorns me, *this* with passion
flies out,

Though *you* may laugh, and *you* may cry your eyes out;
For all your airs, sharp looks, and sharper nails.

Draggled you were, till I held up your tails:

Each friend I have above, whose voice so loud is,

Will never give me up for two such dowdies;

She's grown so grave, and *she* so cross and bloody,

Without my help your brains will all be muddy:

Deep thought and politics so stir your gall,

When you come here you should not think at all;

And I'm the best for that; be my protectors!

And let friend *Punch* here talk to the electors.

I.

Shou'd Harlequin be banish'd hence,
Quit the place to wit and sense,
What wou'd be the consequence ?

Empty houses,
You and spouses,
And your pretty children dear,
Ne'er wou'd come,
Leave your home,
Unless that I came after ;
Frisking here,
Whisking there ;
Tripping, skipping, ev'ry where,
To crack your sides with laughter.

II.

Though Comedy may make you grin,
And Tragedy move all within,
Why not poll for Harlequin ?

My patch'd jacket
Makes a racket,
O the joy when I appear !
House is full,
Never dull !

Brisk, wanton, wild and clever !
Frisking here,
Whisking there,
Tripping, skipping, ev'ry where,
Harlequin for-ever !

Enter Mercury out of breath.

Mer. Apollo, God of wisdom and this isle,
Upon your quarrel, Ladies, deigns to smile ;
With your permission, Sirs, and approbation,
Determines thus, this sister altercation.——

You, Tragedy, must weep, and love, and rage,
And keep your turn, but not engross the stage ;
And you, gay madam, *gay* to give delight,
Must not, turn'd prude, encroach upon her right :
Each sep'rate charm : *you* grave, *you* light as feather,
Unless that Shakespear bring you both together ;
On both, by nature's grant, that conqueror seizes,
To use you *when*, and *where*, and *how*, he pleases.

For

For you, Monsieur ! (*to Har.*) whenever farce or song
Are sick or tir'd—then you, without a tongue,
Or with one if you please—in Drury-Lane,
As Locum Tenens, may hold up their train.

Thus spoke Apollo—but he added too,
Vain his decrees until confirm'd by you !

(*to the audience.*)

SONG AND CHORUS.

Mer. The muses may sing and Apollo inspire,
But fruitless their song and his lyre,
Till you shall their raptures proclaim :
'Tis you must decree,
For your praise is the key,
To open the Temple of Fame.

Melp. My thunders may roll and my voice shake the stage,
But fruitless my tears and my rage,
Till you shall my triumphs proclaim !
'Tis you must decree, &c.

Tbal. Though poignant my wit, and my satire is true,
My fable and characters new ;
'Tis you must my genius proclaim !
'Tis you must decree, &c.

Har. With heels light as air though about I may frisk,
No monkey more nimble and brisk,
Yet you must my merits proclaim ;
'Tis you must decree,
You may send me to be
Tom Fool to the Temple of Fame.

T H E
G H O S T.

IN TWO ACTS.

*From Mrs. Centliver's MAN BEWITCHED, or
The Devil to do about her.*

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

	5	-	-	-	<i>Dublin.</i>
Sir Jeffrey Constant,					Mr. Hollocombe.
Captain Constant,					Mr. Loveman.
Trusty,					Mr. Remington.
Clinch,					Mr. Jefferys.
Roger,					Mr. Waker.

W O M E N.

Belinda,	-	-	-	-	<i>Mrs. Anstill.</i>
Dorothy,	-	-	-	-	<i>Miss Vandermere.</i>

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Minster Yard in Peterborough.

Enter Captain Constant and Clinch in mourning.

Const. CLINCH! Where are you, firrah? Why don't you come along?

Clin. A pox of this riding post—Look ye, Captain; if you have threescore miles farther to go I am your humble servant.

Const.

Const. No, firrah, I am at my journey's end—This town of Peterborough is the bound of all my wishes.

Clin. Say you so, Sir! Pray be pleas'd to make it mine too.

Capt. Why, what is your wish?

Clin. Why, with submission, Sir, to know the reason of your expedition and gravity of habit: Have you a mind to set up the business of an undertaker here in the country?

Const. No, Clinch, my business is with the living, not with the dead, I'll assure you.

Clin. Then can't I for my blood imagine why you are thus dress'd; your father, nay, your whole family are well; not so much as a nephew or second cousin dead; nay, nor no fear of peace—Then why the devil are we in black? You laugh—But, Sir, to the point; either let me into the secret or discharge me.

Const. Ha, ha, ha! Why then if I must tell thee, this habit, if fortune favours me, will be worth to me two thousand pounds.

Clin. Say you so, Sir; and pray how much will it be worth to me? for I am dress'd like you—I hope you have no design to rob upon the highway.

Const. Rascal!

Clin. Nay, ben't angry, Sir; 'tis what many an honest gentleman must come to: I have no aversion for the name, but I have for the punishment; therefore what good can I do you?

Const. Ha, ha, ha! You can weep, firrah, can't you.

Clin. Ay, Sir, I shall weep, that's certain, to see you come to the gallows—

Const. Ye dog you, I tell you there is no danger.

Clin. No danger—Why then shall I weep for joy, Sir—But how Sir, how? must I roar or shed tears?

Const. So you do but counterfeit well, no matter which.

Clin. Ah, let me alone for counterfeiting; I defy a woman to outdo me in that—Look ye, Sir, you shall hear—hem, hem.

(Roars out.)

Const. Very well—be sure when I weep—

Clin. I'll make terrible faces—What think you, Sir, is not my pipe very musical for weeping?

Const.

Const. O! excellent.

Clin. But what does this signify! Where lies the mystery?

Const. Well then——Since you must know it; you are not insensible how my father has treated me ever since I refused to marry Mrs. Homebred, whose manners suited with her name, and her face was coarser than either; and because I drew a bill upon him for fifty pounds last campaign, he threatens to disinherit me; nay, and swears, that if for the future I don't make it appear I live upon my half pay, he'll make my serjeant his heir, who was once his footman. Indeed I can bear his ill usage no longer.

Clin. Ah! Sir, had you married that lady with twenty thousand pounds, you need not have drawn upon him for fifty.

Const. If she had twenty times as much I shou'd refuse her for Belinda's sake.

Clin. But Sir Jeffrey resolves against that match——you must not marry his steward's daughter.

Const. I hope to prove you a liar, Sir; and by this dress to carry my design; which is to persuade Trusty that my father died of an apoplexy; by which means he must account with me for the half year's rent he sent the old gentleman word was ready for him.

Clin. How much was it, Sir?

Const. Two thousand pound, Clinch——This letter I surpriz'd by an accident; 'tis from my father to him.

(*Reads.*

“ Mr. Trusty,

“ The several sums which you have return'd me, without any receipt, amount to eight hundred pounds; there remains behind two thousand two hundred pounds, which you tell me is ready for me. Don't give yourself any trouble about remitting that, for I design to be down myself in a fortnight; and the leases which you mention'd shall be renewed. You need write no more till you see

Your real friend,

Jeffrey Constant.”

Clin. Excellent, Sir! Why here may be a pretty pen-

ny towards—if the devil don't cross it. But, Sir, if my old master should take a maggot and write to Trusty to return his money after all—his letter and our story wou'd have small connection; we should be oblig'd to alter our note. I wou'd advise you to take the old steward to the tavern, and stay as little in his house as you can for fear of a discovery: besides, Sir, a glass of wine and a fowl makes business go on cheerfully, Sir.

Const. Cheerfully, firrah!—You don't consider that it is not my business to be cheerful.

Clin. Indeed, Sir, you'r right; for here comes Mr. Trusty; therefore put on your crying face.

Enter Trusty.

Tru. There's a report that Sir Jeffry Constant is dead; pray heaven he settled his affairs before he died: for I have no receipt for the money I paid him. (*Aside.*) Captain Constant, your servant. (*Constant takes out his handkerchief, and seems to weep.*) Good lack! the news is really true then, Sir Jeffry is dead.

Clin. Ay, poor gentleman, he's laid low—

Tru. I confess I heard so, but I hop'd it might be report only; I did design to have set out for London as soon as I had din'd—My heart akes—Bless me! what have I paid without any receipt?—I lov'd Sir Jeffry like a brother; truly I am very much troubled—

(*Seems to weep.*)

Clin. Grief is very catching, I find: it makes me weep too—Be comforted, Sir, (*to Constant.*) fathers must go as well as sons

We are all mortal, Sir, grass and hay,

Here to morrow and gone to-day.

Tru. Pray of what distemper did he die?

Const. A pox on the doctors for giving death so many strange names; of an apoplexy.

Clin. Yes, Sir—he died of a perplexity, Sir.

Tru. Of an apoplexy! why then I doubt he died suddenly?

Const. In a moment's time, Sir, he was alive and dead.

Clin. Ay, without ever speaking one word, Sir—

Tru.

Tru. (*Roars out.*) Oh, oh, oh! Did he settle his affairs in his health? did he make any will?—

Clin. No, Sir, he has left all at fixes and sevens.

Tru. Oh, what have I lost!

Const. I know you have lost a friend in my father; but you shall find him again in me.

Tru. Oh, but he has left all things at fixes and sevens, Clinch says—Did he say nothing to you about me before he dy'd?

Const. Not a syllable—But I suppose your concern proceeds from having paid him money without any thing to shew for it under his hand?

Tru. Ay, Sir, there's my misfortune—Oh, oh!

Clin.—Let not that trouble you, Sir, my young master has been inform'd to a farthing what it was—Tell him, tell him, Sir, your father appear'd, and let me alone to clinch it.

[*Aside to Constant.*

Tru. Inform'd!

Const. Yes, Mr. Trusty; my father could not rest till he had disclos'd your affair.

Clin. Ah, good honest soul; seeing he was snatch'd away so suddenly, he has several times appeared.

Tru. How! appear'd say you?

Clin. Ask my master else.

Const. Most certain, Sir—

Clin. He haunted us six days like the devil? sometimes like a shag-dog—sometimes like a white pigeon—At last he came in the shape, Sir, of his own shape; and with a hollow voice, he says—Clinch, says he, do you know me? Yes, Sir, says I, I do. Then addressing himself to my master, don't be afraid, said he, I come to tell you, that at several times I have received from Mr. Trusty—

Tru. Ah, dear ghost, dear ghost! How much did he say?

Const. Eight hundred pounds.

Tru. Right to a penny. Look ye there now, see what it is to deal with honest men; one loses nothing by them though in their graves.

Clin. Oh, the dead, Sir, are the honestest people living—And he charg'd me to tell you, for your satisfaction,

faction, he would come, and give you an acquittance himself.

Tru By no means, I am content ; let the dead visit who they will for me.

Const. Oh fear not, Sir. he'll not trouble you. But to our business, Sir ; what you have paid I will discount

Tru And the rest of the money is at your service, and my daughter too, Sir John, if you have not lost the remembrance of her.

Const. To shew you that I have not, Mr. Trusty, I assure you she will be the welcomest present of the two.

Tru. Say you so. Sir John ! Well, I'll fetch the writings, and dispatch some affairs, and then I'll carry you to my daughter—But upon second thoughts, please to walk into my study, 'tis more convenient.

Const. With all my heart, I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Trusty in his Study with Constant and Clinch. Papers and Money upon the Table.

Tru. There. Sir John, there are in these bags two and-twenty hundred pound, which, with the eight hundred I remitted Sir Jeffrey, is just three thousand pound ; if you please you may count it. 'tis most in gold.

Const. No, I'll take your word for it. Here, Clinch, carry it to Drive the carrier—he is just now going to London : order him where to pay it in, d'ye hear ? You are so much afflicted, Clinch, I am afraid you can't carry it.

Clin. No, Sir—I can hardly carry myself

(*Exit with the Bags.*)

Tru. Poor Sir-Jeffrey, rest his soul, did promise to bate me twenty pound a-year ; for I have paid him, two hundred pounds a-year these sixteen years for land which is not worth a hundred and fourscore.

Enter Roger a Farmer.

Rog. Merrow, landlord, I ha' brought you a little rent ; and in troth 'tis but little neither ; for we ha' had but a sorry

sorry crop of barley; and the crows, a murrain take 'em, ha' eat up all my beans I think.

Tru. But you have a new landlord, Roger. Old Sir Jeffrey is dead, and there's his son.

Rog. Sav you so, master! Bless you, Sir. I did not know your father, not I, though I have paid him many a fair pound——Nor I don't know you; but an' you be my landlord, I'm an honest man; and, though I say it, pay my rent as well as any body.

Const. I don't doubt it, friend——I am sorry your harvest has not prov'd as good as you expected.

Rog. I hope, master, for luck's sake, now, you'll bate me something of my rent.

Const. I can't do that, Roger——For the taxes take away all my money.

Rog. Nay, as you say, master, these taxes are sad things, that's the truth on't——Od they find out strange ways; they had got a trick here once to make one pay for one's head——Mercy on us! I was afraid they wou'd make one pay for one's tail too——My neighbour what do you call 'um——says it cost him the Lord knows what in buryings and chridenings——Adod 'tis a fore thing, a man must pay for lying with his own wife.

Const. A grievance indeed! but taxes can't be help'd so long as the wars continue.

Rog. Wars! Why what need there be any wars? Can't people live peaceab'y and quietly among them elves——If they will squabble and play the rogue, let 'em go to law; can't they set the lawyers to work? I warrant they'll quickly make them as quiet as lambs.

Const. But we are at wars with a prince that cares for no laws but his own; nay, he breaks them too, when 'tis his interest.

Rog. Why then, mercy upon us, I say——Well an' how! may one wish you much joy? Ha you got a wife, landlord? By the mefs you are a pretty man.——

Const. I'm not so happy yet, Roger.

Rog. Say you so? Good lack, I am sorry for't.——Why now here's Mr. Trusty has a good sweetly-look'd gentlewoman to his daughter——What think you of her, landlord?

landlord?—Od, and all parties were agreed, she'd make a rare bedfellow I'm persuaded.

Const. Have you any int'rest with her father?

Rog. Not I, in troth,——but the gentlewoman is of a sweet temper. I wish I could persuade her to run away with you——For a pretty woman is the best luggage in the world——for when a man is weary he may rest upon it; ha, ha!

Const. You are waggish, Roger.

Tru. Yes, yes, Roger will joke; there's your acquittance, if Sir John pleases to sign it—

Const. 'Tis the same thing if you sign it, Mr. Trusty.

(Signs the note.)

Tru. I find my daughter stands fair in your opinion, Roger.

Rog. Look ye, Sir——I hope you ar'nt angry——I meant no harm——I spoke as I thought; an' I had a hundred daughters, you shou'd have them all, an' they wou'd, ha, ha!

Const. I am obliged to thee truly. Prithee hast thou never a single one at present?

Rog. Not that I know of, in troth, Sir; but an' you'll do me a small kindness, Sir, I may chance to get you one about fourteen years hence.

Const. That will be something too long to stay;——But what can I serve thee in, Roger?

Rog. Why, Mrs. Belinda has a kind of a maid called Dorothy; I have had a hankering mind after her these two years; but the siving baggage will not come to a resolution yet.

Tru. You must apply yourself to my daughter, Roger, she'll be the best advocate; but I doubt she's too fine for you.

Rog. Too fine! nay, nay, I'll never quarrel with her for that, an' she can win gold, as the saying is, e'en let her wear it.

Tru. But I doubt you are not fine enough for her.

Rog. Mayhap so, as you say; indeed I have not such gay clothes as these gentlefolk have, because I can't afford it, do you see; else I should like 'em well enough——In troth, I believe I have seeds of a gentleman in me; for methinks now I like broad cloth better than my leathern
thern

thern breeches, and a Holland shirt far before an hempen one—Adod methinks, I, I, I could be well enough contented with a bottle of wine every day—I am mainly inclined to strong beer—and don't care a farthing if I never were to drink any small.

Const. Oh! extraordinary symptoms of a gentleman I'll assure you—Well, we'll speak to Dolly for you.

Tru. Ay, ay, we'll all speak for you; go, go into the cellar then, and drink thy belly-full.

Const. Be sure to drink Dolly's health.

Rog. Thank you kindly, Sir,—Ay, ay, master, that I will, I promise you, in a full horn—So landlord, good bye to you with all my heart— [Exit.

Tru. Now, Sir John, I'll send my daughter to keep you company till I look for leases your father order'd me to get drawn; which if you think fit to sign—

Const. If the tenants are able men, with all my heart.

Tru. Oh! very sufficient men, Sir John.

[Exit. Trusty.

Enter Clinch.

Clin. Well, you have secur'd the money, Sir, and my advice is to dispatch the woman as fast as you can, and find some pretences to defer these leases for two or three days—Sir Jeffrey is whimsical; and if he should alter his mind and come down—

Const. Were wou'd be no staying for me, if he shou'd; therefore I design to be as quick as possible—Come, Clinch, let's away.

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Street before Mr. Trusty's door.*

Rog. comes out of the house with a pitchfork on his shoulder, and a lanthorn in his hand.

Rog. IT will be very dark e're I get home—Od, I'm main merry; Master Trusty keeps rare nappy ale, and Dick the butler is an honest fellow. Lord, firs, how bravely these gentlefolk live—Methinks I like it hugely; and I'm persuaded I was design'd for a gentleman, but was spoil'd in the making: Nay, nay, I was

made well enough too, that's the truth on't; but 'tis that damn'd jade Fortune that has spoil'd me; for an' I had an estate now, I know how to live like a gentleman——I could scorn the poor, and screw up my tenants, and wou'd sooner give ten pound to a wench than twopence for charity: I could quickly turn——my cart into a coach, and my man Plod into a coachman——I could hurry into the tradesmen's books——wear fine clothes, and never pay for them——ly with their wives, and make my footmen beat their husbands when they came to ask me for money. Get drunk with lords, and break the watchmen's heads——scour the streets, and sleep in bawdy houses——sell my lands, and pay no debts——get a charge of ballads for the parish to maintain——Then by the help of a commission, transport myself out of their reach.

Enter Sir Jeffrey Constant in a riding habit.

Sir Jef. Do you hear, friend?

Rog. Mayhap I do——and mayhap I do not; what then, Sir?

Sir Jef. Nay, the matter's not great——Do you live at that house?

Rog. I did a little while ago——when I was in the cellar.

Sir Jef. A comical fellow. Then you don't serve Mr. Trusty?

Rog. No, Sir, I serve his master though, as most farmers do their landlords.

Sir Jef. I understand you: you rent one of the Knight's farms?

Rog. Ay, and a plaguy dear one too——

Sir Jef. Say you so! that's a pity; I'll speak a good word for thee——Is Mr. Trusty at home?

Rog. I thank thee heartily. Yes, Sir, he's at home. *(Runs to the door and knocks. Trusty opens the door and shrieks out, and throws it to again.)* Wookers, what's the matter now?

Sir Jef. Was not that Mr. Trusty?

Rog. Yes, Sir, I think so.

Clin. *(Within.)* Oh undone, undone; *(Clinch peeps out as affrighted)* here's my old master.

Sir Jef. What's that?

Rog.

Rog. Nay, I heard a noise, but can't tell what they said—But an' you please to come wo' me, Sir, I'll carry you in the back way.

Sir Jef. The back way—what can be the meaning of this? why shou'd he start at sight of me? there must be something more in it than I can fathom; and yet I think he's an honest man. I never found any thing to the contrary. Prithee, friend, knock again.

[*Roger knocks, then listens.*]

Rog. They are all asleep, Sir—For I cannot so much as hear a mouse stir—

Sir Jef. Asleep! that's impossible—But come, friend, shew me the back door you spoke of—

Rog. Ay, Sir; but upon second thoughts,—I must be a little wary too. Are you not some rogue that comes to rob the house, with half a dozen pistols about you? for, look ye, I'm an honest man, and won't be drawn in for a halter.

Sir Jef. You rascal, do I look like a thief?

Rog. Nay, nay, as for looks—that's no matter, do ye see—I have known many a rogue with as good a countenance—No disparagement to your's I promise you So that I shall not stir one step without you'll stand search.

Sir Jef. I shall break your head, firrah, if you provoke me, I tell you but that.

Rog. And what must I be doing in the mean time?—Ha! old gentleman; break my head, quotha!—You are mistaken—we don't use to take broken heads in our country, mun—Ha, ha! I won't shew you the back door now, and how will you help yourself?

Sir Jef. I know all the doors of this house as well as you—and can shew myself in— (Going.

Rog. Can you so—but I'll watch you—I wonder who this old fellow is.

Sir Jef. Sure some madness has seiz'd the family; for certainly I'm not chang'd—Without dispute Trusty knows me; but I'll find the cause presently. (Exit.

Rog. And so will I— (Exit.

Enter, out of the house, Captain Constant and Clinch.

Clin. So, Sir, here's music to your wedding with a

witness. What do you intend to do now?—Do you think it possible to persuade your father too that he died of an apoplexy?

Const. I fear, Clinch, that's beyond the art of thy impudence to do,——

Clin. Nay, this plot was none of my impudence's contriving, that's my comfort——I'm but a servant; you told me you was in mourning for your father——And faith I resolve not to believe the father to the contrary.

Const. Why, thou can'st not sure have the confidence to stand it out to his face?

Clin. Never fear me, Sir—You don't know what I can do—What say you, Sir? shall we persuade the old gentleman into a ghost; or will you own your fault and refund the money?

Const. Neither, Clinch—I have more duty than to attempt the one, and more necessity than to submit to the other——

Clin. Nay, if you be so divided——What do you propose?

Const. I know not what to do——I'm glad the ceremony was over before he came: but stay and use your own discretion—if you can banter Sir Jeffrey, and save your bones, do; but be sure to give us notice of all that passes.

Clin. What, if my bones are broke?——I thank you heartily for your love, Sir.

Const. No, no, Clinch; take heed you keep out of the reach of his cane.

Clin. Or he'll make me feel he's flesh and blood.——Hark, I hear him coming, good-bye to you, Sir.——

(Runs in.)

Enter Dolly.

Dolly. Well, I'm glad my lady's marry'd; for if this old spark had come three hours sooner, I wou'd not have ventur'd two to ten of the match——I can't imagine where the bridegroom's gone——nor what he will do, when my master comes to have a right understanding; but I resolve to keep him ignorant as long as I can. Ho, here he comes.

Enter

Enter Trusty.

Oh, Sir, I am frighted out of my wits; I went to serve my lady's Italian greyhound, and I found a great swinging dog as large as an ox, with two great eyes as big as bushels; and before I could call out,—whip, it was vanish'd——

Tru. Mercy upon us——'Twas certainly Sir Jeffrey——Clinch! Clinch! Clinch!

Enter Clinch.

Clin. Sir, did you call?——

Tru. Did not you say your old master appeared in the shape of a dog?

Clin. Ay, Sir, several times.

Dolly. In a huge great dog?

Tru. As big as an ox?

Dolly. Ay, Sir, as big as an elephant.

Clin. Ay, Sir, five times as big as an elephant.

Dolly. Ah! then it was certainly him I saw. Oh dear, oh dear, if the house be haunted, I must leave it. I cannot live in't if I might have a thousand pounds; and maybe he'll appear to nobody but me—I am sure I never did him any harm; 'tis true I did not love him, because he was something stingey—He never gave me a farthing in his life——

Tru. Nay, for that matter, I have got many a fair pound by him, and yet he appear'd to me to-day.

Clin. Indeed, Sir? in what shape, pray?

Dolly. Like an ox, or an elephant?

Tru. No, in his own shape; but I wish I may never see him more, for I was horribly fear'd.

Clin. What, had he a cloven foot, Sir, did you mind?

Tru. Nay, for my part—I know not whether he had any feet or no.—Ha! bless me, defend me—protect me—avoid Satan.—(*Retreating all this while.*) I never wrong'd that form which thou hast ta'en; so tell him—and for money, I have accounted for that, and all things are rectify'd——

(*Exit.*)

Enter Sir Jeffrey amaz'd.

Dolly. Oh! shield me ye stars.

(*Runs in.*)

Clin. O legs! save me, save me.

(*Runs in.*)

Enter Roger.

Sir Jef. What, am I become a monster? Do I fright all I come near? What can be the reason of this?

The doors are all barricaded ; and when I knock none will answer——Prithce, friend, ask somebody the cause of these disorders ?

Rog. No, Sir, I'll not budge a foot ; for I don't know what to say to you. The family were all well, and in their right senses, when I left them ; and now upon sight of you they are all distracted I think—I wish you be'n't a conjurer.

Sir Jef. Sirrah, I believe you are the Devil : This fellow will make me mad. This must be some stratagem to abuse me ; and this rogue is in their interest. Why don't you go about your business, Sirrah ? What do you hanker after me for ?

Rog. Nay—an' you go to that. what do you lounge about this house for ?——Oh ! Dolly, are you there ; here's an old gentleman is quite out of patience.

Dolly. (*Trembling above.*) Oh, oh, oh, oh !—

Rog. Heyday ! what, have you got the palsy ?

Sir Jef. What ails you to tremble so, sweetheart ? is Mr. Trusty within ?

Dolly. I, I, I, I, I, O, o, o, o, o, Roger—Ha, ha, have a care, ca, care—Don't yo, yo, you come near him——nor let him to, to, to, touch you even with his little finger——

Sir Jef. Bless me ! what ails the wench ?

Rog. No, why, what's the matter ? He has not the plague about him, has he ? Or, is he a spy from the king of France ?—Od an he be, I'll maul him——

Dolly. Oh, oh !——'tis a, a ghost !

Rog. The devil it is——(*Takes his pitchfork off his shoulder, and holds it at Sir Jeffrey.*)

Sir Jef. A ghost, where ?——Who——what's a ghost ? Death, what means she ?

Rog. Od's flesh, my hair stands an end. Look ye—keep off Mr. Beelzebub, or—or——

Sir Jef. Look ye, sweetheart, what frenzy has possess'd you, I know not—but if you take me for a ghost—you are deceived. Therefore look well at me.—Do I not appear like flesh and blood ?

Dolly. Ay, bo. bo. bo, but we, we, we know yo, yo, you a, a, a, are not so, Sir.

Sir Jef. Zounds, will they persuade me out of my life ?

life? See, friend,—do I walk like a spirit? Do the dead move, and talk as I do?

Rog. When I am dead,—if you ask me, I'll resolve you, if I can.

Sir Jef. Why! feel me, feel me.

Rog. Feel the Devil—Mercy upon me—Keep off. I say—Will ye—or I'll stick your godship through the guts.

Sir Jef. What shall I do?—Nay, prithee, friend.

Rog. Friend me no friends—Look ye, I am not to be coax'd by the Devil when I know 'tis the Devil. Indeed, when you are got into a lawyer or a handsome woman, one may be trapann'd.

Sir Jef. Why will you be so positive? Has any body impos'd upon upon you?—Pray, who told you was dead!

Dolly. Those that knew very well, Sir.

Enter Clinch.

But I am not able to bear the sight of you any longer—Now let Clinch take his part. *(Exit.*

Sir Jef. Go to be hang'd—Hell and furies!—Ha, what do I see—My son's man! Sirrah, what makes you here?

Clin. Mercy upon me,—

Sir Jef. What do you stare at, rascal, ha?

Clin. But that I believe you are dead, Sir, or I shou'd swear you are alive—

Sir Jef. You believe I am dead, rogue—How dare you believe such an impudent lie? Where's the rake your master? I find now who has rais'd this report. Sirrah, what's your business here?

Clin. To wait on my master, Sir—

Sir Jef. To wait on your master—And where is your master, pray?

Clin. Nay, for my part, Sir, I am not qualified enough to answer a spirit—There's Mr. Anthem, the afternoon-lecturer within; Roger here may step and call him out a little.

Rog. With all my heart—If there be any thing that troubles his mind I'll go this minute—

Sir Jef. Sirrah—I'll qualify you for an hospital—I will ye dog—

(Runs after him.

Clin. Oh, oh, oh!

Rog. Well run, Clinch: well run ghost!—Ad, 'tis a plaguy malicious spirit though.

Clin. Oh, oh, oh!

(*Runs in.*)

Rog. I'll venture to speak to it once more—In the name of goodness—what is it that disturbs your rest? Pray tell me; and as I'm an honest man I'll do you justice, as far as twenty pounds a-year free-land, and all the crops of my farm, goes—For I perceive you was my landlord whilst you was living: and though your son seems to be a very honest gentleman, yet I don't know what he may prove for a landlord—Then pray speak, can I serve you?

Sir Jef. 'Tis in vain to be angry—I must seem to comply with this fellow—Yes, friend, 'tis in thy power to serve me; if thou can't procure me the sight of Mr. Trusty, 'tis with him my business is.

Rog. I'll do my best endeavours, Sir—but keep your distance—(*He goes a little way, then turns back.*) But hark ye, Sir, suppose he won't come out, can't I tell him your mind?

Sir Jef. No, no, I must speak with him myself—Death!—

Rog. Good lack—What, perhaps—your soul won't rest else—

Sir Jef. Heaven give me patience.

Rog. (*Going, turns back.*) But after you have spoken with him, will you be quiet, and haunt this house no more? that's the question look ye.

Sir Jef. A pox of thy impertinent interrogations. No—

Rog. That's enough!—But hold, must he come out, or speak to you through the window?

Sir Jef. Any way, so I do but speak to him—Oh, oh!—

Rog. Very well, very well, (*Going.*) But hark ye, Sir Ghost—you'll be here—Or Mr. Trusty will be woundy angry with me.

Sir Jef. Oh, patience, patience! or, I shall burst (*Aside.*) Ay, ay, I'll not stir.

Rog. Well, I'll take your word. (*Going.*) Hold, hold, one thing more, and I ha' done—pray tell me the nature

ture of a ghost—Do you troubled spirits fly in the air or swim in the water, pray?

Sir Jef. Oh! the Devil—

Rog. Mercy on us! what are you the Devil, say you? Oh heaven help you! Well then, are you sure he will see you? for every body can't see a ghost, they say, especially if the Devil be in't.

Sir Jef. Zounds, I tell you he'll see me as plain as you see me.

Rog. Nay, nay, that's plain enough—Well, I'll knock; but, but, but don't you come an inch nearer me, I charge you. *(Knocks.)*

Sir Jef. Would I had been an hundred miles off when I first saw thee. What has my graceless son been doing?

Dolly. Who's there? *(Speaks within.)*

Rog. 'Tis I, *Dolly.* Prithee tell Master Trusty, that he must speak to this ghost, or there's nothing to be done—

Dolly. I doubt he will not be persuaded to it.

Rog. Why, let him speak to it through the window, or from the top of the house—so he does but speak to it; but in short it must be spoke to, and by him, for it is a confounded fullen spirit, and will ~~disturb~~ its mind to nobody else—he smells curfledly of brimstone—Look ye, if Master will come out, it shan't hurt him—for I'll keep it off with my fork; so tell him, *Dolly.*

Dolly. I'll inform him.

Trusty opens the window.

Rog. So I have done it, you see—Here's Master Trusty. *(Going to the window.)*

Sir Jef. I thank you.

Trust. I am not able to stand if it comes near me.—Why are you thus disturb'd, Sir Jeffrey?—I assure you, your son has done every thing very justly.

Sir Jef. Why are you thus imposed upon, Mr. Trusty, to believe I am dead? My son quotha!—Oh that I had never got that son— *(Weeps.)*

Trust. I know not what to think; sure 'tis no ghost.

Rog. Well, this thing is the likest flesh and blood that ever I saw.

Sir

Sir Jef. Pray do but touch me, Mr. Trusty,—'tis very odd you will not be persuaded to touch me.

(Puts out his hand towards the window.)

Rog. Take heed, Mr. Trusty.

Tru. Why should I fear, I never wrong'd him—I'll venture; but first—*(holds up his hands as if he pray'd)* now—how—hah! 'tis a real hand,—he's living; Sir, I am convinced.

Rog. Say you so—Why then if you are alive, the fright's over, and I'm glad on't with all my heart.

Tru. I ask your pardon, Sir; I have been abus'd—grossly abus'd. Sir Jeffrey, your son came down in mourning, and assured me you was dead.

Sir Jef. I'll make him mourn for something, I warrant you.

Tru. Oh! undone for ever—Oh, oh, oh!

Rog. Here's small smirth towards, as far as I can find. I'll e'en take t'other horn of ale, and t'other buss of Dolly.

(Exit into the house.)

(Clinch listening.)

Sir Jef. What has the rogue's extravagance cost me? but if he starves for the future, I care not; he never shall get a groat from me.

Clin. Nay, then we may all go for soldiers. *(Aside.)*

Sir Jef. Where is he?

Tru. Oh, oh, oh! I know not; but wherever he is—I am wretched; he has made me miserable, I'm sure. Oh, oh, oh!

Sir Jef. No, Mr. Trusty; though you have used me dirtily, in making me the jest of your family; for you might have discover'd the imposture with less precaution; yet I'll not take that advantage which the laws allow. You have serv'd me long; and I believe you honest. I'll discharge you from what you have paid my undutiful child—Let him take what he has got, and make the best on't.

Clin. That's something, however. *(Aside.)*

Tru. You are generous, Sir Jeffrey, even beyond my hopes: But, oh! there is yet a greater offence behind, which cuts me deeper than the money—alas, my daughter—

Sir Jef. What of her?

Tru.

Tru. Is married to your son — Oh, oh, oh !

Sir Jef. Then he is completely wretched — A wife, and no estate ; ha, ha, ha ! I'm glad on't with all my heart.

Clin. There's a kind father now — I must give my master notice of his good fortune. *(Exit.*

Tru. Oh ! say not so, Sir ; be not glad of my child's ruin ; had I known you liv'd, the match had never been.

Sir Jef. Go ; you are not the man I took you for — you are but a knave ; you ought to have been as just to my heir as to myself — What, was your blood fit to be popt into my estate ? Ha ! or have you been really a steward, and cheated me out of a fortune for your daughter ?

Enter Captain Constant and Belinda.

— Oh, thou graceless wretch, get out of my sight.

Const. (Kneeling.) I confess, Sir, I am unworthy of your mercy, but throw myself wholly upon your good nature and fatherly affection ; with this resolution, never to attempt aught against your pleasure more.

Sir Jef. No, Sir, nothing you can do for the future, shall either please or displease me ; mark that.

Bel. Give us your blessing, Sir, and we shall never quarrel with fortune for her favours ! love shall supply that defect ; my chief concern shall be to shew my duty, and by my care to please you, prove the entire affection I have for your son ; and that way make up the inequality of my birth and fortune.

Sir Jef. You shall never make up any thing with me, I promise you, madam, whilst he is your father — Death, marry my slave ?

Tru. The name of slave belongs not to us free-born people ; but were I your slave, she is no child of mine, but daughter to my Lord Belville, which I have brought up ever since she was three days old.

Sir Jef. Is it possible ? Od, madam, I wish you joy with all my soul ; and if this is matter of fact, you shall go to Flanders no more, Jack.

Enter Roger and Dolly.

Rog. Save you all — Master and landlord that was, and
master

master and landlord that is, I'm glad to hear all is over with all my soul—I hope you'll not forget your promise, though to your poor tenant Roger—which was to speak to master—No, no, speak to yourself now, Sir—my farm is woundy dear.

Tru. You are wond'rous merry, Roger.

Rog. So is every body you know, Sir, when they are prepared for the parson ; are they not, Mrs. Belinda ? I hope I shall have your consent ; for I have got Dolly in the mind at last.

Bel. I wish you joy, with all my heart, Roger.

Const. I'm glad to see you follow your lady's example, Mrs. Dorothy.

Dol. She set too good a pattern not to imitate, Sir.

Const. Now I am happy—

Belinda mine, and you my faults forgive :

'Tis from this moment I begin to live.

Love sprung the mine, and made the breach in duty,

No cannon-ball can execute like beauty.

But I'll no more in search of pleasures rove,

Since ev'ry blessing is compriz'd in love.

(*Exeunt.*)

THE
A B S E N T M A N.

IN TWO ACTS.

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Doctor Gruel,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Drury Lane,</i>
<i>Shatterbrain,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Hurst.</i>
<i>Walden,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mr. King.</i>
<i>Captain Slang,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Cautherly.</i>
<i>Concomb,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mr. J. Palmer.</i>
<i>Frank,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
<i>Robin,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
				<i>Mr. J. Burton.</i>

WOMEN.

<i>Mrs. Jenket,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mrs. Johnston.</i>
<i>Miss Frolich,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Miss Reynolds.</i>
<i>Flavia,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mrs. Barry.</i>
<i>Landlady,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Mrs. Bradshaw.</i>

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Shatterbrain's Lodgings. A Dressing Table with a Glass, &c. Frank asleep in a Chair. Landlady enters in a hurry.

Land. Mr. Frank—Mr. Frank!

Frank. What's the matter?

Land. Rouse, rouse, man.

Frank. Is my master come home?

Land. Your master come home! no, he's not—but
there's

there's the doctor below in his chariot come to carry him to his bride.

Frank. Yaw——have I slept long ?

Land. You are asleep still, one would think—I tell you there's your master's father-in-law, that is to be, come to fetch him away.

Frank. My master's father-in-law, that is to be, come to fetch him away !

Land. Ay.

Frank. Well—what shall we do ?

Land. Nay, I don't know—I come to ask you.

Frank. If I was not acquainted with my master now, I should naturally conclude that he had either hanged or drown'd himself, in order to avoid being married.

Land. Oh, he's a sad gentleman !

Frank. He is a little out of the way sometimes, indeed.

Land. But the Doctor waits—What excuse will you make him ?

Frank. Why, none—I remember it was a maxim with an attorney I once served, always to tell the truth——when I lie could not serve his purpose better——and I think we must e'en follow his example at present.

Land. Then I'll run down again, though I make a strange dirty figure. (*Looking at herself in the glass.*) Lord ! how I'm alter'd within these twelve years.

Frank. I will but rub my eyes and follow you.

SCENE II.

Frank standing silent for some time, falls into an immoderate fit of laughter.

Well, if ever I (*Laughs again.*) if ever I heard the like of this since I was born. I wish I may be married to a woman of threescore, with the constitution of a girl of sixteen—Why it will be the general joke of the whole town—that a man (*Laughs again.*) that a man should be such a—but stay—I'll tell the story to myself, and try how it will sound—Doctor Gruel, a physician of noted worth and eminence, comes to a certain gentleman, Mr. Shatterbrain by name ; and on account of an ancient friendship subsisting between their families, and for some other reasons, which shall be nameless, offers him his on-ly

ly daughter for a wife—Mr. Shatterbrain accepts the proposal; and in short, the happy day arrives, in which he is to be put in possession of the amiable object; when, behold you, the Doctor coming to call on his destined son-in-law, presto, pass and be gone, the bird is flown; my gentleman is not to be found—He took himself off the same morning about seven o'clock—and nobody can tell what is become of him—it will never do——But, hark! the Doctor is marching up stairs—perhaps he may be able to give a physical reason for this.

SCENE III.

Frank, Doctor Gruel, Landlady.

Doctor. So, young man, where's your master?

Frank. Really, Sir, I don't know.

Doctor. When will he come in?

Frank. Upon my word, Sir, I can't tell.

Doctor. Did he say nothing to you when he was going out?

Frank. Not a syllable, Sir.

Doctor. Nor to you, Madam?

Land. Nor to me, Sir, as I'm a Christian.

Doctor. Mercy on us; I suppose you know what engagements he had upon his hands this evening?

Frank. Yes, sure, Sir, very well, and I thought he had known it himself; but it seems I was mistaken.

Doctor. Seriously, I am afraid some accident has happened to him.

Frank. No, Sir, I don't believe any accident has happened to him.

Land. Nor I neither, Sir.

Doctor. What's your opinion then?

Frank. I believe I need not tell you, Sir, that my master is, one or other, the most absent man this day upon the face of the earth.

Doctor. Truly I have often heard him remarked for it; nay, I have myself taken notice of several glaring instances of it in him; but that is a failing he will soon get the better of when his thoughts are properly employed; and matrimony——

Frank. Will in all likelihood perfectly cure him. 'Tis granted, Sir, matrimony is without doubt an excellent re-

remedy in such distempers; a kind of manna and cream of tartar; a mixture of sweet and sour, wonderfully adapted to purge the mind of its gross humours, and reduce the understanding to a perfect regularity of constitution.

Doctor. A good comical fellow this.

Frank. But you cannot expect that the patient should recover, Sir, before you have administered the remedy you intend to prescribe for his disease: therefore, you must not be surprised if my master happens to labour under a very violent fit of his out-of-the-way malady at this present moment.

Doctor. How do you mean?

Frank. Neither more nor less than that he has forgot he was to be married to your daughter to-night, Sir.

Doctor. Forgot?

Land. As sure as can be he has, Doctor.

Frank. Ay, Sir, forgot—and giving the reins to his wild imagination, suffer'd it to run away with him the Lord knows whither. Why, Sir, when he is in the forgetting mood, his memory is a perfect sieve—Any thing will fall through it—I have known him forget his own name before now.

Doctor. I am unwilling to think my friend Shatter-brain design'd to affront me—But if his memory was a sieve, to which you compare it, that only yields a passage to minuter particles, while the more gross remain behind—And an affair of consequence, like——

Frank. Lord, Sir! I could tell you such stories of him, as would make you credit this with very little difficulty—For instance, the other day he was sitting in a coffee-house, when a fly which had buzz'd about him a good while, and he was watching an opportunity to kill, unluckily settled upon the cheek of a person who stood near him—Ha! says he, I believe I have you now; and with that, Sir, he up with his hand, and hit the poor gentleman such a confounded slap as made the room ring again; one started, the other stared; in short, swords were drawn, and the case would infallibly have been transferred to Hyde-Park, had not the acquaintance on both sides interposed; so he begged pardon, confessed

fessed he did not know what he was doing; it ended in a hearty laugh, and the general astonishment of the whole company.

Land. About a fortnight ago, Sir, he locked up a lady and a gentleman in his bed-chamber here, in the way of a joke only; was call'd down about some business, forgot it by the time he came to the foot of the stairs, went out with the key in his pocket, and it was six o'clock before we could set the pounded couple at liberty.

Frank. His ideas are so confused sometimes, Sir, that I have known him write a letter to one person, direct it to another, and send it to a third, who could not devise who it came from; because he had forgot to put his name to the bottom on't.

Land. A beggar takes off his hat to him on the street, in hopes of receiving an alms; Mr. Shatterbrain makes him a low bow, tells him he's his most obedient humble servant, and walks on.

Frank. But the best thing I have heard of him a good while, was, what he did lately at a gentleman's house in the city; where, taking his leave with an intention to go away, in one of his absent fits he mounted up three pair of stairs into the garret. The maids that by chance were ironing there, wonder'd what the plague kept such a stamping about the rooms; when one of them taking a candle to see what it was, found my poor master; who, in the utmost confusion, told her, he fancy'd he had made some mistake, and begg'd to know if that was not the way to the street door.

Doctor. Well, I don't know; but if his present behaviour proceeds from his forgetfulness, it is the most extraordinary instance of the kind that ever was heard of. And how shall I proceed in this case? my daughter is at home ready dressed; the lawyer will be there presently with the writings; I have taken out a licence, appointed the clergyman to come and marry them; how shall I put it off after this, without making us all ridiculous?

Frank. 'Tis very true, Sir; I am sure I have been at my wits end about it all day.

Land. Suppose, Mr. Frank, you were to go and look for

for your master again? what if you gave a peep into the Bedford-Coffee-House.

Frank. Shall I, Sir?

Doctor. If you think you will find him there.

Frank. It can be no harm to try, Sir.

Doctor. Very well, I'll wait for you; go, and make what haste you can.

SCENE IV.

Doctor Gruel, Landlady.

Land. I hope he may find him.

Doctor. So do I with all my heart; for on many accounts I would not wish to have my daughter's marriage delay'd. Her own indiscretion, Madam, has occasioned me to treat her with a severity of late very irksome both to herself and me.

Land. That's a pity, Sir.

Doctor. In truth and so it is. Few fathers have taken greater care in the education of a child; nor has that care been wholly unprofitable; for I think I may say without vanity, that there is not a young woman in England, of her age and station, more completely accomplished than my Flavia.

Land. And yet she has no more pride, I warrant than a boarding-school girl in the first row of her sampler.

Doctor. That's her fault. Madam—a proper pride is woman's virtue—I should be sorry to see my daughter give herself airs; but at the same time I would have her know her proper value; I would not have her throw herself away.

Land. No, to be sure, Sir.

Doctor. And yet had I not interposed my parental authority such was her purpose. Madam; if I may call it throwing herself away, to marry a young fellow not worth a groat.

SCENE V.

Doctor Gruel, Landlady, Frank *out of breath.*

Frank. My master's coming, Sir.

Land. As I'm a Christian I'm glad on't.

Doctor. Where did you meet him?

Frank.

Frank. I met him. Sir—O Lord—I met him at the end of the street. Sir.—Where he has been Heaven knows; but such a figure—So, Sir. I told him I had been in search after him all day, and how you were waiting here—but if I had snapped a pistol at his breast, it would not have put him in greater consternation—he took to his heels directly like a madman; and I have almost run myself breathless in order to get home before him, and bring the tidings to your worship.

Doctor. Why, this is as it should be, Madam.

Land. Ay, ay Sir, all's right again—but I hear Mr. Shatterbrain coming up, so I'll take my leave.

Doctor. I wish you a good evening; we shall hear how what this whimsical gentleman will have to say for himself.

SCENE VI.

Doctor Gruel. Frank, Shatterbrain.

Shatter. Come, my things to dress quickly—my things to dress.—*Doctor Gruel,* your most obedient humble servant—I beg ten thousand pardons, but I'll be ready to wait on you immediately—*Frank,* why don't you make haste?

Frank. I am making all the haste I can, Sir.

Doctor. Time enough, time enough.

Shatter. I hope Sir, your mother's very well?

Doctor. My mother! Sir?

Shatter. Yes, Sir. I hope she is—a—

Doctor. I hope she is happy, Mr. Shatterbrain. Poor woman, she has been dead these nine years; but I believe you mean to ask me for my daughter.

Shatter. For your daughter! Upon my word, and so I do—bless my soul, what was I thinking of. Did I say your mother? No, no; your daughter to be sure—How does Miss Gruel, Sir?

Doctor. Very well, and at your service heartily. If you recollect, we agreed to consummate our affairs this evening. Accordingly, I have disposed every thing for that purpose; and having a patient to visit in your neighbourhood here, called in my return home to take you along with me—Guess then how I was surprised when the people

people told me you had gone out early, and nobody knew whither.

Sbatter. Really, Sir. I am quite ashamed ; but upon my word it went out of my head.

Doctor. Why, so your servant said he was sure it had ; and I am very well pleased to find he was not mistaken, for in truth I was apprehensive that it proceeded from a worse cause, and some ill accident detain'd you—But where the deuce have you been with your shoes and stockings ?

Sbatter. Frank, what are you doing ?—My shoes and stockings, Sir ? Why, they are in a very beastly pickle, that's the truth on't—and now I look at them again, upon my soul I am amazed how I could contrive to make them so—though the roads were confounded deep ; and if they had been a fathom it would have been just the same ; for I never pick my steps, but wade through the middle of every thing—I had like to have been run over once or twice.

Doctor. Then you walked into the country ?

Sbatter. Faith, Sir, I had no thoughts of it when I left home—but I don't know how it was, the beauty of the weather had enticed me as far as Putney before I perceived that I was on t'other side the river ; where, meeting with a party of friends going to dine at Richmond, I made a fifth in their vehicle—by the way I was obliged to get one of the ladies to pay my reckoning ; for when I came to put my hand in my pocket, the deuce a farthing had I about me.

Frank. No, that I will answer for——Here is your purse, Sir ; you left it on the hall table last night when you were discharging the chairmen ; and 'twas very well I went down as I did, or ten to one but somebody might have whipped it away.

Sbatter. Which would have been a loss to me, I see——though I don't know how much was in it.

Doctor. But did not you talk of dressing ? If you have any such intention, you had better do it speedily ; and as you will be some little time about it, I will make use of the opportunity to dispatch a few visits, which I must necessarily make this afternoon—You will come as

soon

soon as you are ready—and believe me, when I assure you, I long to see you one of my family.

SCENE VII.

Shatterbrain, Frank.

Frank. By dad, Sir, we had like to have been all to pieces here—I believe the doctor thought you had given him the slip, and that you would not take the goods off his hands after you had bargained for them.

Shatter. Very well, he might think so—and you, Mr. Dunderpate, when you knew how my affairs were circumstanced, why did not you put me in mind?

Frank. Because, Sir, I thought—

Shatter. Because you always think wrong, Sir—Was there any one to enquire for me here to-day?

Frank. Yes, Sir, Mr. Welldon was here five or six times.

Shatter. Mr. Welldon!

Frank. I believe he is but just come to town, Sir, for he had his boots on—he said he'd call again.

Shatter. If he should, let him know I shall be glad to see him at Dr. Gruel's, which will be my place of residence henceforward. (*After picking his teeth, in a negligent manner, while Frank seems to put his things in order.*) Well! upon my soul Mrs. Junket is a very agreeable woman, and so is her friend Miss Frolick. I have not spent a day more pleasantly a great while—

Frank. Was your honour with those ladies to-day then? I saw them go by in a coach and four with Captain Slang and Mr. Coxcomb—But let me look at you a little, Sir—if I may be so bold as to ask the question, pray do you intend to salute this young lady this evening?

Shatter. What would the puppy be at?

Frank. Because, Sir, if your mind is bent that way, I would beg leave to salute you first with my razor—Odds bobs, if you should attempt to go near her with that bristly beard!—

Shatter. Give me my cap.

Frank. Now, if you'll sit down, Sir, and let me put this cloth about you, I'll make your chin as smooth as the surface of a bowling-green in a twinkling—

(*Shatterbrain sits down to be shaved ; Frank puts on the shaving-cloth. Shatterbrain talking while the servant labours him*)

Shatter. Apropos, Frank, cou'd you ever learn where I lost my boot the last day I was out a-riding?

Frank. Lord, Sir, how should I learn; I never heard of such a thing in my life!

Shatter. I have been thinking with myself that one of the fellows at the livery-stable must have stole it from me, as I was getting off the horse——

Frank. It's well your legs are not loose, we should soon have you reduced to your stumps. [*Afide.*]

Shatter. Whu, whu.

Frank. Consider what I'm doing, Sir! If you whistle I shall cut you.

Shatter. Cut me! 'Sdeath that razor is fit to cut nothing but deal-boards; 'tis a perfect saw: change it directly.

Frank. I will, Sir, I will.

SCENE VIII.

Shatterbrain, Frank, Welldon.

Shatter. My dear Welldon, ten thousand welcomes. (*Shatterbrain, forgetting the condition he is in, rises with the cloth about him, and runs and salutes Welldon on both sides the face.*) My fellow tells me you have designed me this favour two or three times to-day.

Well. I have call'd here more than once, I believe.

Shatter. Because you had any particular commands for me, or only *en passant*?

Well. Oh, no very particular commands——But I seem to have broke in upon you abruptly.

Shatter. My friends can never do so, Sir, though I must own I could wish you had timed your visit a little better; for such is the malignity of my stars, that I cannot at present stay to enjoy the benefit of it.——I must leave you, my boy, and I will give you half an hour to guess the occasion which forces me to do a thing otherwise so repugnant to my inclinations.

Well. I am the worst diviner in the world; I cannot even draw consequences.

Shatter. Then, without farther circumlocution, Sir—I am going to be married.

Well.

Well. Married !

Shatter. (*Taking out his snuff-box.*) The devil take me but I am.

Well. Then my intelligence is just, and all my fears are true.

Shatter. Do you ever take snuff ?

Well. Confusion !

Shatter. Hey——you, Sir——Frank——What have you done to my snuff, blockhead ? 'tis wet and smells of soap.

Frank. Wet, and smells of soap, Sir !——Well it may ; is not your face all over lather ? Sure I had but just begun to shave you.

Shatter. Oh, follow me into the next room, and make an end of it. You'll excuse me taking this liberty.

SCENE IX.

*Well*don, *and afterwards* Frank.

Well. Pray make no apologies——Unkind Flavia——but why do I upbraid her with unkindness who may possibly be in equal distress with myself ?——If I can't prevent the match, it were better almost that I had got no intelligence of it——Yet he seems to be ignorant that I am his rival, and I will flatter myself that my good genius has brought me here thus critically, to sound the whole truth of the affair, and, by some unforeseen means or other, make me instrumental to the advancement of my own happiness.

Frank. Mr. Welldon, what's the matter ?

Well. But I deserve it all——Oh, Frank, how shall I tell you !

Frank. Out with it.

Well. Your master is going to be married to the only woman upon earth that can make me happy.

Frank. Toll loll loll loll.

Wel. 'Tis true, by Heavens——I am his rival——and if you don't assist me——

Frank. (*Looking very gravely in his face.*) What a strange and unaccountable thing is love——which, like an inundation, turns every thing that stands in its way topsy turvy——misleads the judgment——blinds the understanding——and, from reasonable creatures, leaves us little bet-

ter than whimpering idiots—The strongest it overpowers—the most wary it circumvents—it smarts the wise man—and it tickles the fool.

Well. What nonsense is this!—Do you laugh at me?

Frank. 'Fore Cupid, not I, Sir—But how, in the name of common sense, can you imagine that I should be able to assist you?

Well. I don't know—I'm almost mad.

Frank. So one would think—But if this young lady makes such tearing work in your heart, 'tis seven or eight days since her father offered her to my master—What have you been doing all this time?

Well. Nothing—In daily expectation of receiving a letter from her, I never dreamt of any thing of this kind, till a friend writ me word he heard such a report; upon which I immediately took horse, and judging that all access would be denied me at Doctor Gruel's, came here the moment I got my foot out of the stirrup.

Frank. And to what purpose?—You did not suppose that my master would give her up to you?

Well. I supposed he should; nay, and I swear he shall give her up to me—

Frank. Fair and softly, good Sir—What would you say now if I should tell you, that this match is made up with the young lady's own consent; and that she likes Mr. Shatterbrain better than you?

Well. Impossible!—If there be any such thing as faith or constancy in woman. But I'll know the truth of that presently—I'll go to her father's house; by some means or other get admittance; and, if I find her false—

Frank. You'll go hang yourself in your garters; a very heroic revenge truly!—Well, I shall not mention a word to my master of what you have told me—But mum.

SCENE X.

Wellidon, Frank, Shatterbrain.

Shatter. Frank, where is my sword? I have been looking for it all over the next room and can't find it.

Frank.

Frank. Your sword, Sir!—Your sword (*looking about for it.*) Why, it hung in the next chamber behind the door.

Shatter. Oh! it hung, it hung—You are the most careless fellow—

Frank. Why I'm very sure, Sir I did not—(*Looking about*) Lord, is not that it in your hand, Sir?

Shatter. Ha! upon my soul it is.

Well. Well, Mr. Shatterbrain; I'll take my leave.

Shatter. Why in such a hurry?

Well. I have some particular business—and shall-but detain you.

Shatter. Nay, if you have business—But I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you when I can enjoy your company longer, and entertain you better.

Well. You may depend upon it—the pleasure will be to myself.

SCENE XI.

Frank, Shatterbrain.

Frank. Come, for heaven's sake, Sir, get yourself away; the Doctor will imagine you have forgot again.

Shatter. Is there a chair at the door?

Frank. There's always half a score standing at the next coffee-house.

Shatter. Well, the boy below will get me one. Do you take care of the things in the next room: and, d'ye hear—what was I going to say?—Bring my night-gown and slippers to Doctor Gruel's precisely at ten.

Frank. I'll take care, Sir.

(*Frank goes out, and Shatterbrain takes his hat from the table as if going out too, but suddenly stops at the door.*)

Shatter. Frank, Frank!

Frank. (*Within.*) Here, Sir; coming, Sir.

Shatter. Frank, why don't you make haste, Frank?

Frank. (*Entering.*) What do you want, Sir?

Shatter. Nothing.

(*Exit with his hat over his night-cap.*)

Frank. Hey, Sir! master, Mr. Shatterbrain—One

would think the devil had possessed me as well as him—
Ho, Sir!

Shatter. (*Returning.*) What ails the fellow? What do you bawl for?

Frank. Your wig, Sir.

Shatter. Well, Sir, and could not you say so, without making a noise as if the house was on fire? Give it me.

SCENE XII.

Frank, Landladly.

Frank. Thanks to providence, he's gone at last.

Land. At last, indeed!

(*A violent knocking at the door.*)

Frank. Hey-day! Who have we here?

Land. Lord be merciful to me, I'm sure no such visitors come to me. (*Knocking again.*) Again—Why, Sally, Susan! Are you all deaf! One had need keep a porter at this rate.

Frank. By the impudence of this rap now, it should be either a person of quality or a dun. Who is it?

Land. (*Having gone to the door.*) I can't tell; there's a whole coach full inquiring for your master.

Frank. My master!

Land. See if they are not coming out.

Frank. Let me look—The people he dined with at Richmond, by the mackins.

Land. What do they want here, I wonder?

SCENE XIII.

Mrs. Junket, Miss Frolick, Slang, Coxcomb; the Company enter laughing.

Mrs. Jun. But where's Shatterbrain? I want him to pay me my two and twenty shillings. Shatterbrain, you poor brute, where are you?

Miss Frolick. Mr. Shatterbrain.

Cox. Mr. Shatterbrain.

Slang. Hilloa, ho, ho.

Mrs. Jun. Suppose, Sir, you were to inform your master that we are here.

Frank. My master is not at home, Madam.

Mrs. Jun. Not at home!

Slang.

Slang. What will you do now?

Miss Frolick. Why he left us as soon as he eat his dinner, with an intent of coming home directly. If he is no better a walker, he might as well have stay'd for the coach.

Cox. And yet I thought he set out a good round pace too.

Mrs. Jun. I take my death this is very pretty; I wonder we did not pass him on the road!—But he is such a strange creature! I'll be hang'd if he has not gone some round-about way.—I wish now we had not been in such a hurry to leave Richmond; for ten to one whether he'll be in this half hour.

Miss Frolick. And all that time we shall have nothing to do.

Mrs. Jun. Here's four of us; what if we sat down to a game at cards? 'twill serve to amuse us a little, and I want to win some money.—Your master has invited us to supper, Sir; so since he is not come in yet, if you'll set the card-table, and get a couple of packs of cards, we'll play a game or two till he does.—Heigh ho!

Frank. Madam!—Invited them to supper!

Land. Oh crimine!

Frank. My master has been at home, Madam, and is gone out again for the remainder of the night.

Slang. A fair hum, by the Lord.

Cox. Is not this high?

Miss Frolick. Vastly high, indeed.

Mrs. Jun. I am at a loss what to make on't.—You know where he is gone I presume?

Land. Yes, Madam, he's gone to be married.

Mrs. Jun. How!

Miss Frolick. This is better and better.

Cox. 'Tis something funny, faith.

Slang. I wish, however, he had omitted the jest of asking us to supper.

Land. Nay, Sir, don't be angry with him, I'll be sworn he did not think of it then.—The Doctor came for him himself—He has but just left the house.

Mrs. Jun. Hift—What Doctor came here for him?

Land. Doctor Gruel, Madam—

Mrs. Jun. Whose daughter he is gone to be married

to, depend upon't. I heard something of this before—Frolick, do you remember a letter I read you some time ago concerning a certain relation of mine and Flavia Gruel? Perhaps one of you may know him, Billy Welldon.

Slang. Yes, I have seen him about the Garden.

Mrs. Jun. 'Tis scarce a month since he was within a kifs of snapping up this girl. Poor fellow, I wish he had got her. But her old father is such a——

Miss Frolick. Oh, an old huncks! and loves money by all accounts.

Mrs. Jun. By the way, I could put you in a method of playing a charming trick—What if we were to follow Shatterbrain to Dr. Gruel's?

Miss Frolick. An admirable project.

Cox. But of your own proposing, ladies; remember that.

Slang. Damn me, I'll do any thing.

Mrs. Jun. Give me your hand, then—This will be serving Shatterbrain right for the manner he has treated us. Besides, I owe the Doctor a grudge on my cousin's account, and I know it will fret his guts to fiddle-strings. Frolick, what do you think of this?

Miss Frolick. It diverts me of all things.

Mrs. Jun. She and I are very intimate there—But what do we stay for?—follow your leader.

Cox. Madam, will you do me the honour of your little finger?

Miss Frolick. Heavens! don't hurry one so—(*Treading on her toes as they go out she pushes him.*) Oh, you devil, you have kill'd my corns.

SCENE XIV.]

Frank and Landlady.

Frank. Oh, the devil break your neck—And have not you done a very pretty spot of work here?—I shall be afraid to see my master's face, now; to be sure he'll lay all the blame of this upon me.

Land. No, no; if there be any words about it, I'll take the fault upon myself. Will you step into the parlour, and drink a dish of tea? and afterwards we'll have a game at Pam Loo: there's cousin Spriggins, and Mrs.

Allum,

Allum, the baker's wife at next door. You know I won four-pence halfpenny from you last night, and I'll give you your revenge—

Frank. Psha, rot my revenge—I shall be played the mischief with, and all because you could not keep your tongue within your teeth.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Changes to an Antichamber in Dr. Gruel's House.

Weldon, Robin.

Robin. Pray now, Sir, walk softly; can't you tread upon your tip-toes as I do?

Wel. My honest little lad, I tread as softly as ever I can.

Robin. Did you scrape your shoes before you came up?

Wel. I did.

Robin. If the old codger should come now!—we expects him every minute—'Ecod I would not for sixpence, so I would not—If he did, and knew I let you in, he'd lick me to pieces.

Wel. Never fear—But you have done nothing, after all, without you procure me a fight of Miss Flavia.

Robin. What?

Wel. Without you procure me a fight of Miss Flavia, I say, you might as well have left me standing in the street still.

Robin. Oh! faith I can't.

Wel. Try.

Robin. I can't, as I hope to be saved.

Wel. What did you think I wanted to come into the house for then?

Robin. Nay, I did not know; I thought you only wanted to come in.

Wel. Psha!

Robin. Why, 'tis true; you did not say nothing about wanting to see Miss Flavia. Besides, she has company

with her : and I could tell you a secret, so I could, if you'd swear you would not mention it.

Wel. I won't, upon honour

Robin. She's to be married to-night, then ; master's gone for her husband and the parson.

Wel. I'll tell you what. Robin, if you'll contrive to let Miss Flavia know that I am here, and would be glad to speak with her, I'll give you this half-crown.

Robin. No but you won't.

Wel. Take it, and put it in your pocket.

Robin. Give me your hand——Odds bobs, you're a rare fellow. Stay here, I am just going to carry in the tea ; I'll give her a fly pinch, and bring her out to you directly.

SCENE II.

Weldon, then Robin, who runs across the stage, and Flavia, who follows him.

Wel. Thus far I have succeeded then, to the utmost bounds of my wishes ; and, if I can but go on with equal success——

Fla. Somebody wants me ! Oh heavens ! Mr. Weldon !

Wel. You wonder to see me——Perhaps you are displeas'd.

Fla. Not so ; and yet, every thing consider'd, I don't know whether I have not reason——What brought you to town, and how did you gain admittance here ?

Wel. I have no time to answer such superfluous questions ; rather let me ask you why I have never received a line from you since you left the country ?

Fla. To what end could my writing to you have served ?

Well. Oh ! Flavia, I little thought when we parted last, that the next time we met I should find you (so far from being mine) that you would be on the very point of becoming another's.

Fla. Can you blame me for my obedience to my father.

Wel. I am answered. I was told before I came here, indeed, that you were going to be disposed of with your own consent. I must confess I was weak enough not

to credit it ; but that error of my judgment being fully rectified, I shall take my leave, and trouble you no farther.

Fla. Stay——'tis true I have given my consent to a match which (as you are informed, I suppose) within these few hours is to be concluded ; but if you imagine I gave that consent in compliance with my own inclinations——

Wel. Can I imagine otherwise ?

Fla. To do me justice you must——

SCENE III.

Welldon, Flavia, Robin.

Robin. Miss ! Miss ! here's your papa.

Fla. My father !

Robin. Come with me, Sir, and I'll put you into the back-garret.

Fla. Dear Welldon, there's my dressing-room ; the boy will shew a closet in it, where you may hide till we go into the next room, and then steal down unperceived.

Wel. How can you make me such a cruel proposal ?

Fla. Where's the cruelty of it ?

Wel. What ! do you think I'll go tamely away and leave Shatterbrain to triumph ? By heaven, I'll not—— I'll stay and confront your father.

Fla. Pray pity me ; I'm ready to die with apprehension.

Wel. No, no, I'll stay, I'm determined.

Fla. Avoid him but for this moment, and make your own conditions.

Robin. By the Lord Harry I hear him.

Wel. Well, upon one proviso, dispose of me as you please.

Fla. Name it.

Wel. Swear that you will not marry Shatterbrain to-night ; swear to me that you will never bettow yourself on him, or any one else, without my previous approbation, and I'll go wherever you would have me.

Fla. I swear I never will, let what will be the consequence.

Wel. Enough——Where shall I go?

Robin. Follow me, Sir, and I'll shew you.

SCENE IV.

Doctor Gruel, Flavia, and then Robin.

Dr. Flavia, child, I hear you have got company within; who are they?

Fla. Mrs. Junket and Miss Frolick, Sir, with two gentlemen. I never saw before.

Dr. Impertinence! What brought them here? And was it not my positive commands——

Fla. They were told at the door, Sir, that we were not at home; but it seems they would take no denial.

Dr. Psha! What have you been doing in your young lady's dressing room, firrah?

Robin. What shall I say, Miss?

Dr. The oaf stares as if he had seen a ghost.

Fla. I'm frightened out of my wits.

Dr. Why does he not answer me?

Fla. Robin, why don't you answer my papa? What have you been doing in my dressing-room?

Robin. Sure, Miss, you know very well what I have been doing there.

Fla. If he discovers me I am undone.

Dr. Is the rascal playing tricks? Speak, firrah, or I'll make you.

Robin (*turning to the door*.) Puffy, puffy, puffy, puffy.

Dr. What does the rascal mean by puffy, puffy?

Robin. Why, Sir, I was looking for the——

Dr. Get out of my sight——How long has Ma Shatterbrain been come?

Fla. I have heard nothing of him since, Sir.

Dr. Grant me patience! Go desire one of the men to run to Mr. Shatterbrain's lodgings, and tell him we wait for him.

Robin. Yes, Sir.

SCENE V.

Doctor Gruel, Flavia, Mrs. Junket, Miss Frolic, Slang, Coxcomb.

Mrs. Jun. Oh, Doctor Gruel! I'm vastly glad you
are

are come ; I have been longing for you here at such a rate——Give me leave to present a couple of friends of mine to you——This is Captain Slang.

Slang. I hope you're pretty well, Sir.

Mrs. Jun. This is Mr. Coxcomb.

Cox. Sir, your most devoted.

Miss Frolick. Doctor Gruel, how do you do ?

Doctor. At your service, Madam——Well, the familiar impudence of some people is astonishing ! (*Aside.*

Mrs. Jun. I believe you did not expect to find us here, did you ?

Doctor. I cannot say, Madam, I expected to meet quite so much good company.

Miss Frolick. Nay, we thought we should surprise you——But one of the drollest accidents has happen'd to us this afternoon.

Slang. She's in earnest, Sir——we have had a hellish droll adventure, I assure you.

Mrs. Jun. Something so whimsical and out of the way, you'll die with laughing when you hear it.

Doctor. Then I don't desire to hear it at all, Madam.

Mrs. Jun. Shatterbrain dined with us to-day in the country.

Doctor. Did he so——then, I suppose, it is to his invitation I am indebted for the honour of this visit ?

Miss Frolick. It is, and it is not owing to his invitation.

Cox. Riddle me, riddle me ree,

Doctor. I don't understand you, Madam.

Mrs. Jun. No !——Listen then, and you shall hear how that monster of rudeness has served us——But here he comes to answer for himself.

SCENE VI.

Doctor Gruel, Slang, Coxcomb, Mrs. Junket, Miss Frolick, Flavia, and Shatterbrain, who pops in and runs back again.

Doctor. Mr. Shatterbrain, Mr. Shatterbrain ! do we frighten you ?

Shatter. Cry you mercy——seeing so much company, I thought I had made a mistake again.

Doctor.

Doctor. Again !

Shatter. Ay, Sir—I am just come from doing one of the curfedit things—the people will certainly think I was either mad or drunk—but you must make my excuses.

Mrs. Jun. He takes no more notice of us than if we were not in the room.

Doctor. To whom must I make your excuses, and what about ?

Shatter. Are you acquainted with the family at next door ?

Doctor. They and I have lived upon the same steps these twenty years.

Shatter. I with, with all my soul, you had liv'd twenty leagues asunder—The damned fellows that brought me from my lodgings, not knowing your house, when they set me down, instead of knocking at this door, knock'd at that, to which, when a servant came (who I afterwards found thought me an apothecary), I made no more ado, but desir'd them to open the chair, and walk'd in without any farther ceremony, taking it for granted I was here.

Doctor. You did not ?

Shatter. I did, upon my soul, Sir, and have made the strangest rout that ever you heard of. I went up stairs, where I found a chamber very elegantly furnish'd (so like this in every particular, egad, that I never once minded the difference.) Well, Sir, there I sat, and sat, expecting every minute when I should see you come in ; till at last, my patience being quite exhausted, I ventur'd to open a door behind me, which led into another apartment.

Doctor. Oh Lord ! that was poor Mrs. Feeble's ; she has been bed-rid a good while.

Shatter. Pox on her—I had not got into the room two yards before I stumbled over a stool ; which roused the old beldam, and she cried out in a voice between hoarse and squeaking—Who's there ? to which I made no reply ; for I began to suspect that I had committed some blunder. When, putting her head out of the curtains, and perceiving by the light of the fire a person she
did

did not know, she set up her pipes, and squall'd to such a pitch, that the whole house was about us in an instant.

Doctor. And how did you get clear of them ?

Shatter. Why, after looking pretty much like a fool, as you may guess, I asked if that was not your house ? To which being answered in the negative. I offer'd a thousand apologies ; told them the plain truth ; and one of the footmen luckily happening to know me, I march'd off with flying colours, a whole skin, and a tolerable good reputation.

Slang. When, if they had been as well acquainted with you as I am, they would have suspected that you came with a villainous design against the old woman, and us'd you accordingly. Come, come, Mr. Shatterbrain, gentlemen don't steal into ladies bed-chambers for nothing.

Shatter. What, my fellow travellers ! Mrs. Junket, Miss Frolick, Mr. Coxcomb !

Mrs. Jun. O ! you have found us out at last !

Miss Frolick. You are a very pretty gentleman, truly !

Cox. I hope you got safe to town, Sir ?

Shatter. Very safe ; but do you know that I am beginning to recollect that I have been devilish rude to you ?

Mrs. Jun. You are, are you ?

Shatter. Did not you ask me to sup with you somewhere to-night ?

Slang. No, by the Lord ; but you asked us.

Shatter. Did I——Faith, I believe it was so ; well, I beg your pardons ; but you must forgive me this time, for you see I lay under an engagement, which I could not possibly postpone.

Doctor Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Shatterbrain, my daughter and I, have some private business to transact ; I expect my lawyer here every minute ; and if you will step into the drawing-room, we'll do ourselves the pleasure to attend you there presently

Slang. Ay, ay, don't let us interrupt business.

Miss Frolick. No ceremony, I beseech you.

Cox. Ladies, you'll shew us the way.

Miss Frolick. Good bye, Crazy, (*slapping Shatterbrain on the back as she goes out.*)

SCENE VII.

Doctor Gruel, *seeing the company to the door*, Flavia, Shatterbrain, and Robin *with a letter*.

Robin. Here's a letter, Sir; the gentleman's servant is below.

Shatter. A letter! give it me *taking the letter without looking at the superscription, he opens and reads it to himself*.) Bless my soul, Doctor Gruel, here's a very odd thing; egad, I don't know well what to make of it, but I believe I must go from you for a little while, for it seems to be on an affair of life and death.

Doctor. Indeed, I am sorry to hear this; pray explain; what is the matter?

Shatter. Why, faith, that is what I would be glad to know myself; but, as I told you before, I don't very well understand—'Tis true, I am acquainted in my Lord's family, but not very intimate, and they desire me here to come in all haste, for they are afraid he's in his last moments: What the devil can they want with me? I can be of no service to him.

Doctor. Pr'ythee! Pr'ythee, let me look at it. Why, this letter's to me me, firrah: how came you——

Robin. Please your worship, I said it was for you, but the gentleman took it out of my hand.

(*Here Flavia flurting her fan, Shatterbrain takes it from her in an absent fit, and begins to fiddle with it.*)

Doctor. This is an exceeding unlucky affair. Is my Lord's servant below?

Robin. Yes, Sir.

Doctor. Why did you say I was at home—tell him—

Robin. He says, if you don't come directly, my Lord will be dead.

Doctor. Nay, then I must go—Well, my dear Shatterbrain, you'll entertain my daughter till I come back. Robin, set wine and glasses upon the table; it is but at the end of the street, and I shall be back in twenty minutes at farthest.

Shatter. Pray offer no excuses.—But won't you take this along with you (*offering him the fan*.)

Doctor. It is my daughter's, I believe.

Shatter.

Shatter. I beg ten thousand pardons—I hope, Miss, I have not done it any mischief.

(Giving it to her torn to pieces.)

SCENE VIII.

Shatterbrain, Flavia, Robin, who sets wine upon the table, and afterwards Welldon.

Shatter Madam, won't you choose to be seated.—A chair,—*(Robin places an arm chair which Shatterbrain sits down in himself; musing and laying one leg carelessly over the other without taking any notice of Flavia. He pulls out his snuff-box, spilling his snuff; takes a letter for his pocket-handkerchief; then garters his stockings, &c.)*

Flavia. I am very oddly circumstanc'd here; however, I'll keep my word with Welldon, that I'm determin'd: but how to do it is the thing—Mrs. Junket is a pure body in those cases; I'll e'en go and advise with her.

Shatter (not perceiving that Flavia has stolen off.) I'll assure you, Madam, it is with infinite satisfaction that I conclude this alliance with Doctor Gruel's family; and though I have not had an opportunity of paying my court to you as much as you might expect, I am not less warm in my wishes, nor sincere in my attachment; nor have I the least doubt of our being as happy when married, as if my addresses had been longer: for a man, Madam, may make a very affectionate husband, without having been a very violent lover. It indeed often happens, that the length of preliminaries weakens the vigour of the contract; and so—*(Turning about by degrees and looking all round the room.)* Miss—Miss Flavia! Heyday, gone! left me *(Tapping at the door where Welldon is),* where are you?

Wel. Here, here, *(Welldon opens the door, and Shatterbrain takes him by the hand without looking at him.)*

Shatter. You were gone before I miss'd you!

Wel. Shatterbrain! the devil. *(Struggling to get loose.)*

Shatter. Nay, I hold you now, and you shan't escape. Come, sit down here, I must have a little serious conversation with you *(Seats him in the chair, and pulling*

pulling another for himself, perceives his mistake.) Well-don!

Wel. Plague on it!

Shatter. Sure I did not ask you to supper too.

Wel. Does he banter me?

SCENE IX.

Shatterbrain, Welldon, Mrs. Junket, Miss Frolick, Flavia.

Fla. Defend me! What do I see?

Mrs. Jun. Never mind (*To Miss Frolick*); do you draw off Shatterbrain.

Miss Frolick. I will if I can. Mr. Shatterbrain, you have had no tea this evening; if you will step into the next room, I will give you a cup.

Shatter. I shall be proud to receive any thing from your fair hands, Madam——Welldon, I'm glad to see you.

(*Shatterbrain goes out with Miss Frolick, leaving Welldon, Flavia, and Mrs. Junket on the Stage.*)

Fla. How came this about; why did not you stay where you were?

Wel. 'Sdeath, I'm in amaze, I thought you called me.

Mrs. Jun. Hold your confounded tongues; is it not time enough for you to squabble when you are man and wife?

Fla. Heaven knows when that will be.

Mrs. Jun. If you follow my directions, I will put you in a method of bringing it about immediately.

Wel. My dear creature!

Mrs. Jun. Hands off; none of your raptures, I beseech you. Is not the parson who is to marry you and Shatterbrain now in the house?

Fla. Yes.

Mrs. Jun. Who is he?

Fla. Supple, my Lord Courtland's chaplain.

Mrs. Jun. I think you said within that he and Shatterbrain were utter strangers.

Fla. I heard him ask my father yesterday what sort of a man Mr. Shatterbrain was.

Mrs.

Mrs. Jun. Does Supple, my Lord Courtland's chaplain, know any thing of you?

Wel. He never saw me in his life, I'm positive.

Mrs. Jun. Then the business is done, if you will only take my advice, and have a little confidence. (*A loud laugh without.*) Bless me!

Wel. Somebody is confoundedly tickled, but the jest moves this way.

SCENE X.

Mrs. Junket, Welldon, Flavia, Slang, Coxcomb.

Cox. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Jun. What's the cause of this immoderate mirth?

Slang. I can't tell you—ha, ha, ha!—Oh, zounds!

Mrs. Jun. I hope you can speak, Mr. Coxcomb.

Cox. Not I, by Gad, Madam; nor do I believe I shall ever be able to speak again.

Mrs. Jun. Let us leave these people to their laughing. I tell you once more I have a scheme in my head that must be attended with success, only do as I bid you: Billy, take her by the hand, and follow me down stairs.

Fla. Nay, but have a little patience; it is a matter of consequence, and should be weigh'd.

Mrs. Jun. Weigh figs and raisins; it is an affair of consequence, and we have no time to weigh it, Billy, why don't you take her?

Wel. Nay, my dear Flavia, don't hesitate; 'tis true indeed, we have no time to lose; she is our friend, and will consult both our interests.

Fla. Well, do with me what you please.

SCENE XI.

Coxcomb, Shatterbrain, Miss Frolick, and then Mrs. Junket.

Cox. Are you scalded?

Shatter. I believe I should if the tea had been hot enough; but, as it happens, I am come off pretty well as to that particular. I am extremely sorry though that I was so unfortunate as to break the china bowl.

Slang. What, in the name of vengeance, were you thinking of?

Shatter.

Shatter. Why, I imagin'd there had been a chair behind me.

Miss Frolick. And how could you, heedless creature, go to sit down without looking back?

Mrs. Jun. Frolick, come hither, I have something to say to you.

Miss Frolick. Where are Flavia and Welldon?

Mrs. Jun. Softly.—Tacking together in the study.

Miss Frolick. Tacking together?

Mrs. Jun. Marrying—does that content you? I put them upon the project; the parson takes Welldon for Shatterbrain, and is now actually performing the ceremony.

Frolick. I don't believe it.

Jun. Go and convince yourself.

Miss Frolick. I will, if it be only to catch you in a fib.

SCENE XII.

Slang, Coxcomb, Shatterbrain, Mrs. Junket.

Mrs. Jun. Shatterbrain, what was it you did just now to make those creatures laugh so?

Shatter. A piece of my old giddiness. I had got a bowl of tea from Miss Frolick, and was going to sit down to drink it—but there being ne'er a chair behind me, soufe I went to the bottom, and spilt the liquor over me; as you see.

Mrs. Jun. Thou wilt ever be a mad creature—Lord, I'm in a mighty joyous humour to-night. I wish we had fiddles here, I could dance from this till six o'clock to-morrow morning. Tol lol lol.

(Taking Coxcomb by the hand, and dancing about the stage.)

Coxcomb, we'll positively come to your lodgings one of these evenings, and you shall give us a dance and a bit of supper. Tol de rol lol.

Slang. *(Taking a glass of wine.)* Mr. Shatterbrain here's to you.

Shatter. Pretty well, I thank you, Sir; I hope you are very well.

Slang. Hey-day, cross purposes! Why, zounds, man, I drink your health; I don't ask you how you do. You have been at New-market, I suppose?

Shatter.

Shatter. You have a better opinion of me than I deserve.

Slang. The devil! never at Newmarket?

Shatter. Never.

Slang. There was excellent sport there last meeting; the Earl of Sweepstakes rid his own horse Fleabite, the best of three heats over the Beacon course for a thousand; I was within ten yards of him when he came to the post. But it had like to cost me dear, for I rid a damn'd skittish little jade; and striving to rein her back, she took head, and in spite of all I could do run over a quarter of a mile with me—I was oblig'd to fling myself off at last, which I did—at the distance—Aye, by Gad, I am sure it was as far as from this to that there door.

Shatter. Yes, I believe it might be there, or thereabouts.

Slang. Why, you were not by?

Shatter. Sir!

Slang. You were not by, I say?

Shatter. At what, Sir?

Slang. Why, when my mare run away with me.

Shatter. Your mare!

Slang. I'll be curst if you know what I have been saying to you all this time.

Shatter. Upon my word, Sir, not very well—but if you will be so good as to repeat it again, I'll take care to be more attentive.

SCENE XIII.

Slang, Coxcomb, Shatterbrain, Mrs. Junket, Miss Frolick, and then Doctor Gruel.

Mrs. Jun. Well, did I tell you truth or not?

Miss Frolick. Yes, but a truth that exceeds the example of romance. Why, 'tis over; they are as much one as the church can make them: the Doctor is come home too, Welldon has been a lucky fellow.

Mrs. Jun. I would say so if he had got the girl's fortune. Where is he?

Miss Frolick. With Flavia, waiting their cue to appear—The Doctor will be up in a moment.

Mrs. Jun. Here he comes—Now for it.

Doctor. Your servant, good folks—Mr. Shatterbrain, what

what is this I hear? I am told you have stole a match on us. Did you think I had deserted you, of that I would go back of my engagements, which occasioned you to be in such a hurry?

Mrs. Jun. Observe how Shatterbrain looks at him.

Shatter. Do you direct your discourse to me, Sir?

Doctor. I cannot say that ever I was much more astonished in my life. But for Heaven's sake, my dear Shatterbrain, what unaccountable crotchet seiz'd you both?

Shatter. Pray, Sir, explain yourself.

Doctor. Nay, there's no need of explanation—— Only I think you might as well have stay'd till I came home, as have married my daughter in my absence.

Cox. What's this!—Are you married, Shatterbrain?

Shatter. Not that I know of, upon my soul.

Doctor. Why, sure, Sir!—I'll take my oath it is not three minutes since Mr. Supple told me he had just married you and my daughter at your own requests.

Shatter. Did Mr. Supple tell you so, Sir?

Doctor. I suppose you did not desire him to keep it a secret.

Shatter. Not I, faith, Sir—for I never spoke a word to Mr. Supple since I was born.

Miss Frolick. Shatterbrain is in doubt whether he is married or not.

Mrs. Jun. I'll plague him.—But, Mr. Shatterbrain, you had better recollect yourself a little upon this affair; perhaps you may have forgot.

Doctor. Ay, Sir, recollect yourself; pray don't be positive.

Shatter. Well, Sir, I won't be positive—but you'll permit me to say, that, to the best of my knowledge, I am no more married to your daughter than I am to the empress of Russia.

Doctor. Here is my daughter—I suppose, if it is so, she will remember it, though you can't.

SCENE XIV.

Shatterbrain, Mrs. Junket, Miss Frolick, Slang, Coxcomb, Doctor Gruel, Flavia, and afterwards Well-don,

Doctor.

Doctor. Flavia, I hear you have been married since I went out; is it true?

Fla. Yes, Sir,

Doctor. There now, Sir!

Shatter. Are you sure you have been married, Madam?

Fla. Very sure, Sir.

Doctor. What do you say to that, Sir?

Shatter. Nothing, Sir; only it has escaped my memory—that's all.

Doctor. Still in the same strain——Look'e, Mr. Shatterbrain, I have passed by a very singular piece of your behaviour to-day already, imputing it to absence of mind, or I know not what; but this is too gross to be alleged to the same cause; 'tis a public affront both to me and my daughter, and as such I shall esteem it; however, to satisfy the company who waits there—desire Mr. Supple to step up here.

Fla. Come back—I am indeed married.—

Wel. But not to Mr. Shatterbrain, Sir.

Doctor. How!

Shatter. I hope you are convinc'd now, Sir, that I was in the right—Damn it, I knew I could not be mistaken.

Fla. Dear Sir, pardon my first offence, and give me your blessing.

Slang. Now the murder's out.

Fla. Can you refuse us your blessing, when we ask it on our knees?

Doctor. Pho, pho, stand up. I take it for granted your name is Welldon.

Wel. That is my name, Sir.

Doctor. Ungrateful girl—by what means have you carried on this intrigue? by what means brought it to this end? But don't give yourself the trouble to answer me, for I have done with you.

Mrs. Jun. Shatterbrain!

Shatter. Hah.

Mrs. Jun. What are you thinking of?

Shatter. Upon my soul, I can't say.

Mrs. Jun. I never knew you otherwise: but pray pause a little, you are a party concerned; here are a young couple

couple in distress, and they expect you will make use of your interest in their favour.

Shatter. That I will, with all my heart.

Doctor. I beg you may not, Sir; for the ill treatment you have met with is one of my chiefest causes of anger.

Shatter. Is it? why then to shew you that I don't harbour the least resentment upon that account; here, Mr. Welldon, take this young lady (*Giving him Doctor Gruel's band by mistake*) whatever right and title it was like to have in her, I freely resign to you.

Slang. Give you joy.

Cox. Joy, Madam.

Doctor. This is very generous of you, Sir.

Mrs. Jun. If you think so, why don't you follow his example?

SCENE XV.

Shatterbrain, Mrs. Junket, Miss Frolick, Slang, Coxcomb, Doctor Gruel, Flavia, Welldon, Robin.

Robin. Mr. Shatterbrain, here's your servant has brought your gown and slippers.

Shatter. Well, let him leave them.

Slang. Leave them, for what?

Shatter. Pho, pho, I mean let him take them back again.

Miss Frolick. Come, Doctor, won't you forgive them? I shan't love you else.

Doctor. Well, Madam, 'tis more than they deserve; however, children, since it must be so, Heaven bless you, and make you happy together.

Mrs. Jun. And now I think we have nothing to do but go in, and order supper as quick as possible. Do, my dear Flavia, order supper as soon as you can, for I am starving with hunger.

Shatter. Ay! come, let's in to supper.

But hold—I had something or other to say,
 "Kind ladies and gentlemen"—how was it—stay.
 Hiss our Farce, if you lik'd—hiss! No clap—many
 rot it:

In short, guess my meaning, for I have forgot it.

THE
C O O P E R.
A
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY DR. ARNE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Martin</i> , the Cooper,	<i>Hay-market.</i> Mr. Parsons.
<i>Colin</i> , Shopman to Martin, in love with Fanny,	Mr. Robson.
<i>Twig</i> , a drunken Farmer,	Mr. Weston.
<i>Jarvis</i> , a Miller of the Village, uncle to Colin,	Mr. Baddely.

W O M E N.

<i>Fanny</i> , a young country girl living with Martin, beloved by him, but in love with Colin,	Mrs. Jewell.
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ACT I.—SCENE I.

A cooper's shop, at the farther end of which, on each side of the stage, are two doors; one supposed opening to a back room, the opposite to the street. In the middle of the stage, at a small distance from the front, is a large
Vol. VI. K *case.*

cast. To the right stands a kind of horse that coopers work upon; and between the scenes, on one side, half on and half off the stage, stands a large bucking-tub.

Enter Colin and Fanny.

Fan. LEAVE me, Colin!

Col. No, Fanny, no.

Fan. A little prudence then wou'd become you; for our master only watches a decent opportunity to discharge you.—Have not you observ'd of late that he is always grumbling and out of humour when he is speaking to you?

Col. I have.

Fan. Yesterday, as I was taking a turn in the garden, I spied him all alone in the arbor, raving and beating his foot against the ground—'twas all on your account; for, said he to himself, that cunning fellow, that rascal Colin, I cannot bear—He does nothing in my house but mischief, loses all his time in talking to Fanny, and strives to prejudice her against me in favour of himself—I am determined to get rid of him the first opportunity.

Col. Surely, at his age, you don't imagine he is in love with you, Fanny?

A I R.

Fanny.

O yes, I've observ'd, that in absence of thee,
He lays down his work to gaze fondly at me,
Draws near with a sigh, gives my elbow a shove;
Though from laughing, in vain,
I strive to refrain,

He chuckles, and thinks it a proof of my love.

When oft in the garden for pleasure I run,
He eyes me and follows—you'd smile at the fun;
Push'd forward by love and drawn backward by shame,
Now eager, now cool,
He stands like a fool;

Then creeps to his work full as wise as he came.

If singing's my humour, 'tis much the same thing,
With raven-like voice he endeavours to sing.

The

The jar of our notes hits my simile right,
That old folks and young
(Mark th' end of my song)

Make just such a discord whene'er they unite.

Col. What! dares the old wolf lurch after my little
cade-lamb—Let me go, Fanny!

Fan. Why, what will you do? *(holding him.)*

Col. No matter—I'll—

Mar. Very well, very well. *(behind the scenes.)*

Fan. Be quiet, if you love me—here he comes—go
to work, dear lad *(he is going)*. Hark you, Colin! if
he should be surly, or find fault with you, keep your
temper and leave him to me—I'll manage him, I war-
rant you.

SCENE II.

*Enter Martin with a bundle of hoops over his shoulder,
and twining for them in his hand.*

Mar. What are you both doing here?

Fan. O master! you can't imagine how well we
employ ourselves in your absence.

Col. Very true—look here, master Martin!—I am
new hooping your neighbour Twig's bucking-tub.

Mar. Who spoke to you, firrah?

A I R.

Mar. I always see my Fanny busy,
But that young villain ever stops;
O, what a charming morsel is she!

Col. That's true—but not for your old chops. *(Aside.)*

Mar. What's that you are muttering?

Col. I was only finging. *(Continuing the tune, Tol de.*

Mar. I won't allow you to fing.

Col. What the deuce! mayn't a body—

Mar. Hold your tongue—I won't have you speak.

Col. Heyday! neither fing nor speak!

Mar. No—mind your work.

Col. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Laugh at me too!—

Fan. Silence, Colin *(Aside.)* La, master Martin, how
different your face is, now 'tis shav'd! *(Stroking his chin.)*

Mar. Yes, Fanny, I believe I look better. (*Smiling.*)

Fan. Smugger and handsomer than ever I saw you.

Col. Yes, he's a beauty, truly, Tol de rol. (*Singing.*)

Mar. Again! (*Angry.*)

Fan. Why won't you let him sing? it makes us merry—Here, take your tools, sit down and work a little with us. Colin can sing and work too—Come lad, begin. (*To Colin.*)

A I R.

Col. O the little cunning lassie!

She has stol'n my heart away.

Zooks, she is a mine of treasure:

When I catch her, then for pleasure;

How we'll dance, and skip and play;

Every day,

Skip and play,

Sweet we'll pass our time away.

Every day,

Skip and play,

Sweet we'll pass our time away.

Fan. There, master, isn't that a pretty song?

Mar. No, I don't like it at all. (*Peevishly.*)

Fan. No?—You're hard to please, master Martin.

Mar. You shan't say so, if you'll give me the pretty song which I have heard you sing to your companions under the oak in the garden.

Fan. Was it this?

There was a young damsel— (*Singing.*)

Mar. No, not that.

Fan. Perhaps this is it—

How happy were my days— (*Singing.*)

Mar. No, no, no, nor that neither—dear me!—it begins with Chloe stealing grapes—then comes something about love—and it ends with ruin.

A I R.

Fan. Chloe, alone, had walking been,

Oppress'd beneath the noon-tide ray,

She saw a vineyard, enter'd in,

To steal the tempting fruit away.

Stop, Chloe, stop! harm watch, harm catch;

To guard the grapes love keeps the watch.

Close

Close by the vine, in ambuscade,
 Sly Cupid lay ; he seiz'd a dart,
 Then aim'd it at the heedless maid ;
 Which, swift as light'ning, reach'd her heart :
 To wrench the shaft in vain you try ;
 Ah, Chloe ! Chloe's doom'd to die.

Triumphing, straight the god appear'd ;
 The fatal deed, said he, is done :
 Go teach young wantons, make it fear'd
 To rashly trust themselves alone.
 One thoughtless act may blast their fame ;
 For lawless pleasure ends in shame.

Mar. Ay, ay, remember *that*, Fanny, remember *that*
 —However, 'twas sweetly sung, and I must kiss thee
 for't,

Col. (*Running before him.*) Master, master, see here !
 how I have loosen'd the handle of my adze !

(*Thrusting in between them.*)

Mar. Damn your adze, and you too—a troublesome
 puppy !

Fan. Nay, nay, you must not spoil your smug face by
 frowning. Come, cheer up—we go together to the
 feast to-morrow, don't we ?

Mar. Yes, yes, my little canary bird, we two will go
 together.

Fan. O delightful ! then we'll dance and be so merry
 —shan't we, master Martin ?

Mar. Certainly ;—but now I must be gone. So you,
 Fanny, away to the garden and water the flowers. You
 may gather a nosegay too for yourself ; but none for
 that fellow, I charge you. As to you, Colin, mind your
 work, or—

Fan. But we have not had *your* song yet. I must
 have it before you go.

Mar. Will it please *thee*, my pretty dear ?

Fan. O vastly ! (*Hanging fondly on him, and stroking
 his face.*) Eh, he, he ! I love dearly to see you in a
 good humour. Come, begin.

Mar. Well then,—but you must join the chorus.

A.I R and C H O R U S.

One night, with friends, in merry chat,
 As Damon o'er a bottle sat,
 Fair Celia came to scold ;
 But he, still careless, gay and free,
 Cry'd, peace, my dear,—I drink to thee :
 Believe me last,
 A cheerful glass
 Keeps love from growing cold.
 Then haste we on,
 Our work t'have done,
 That love and wine may smile in turn.

C H O R U S.

Then haste, &c.

All day shou'd toilsome business frown,
 Brisk wine at night our cares can drown,
 And set the heart at rest.
 O joy of joys, in merry glee,
 The purple beads in dance to see ;
 I circling glass,
 To toast the last,
 That gave our wine a zest.

C H O R U S.

Haste, haste we on, &c.

Col. How dexterously the little coaxing hussy has play'd him off. My feet itch to go after her. Oh for a pair of stocks to confine them ! for should old Smiley-boots come back and catch us together, I should never hoop another tub in his house.—I'll e'en go to work. If Fanny is as impatient to return as I am to have her, she'll not let slip this lucky opportunity for our settling every step towards our future happiness.

Colin at Work, whistling. Enter Fanny, with a Basket on her Bosom.

Fan. Colin !

Col. My Fanny ! This quick return is kind—What a lovely nosegay you have gather'd !

Fan. I would present it to you if I dar'd ; however, as you'll be at the feast to-morrow, take this ribbon.—

it was given me by a woman of the village.—I accepted it for thy sake, that you may wear it for mine.

Col. Are you sure it was given you by a woman?

Fan. What! jealous already? Prithee quit this folly.

Col. So I would, if I could contrive some method to bring about our marriage.

Fan. I am very much afraid that master Martin will never consent to it.

Col. What matter's that? he is not your father.

Fan. But ever since I lost my parents, he has brought me up with such care and tenderness, that to hurt his mind wou'd go to my heart.

Col. Perhaps you'd rather marry him?

Fan. Fie, fie, Colin! you know better. I wish you cou'd propose some manner of breaking it to him, that it may not come immediately from us.

Col. Let me think! Odsso, I have it.

Fan. Out with it then!

Col. He owes my uncle Jarvis fifty pounds. Now, as my old kinsman is fond of us, I'll tell him of our engagement—he'll come directly and demand his money—master Martin has it not—on which my uncle—

Fan. 'Twill do; 'tis the very thing. I'll be gone, that we may not be caught together.—Farewell.

(Going.)

Col. One kiss.

A I R. *Rondeau. (Gently repulsing him.)*

Softly, Colin! by and by

You may kiss—and so may I;

Nay, perhaps, grown weary, you

Then may cry out—softly, too.

Foolish woman, at a call,

E'er she's married, granting all,

Nothing new can after give,

He as little can receive.

Since I've love, and nought beside,

I'll reserve it till a bride;

Tempting sweets the soonest cloy,

Short delay improves our joy.

SCENE III.

Col. Charming creature ! O what happiness shall I enjoy, possessing a maid in whom beauty and virtue are united !

A I R.

When I'm with my Fanny, my Fanny, my Fanny,
There sure is not any, not any, not any.

So happy, so happy, so happy as I.
The transport repeating, repeating, repeating,
My fond heart is beating, is beating, is beating ;
Then ends, ends, ends with a sigh.—

With conjugal duty, with duty, with duty,
A slave to her beauty, her beauty, her beauty,
I'll cherish, I'll cherish, I'll cherish my fair.
When passions requited, requited, requited,
True lovers united, united, united,
Then fly, fly sorrow and care.

SCENE IV.

Enter Martin.

Mar. Where's Fanny ?

Col. (*Working on a flat piece of board.*) Heigh ho !
(*Not minding him.*)

Mar. Where's Fanny, I say ? (*Angrily.*)

Col. Is't you, master ? Waunds, you bawl as if I was deaf.

Mar. Why didn't you answer then at first ?

Col. I'd give a crown that this staff was finished to my mind.

Mar. Rot the staff ! Where's Fanny ?

Col. See what a pretty turn it takes—*there's* grace, *there's* delicacy.

Mar. Blockhead ! puppy !

Col. Zounds ! after that, I'll work no more—let it go to the devil. (*Throws the board at Martin's feet.*)

Mar. Oh !—you impudent rascal, you have broke my toes.—Hark you, friend ! to make me amends, will you grant me one favour ?

Col. What is it ?

Mar.

Mar. Only this—that you will for ever quit my house.

Col. Who, I?

Mar. Yes, you.

Col. Pshaw! you are joking.

Mar. The devil fetch me if I am.

Col. Very well, Master Martin, very well—enough said—I'll go. Now, as I so readily granted *your* favour, I hope you'll grant *me* one.

Mar. Come then, let's hear it.

Col. Only this—that you'll dance at my wedding.

Mar. Thy wedding! are you going to be married then?

Col. Certainly.

Mar. To whom?

Col. To one of your acquaintance.

Mar. My acquaintance! Who the deuce can it be?

Col. O! a very pretty, jemmy, delicate wench, that you love as the eyes in your head—What think you of Fanny?

Mar. Blood and thunder! Do you see this arm?

Col. Yes, and mind it no more than an old Broomstick.

D U E T T O.

Mar. Beware!

Col. Take care!

Mar. Beware of my rage!

Col. You dare not engage.

Mar. A cudgel will shew thee—

Col. Zounds! you don't know me.

Mar. Away, firrah, hie!

Col. Good bye, Good bye!

(Runs out.)

SCENE V.

Mar. Death and furies; what a passion the rogue has put me in! yet why? Fanny's tenderness convinces me there is not a word of truth in what the dog says—Let me recover myself (*Seeing the dram bottle takes it.*) O my now dearest friend! forgive my neglect of thee—thou hast been sadly forsaken since thy master fell in love.

(Drinks.)

A I R.

A I R.

Once free from cares and false alarms,
 All at peace, my heart was gay ;
 A thousand, and a thousand charms,
 Then the bottle cou'd display.

Now, clear fountain of my blifs,
 Thee with equal joy I greet ;
 See, I pant for t'other kifs ;
 Parted friends are glad to meet.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mar. WHERE the devil can this girl be gone—surely not after that impudent scoundrel.—Blood, if I thought she was, I'd—Adso, my rage against that fellow made me forget that I sent her into the garden. I'll e'en after her, and take this favourable opportunity to fix our wedding-day, and insure our happiness at once. I am in rare spirits for the encounter ; thanks to my cordial friend the dram-bottle. Tot de rol.

To him Fanny, with a Basket under her Arm.

Fan. You are in a merry humour, master, I could hear you in the street.

Mar. Oh the cunning jade ! (*aside.*) Where have you been, ha ?

Fan. 'Tis dame Fidget's. (*Frighten'd*

Mar. What have you in the basket ?

Fan. Only some cakes and wine, which the old woman gave me to partake with Colin.

Mar. Have you seen him.

Fan. No, indeed.

Mar. Look me full in the face !

Fan. There, Sir. (*Bashfully.*

Mar. Haven't you told me a lie ?

Fan. No, indeed, indeed, Sir. (*Trembling.*

Mar. Nay, my pretty dove, don't tremble ; all I say is for your good. Talk no more with that fellow ; have nothing to do with him ; he's a bad man, and I have turn'd him away.

Fan.

Fan. Who? Colin? For what, pray?

Mar. He's too saucy when I'm at home, and too idle when I'm abroad. In short, I don't like him.

Fan. He was all attention to me.

Mar. So much the worse; zouns, so much the worse. I charge you never to speak to him again.

Fan. Suppose he should come and speak to me?

Mar. Shut the door in his face.

Fan. If I meet him in the street?

Mar. Turn your back to him: then you'll win my heart for ever——Waunds, I'll marry thee, and trick myself up to please thee——But thou art sleepy——go to bed, my child.

Fan. La, Sir, 'tis too soon yet.

Mar. No matter, your eyes look heavy; go to rest, my dear, you'll rise the earlier to-morrow.

Fan. True, master; so I shall.——Good night!

(Going.)

Mar. Good night; my little precious, good night!

Fan. *(Aside.)* I'll soon be back again. *(Exit.)*

Mar. 'Tis indeed too early for me to sleep; so I'll too my chamber and look over my account-book——I shall want money to pay the expence of my wedding.

(Exit.)

SCENE II.

Enter Fanny, softly, with a candle in her hand.

R E C I T A T I V E.

He's gone to bed—now let me see

If Colin waits at hand for me:

Ought I to hope?—he said I might

Depend on seeing him to-night.

Hark! the street-door creaks—'tis he——

O happy girl! what joy to me!

Colin!—Colin!—all's silent now again——

Colin!—ah me!—I call him still in vain..

A I R.

Fly, time! with lighter pinions move!

Ah why this dull delay!

While thus I wait my tardy love,

Each minute seems a day..

Haste then to bring my darling boy,
 Whose presence has the pow'r
 To make a year, swift wing'd with joy,
 Seem but a short liv'd hour.

SCENE III.

Colin, peeping, and advancing slowly.

Col. Fanny!

Fan. Thrice welcome, faithful Colin! But tell me,
 have you seen your uncle?

Col. He's coming presently.

Fan. But I believe my master's gone to bed.

Col. How! already!—Well, no matter, my uncle
 will rout him, I warrant you.

Fan. How got you in?

Col. With this key, which our master forgot to ask
 me for.

Fan. O how lucky! Have you supp'd?

Col. No faith, and am as hungry as a hunter.

Fan. Stay then a minute. *(Runs out.)*

Col. I am confoundedly afraid that old Crutty will
 take a freak in his head to come down, and so catch us
 together.

*Enter Fanny with a cake, bottle of wine, and a nap-
 kin.*

Fan. Come, Colin, we'll partake of dame Fidget's
 present. Bring your chair. *(Throws the napkin on
 the case, he sets two chairs, and they sit.)* Suppose you
 were to drink one glass first.

Col. With all my heart, if you'll pledge me.

*She fills a glass, which he takes and looks at while
 he sings.*

A I R.

Come let's be gay—

Fan. *(Clapping her hand upon his mouth.)* Hush,
 hush, you noisy monkey, you'll wake my master.

Col. Odzooks! I was so transported, that I never
 thought of him.

SCENE IV.

Enter Twig, drunk.

Twig. Yery well, ve-very well, my little buck and doe; long live your joy!—Come let's be gay—

(Singing as Colin did.)

Fan. Silence, good Mr. Twig, you'll disturb my master.—How, Colin, cou'd you leave the door open? we're undone.

Twig. So I shall disturb your ma-ma-master, shall I?—Damn your master—Ho, boy! house! hallo!

Col. What's you're will, Mr Twig?

Fan. Speak softly—What is't you want?

Twig. Want! what do I want! upon my soul I don't know what I want—I came for something, but I don't remember what; da-da-damme, if I do.

Col. Speak softly then!

Twig (Speaking louder.) How the devil, speak softly—is any body sick in the house?

Fan. No, but my master is fast asleep.

Twig. Ha, ha, ha! so much the better for you.

Col. Didn't you come for your bucking tub, Mr. Twig?

Twig. My bu-bu-bucking tub—no—yes, yes, very true, I recollect—ay, ay—I ca-ta-came for my bu-bu-bucking tub.

Col. It shall be sent home to-morrow without fail. Leave us now, good Mr. Twig, and go to bed.

Twig. Go to bed, forsooth!—go-go-go to bed! Ha, ha, ha! here's a pretty fellow, has the impudence to bid an officer of the pe-pe-peace go to bed! A co-co-constable, a chu-chu-church-warden, a man of my co-co-consequence, order'd by a hoop-barrel cooper to bed.

Fan. Well, do as you please.

Twig. Ha! my little cabbage sprout! one sweet kiss to make it up, and I'll be gone. *(Goes to kiss her.)*

Fan. (Avoiding him) No, no, another time.

Twig. You won't—very well—Liberty, liberty, for ever—Waunds, nothings to be got here, so I'll e'en be-be-beat my march. *(Exit.)*

Col. Thank heaven, we're clear of him at last.

Fan,

Fan. A filthy fellow! Mercy on me! he's coming again.

Twig *re-enters*.

Twig. Give me leave, ye young happy rogues, to li-li-light my pi-pi-pipe by your candle.

Col. And welcome; but don't make such a noise!

Twig. Oho! I speak too loud, do I! well then (*speaking softly*). I'll try to soften my voice.

(*Speaking very loud*).

Fan. There's no bearing this,—I'll e'en be gone.

Twig. Stay, stay, my little July flow'r, I wont drive you away. (*Sees the bottle and glass*). O ho! what's here? wine! I must have one swig, damme, (*drinks and spits it out again*) horrid stuff! I'll no more of it—Good night, my chickens!

Col. Ay, good night to you!

Twig. That's civil, however; but I an't gone yet.

(*He reels against the cask, and trying to save himself, lays hold of the napkin, and with it throws every thing down.*)

Fan. Grant me patience! he has thrown down every thing, and put out the candle.

Twig. Ay, ay, now I've done all the mischief I can; 'tis time to sheer off.—Come let's be gay.

(*Singing, and blunders out.*)

Col. The devil go with you, say I.

Fan. Colin, where are you?

Col. Here, my dear, gathering the things together.

Fan. Make haste for I hear a noise up stairs—I'll to my chamber—try you to make your escape.

(*Feels her way out.*)

Col. Hark! By my evil genius 'tis master Martin.—How shall I escape! (*feels about*). Ha! the cask; I'll get behind it, perhaps 'twill conceal me.

SCENE V.

Enter Martin with a candle.

A I R.

Hark! hark!

Methought I heard a riot—

No—all's dark,

'Twas fear disturb'd my quiet:

R E C T.

R E C I T A T I V E.

And yet strange voices keep me from my bed :
Some thieves, perhaps, that hearing me are fled.

No, not a creature can I see—

'Twas Fanny made a fool of me.

Lift, again ! ah me ! I fall—

What's that I see !—Nothing at all :

Then courage, Martin—Now I'm bold :

Blood I could face the devil !—but hold !

Surely something there I see

Behind the tub—what can it be !

Hem ! hem ! burr-r !

(Makes a noise to frighten it.

Zounds ! it will not stir.

I'll bravely up and rout the elf—

See, see !

Ah me !

That tub is walking by itself !

Thieves ! thieves ! Fanny come down, Fanny !

(As he draws back towards the chamber-door calling Fanny, Colin advances, pushing the cask before him.

Col. I shall never get away without being seen.

Mar. I believe 'tis that rascal Colin.

Col. Yes, 'tis I, master Martin, don't be frighten'd ;
ha, ha, ha ! didn't you know me ?

Mar. No, faith, but I'll make you know me. Since
you are come for the beating I promised, you shan't
escape it now.

Col. I'll bet you two to one of that.

(Shifting from him.

Mar. Stay a little.

Col. Stay you a little for me ; I'll be back again pre-
sently. *(Exit.*

Mar. A plague confound the slippery dog !

SCENE VI.

Enter Fanny.

Fan. Lord ha' mercy ! what's the matter ? you have
scar'd me out of my sleep.

Mar.

Mar. Silence ! Prate a-pace.

Fan. Bless me ! how ugly you look when you are in a passion—I'll be gone—Your looks terrify me.

Mar. Zounds, stay here !

(*Going.*
Lays hold on her.)

Fan. Oh ! how you hurt me !

(*crying out.*)

Mar. Tell me then how Colin came here to-night.

Fan. Colin ! was he here ?

Mar. You are vastly surpriz'd to be sure—Blood, didn't you let him in ?

Fan. I ?

Mar. Yes you ; and meant, I suppose, to go off with him.

Fan. How can you be so wi-icked as to invent such stories !

(*Crying.*)

Mar. Ha ! in tears ! I can't bear that.

Fan. I didn't think you ca-a-pable of such usage.

Mar. Well, don't cry ; I am willing to believe you innocent ; but if so, how the plague got he in ?

Fan. (*thinking.*) Are you certain that you took the key of the street door from him, when you turn'd him away.

Mar. Ha ! no faith—upon recollection I did not.

Fan. See there now ; an't you agham'd to treat a poor girl in so ba-ba-barbarous a manner.

(*Crying.*)

Mar. Nay, nay, don't take it to heart. I protest it was only in joke. Ha ! a smile ; come, all's well again, isn't it ?

Fan. Ah, you don't know all.

(*Smiling archly*)

Mar. (*aside*) She would fain tell me how dearly she loves me—Well, my dear, I'll not go up again, but stay and work with *thee*—Will that please you ?

Fan. O yes—'till Colin returns.

(*Aside.*)

Mar. Here, help me to fix this tub, that I may scrape it a little on the inside (*they fix it.*) How happy shall I be when thou art my wife !

Fan. O, but we are not come to that yet.

Mar. True ; but we *shall* soon.

Fan. Perhaps so.

(*With great indifference.*)

Mar. Perhaps so ! what, an't I handsome enough ?

Fan. I don't say that.

Mar. Wou'dst rather I were younger ?

Fan.

Fan. O no.

Mar. Richer?

Fan. I shou'dn't love you a bit more for that.

Mar. Well said, my girl, content surpasses riches;
but thou shalt find with me both pleasure and profit.

(Gets into the tub, Fanny gives him a small stool and a candle.)

SCENE VII.

Enter Colin softly, Fanny stands behind the tub.

Col. Fanny!

Fan. Hush! he's in here.

Mar. I don't think Colin will have much desire to
come here again——What say you, Fanny?

Fan. I'm of your opinion——Is your uncle coming?

Col. Directly.

Mar. Fanny, you don't speak——are you angry still?

Fan. O no——I am well contented now.

(Nodding at Colin and laughing.)

Mar. Then tell me a comical story; 'twill make the
time pass the merrier.

Fan. I've learn'd a new song; but I'm somewhat
doubtful whether I ought to sing it.

Mar. Why so?

Fan. Because 'tis a banter upon your old friend
Jacques the cooper.

Mar. O never mind that.

Col. It comes just in the nick.

Mar. Come, Fanny, begin.

A I R.

Fan. A cooper, old and jealous too,
 (A wanton goat as e're was seen)
To be his wife did boldly woo
 A pretty maiden, scarce fifteen.
But Cymon, handsome, young, and gay,
In secret stole her heart away.
Work away, cooper, work away,
And never heed what folks will say.

Mar. Excellent, excellent! Go on, Fanny.

Fan.

Fan. One day when he was hard at work,
A neighbour's tub to cleanse within,
Cymon, who near the shop did lurk,
Unseen by him, stole softly in;
By tender looks and sighs he strove
To charm the object of his love.

C H O R U S.

Work away, &c. &c.

Mar. Very good, very good, faith! Ha, ha, ha! poor Jacques—ha, ha, ha!—Sing on.

Fan. Thus work'd, secure, the jealous fool,
Unconscious that a trick was play'd;
While Cymon, laughing at the tool,
Of time the best advantage made;
And, eager for th' expected bliss,
Crown'd all with one delicious kiss:
Work away, &c. &c.

(Here Colin, happening to throw his band over the tub, Martin, taking it for Fanny's, kisses it violently; then, raising his head out of the tub, sees Colin kissing her, and in a passion, striving suddenly to get out, flings it down, himself in it, and crawls out; they laughing.)

Mar. Death! fury! murder!—I'm betray'd, robb'd, ruin'd,—O thou scoundrel, thou thief!

SCENE VIII.

To them Jarvis.

Jar. Heyday! what the devil's the matter here?

Mar. O master Jarvis, I am almost murder'd (*panting*), your villain of a nephew—

Jar. Fair and softly, master Martin! let us talk over an affair of mine, and then we'll come to yours.

Mar. Well, well, what is it?

Jar. You owe me fifty pounds, master Martin.

Mar. Very true. What the devil brought him to demand it now (*Aside*.) That rascal your nephew—

Jar. Your note has lain a long time since it was due, and I must now be paid.

Mar.

Mar. But I am out of cash at present.

Jar. That will bring no grist to my mill, master Martin; therefore, unless you pay me to-morrow, I shall apply in a different manner.

Mar. One misfortune upon the heels of another! I have not at this time a single guinea.

Jar. But you have goods, master Martin, and so your servant. *(Going.)*

Mar. Stay a little, master Jarvis.

Jar. Have you the money?

Mar. No, no, but, but,——I'm an honest man,

Jar. Perhaps so——good night to you. *(Going.)*

Col. Stop a minute, uncle, and I'll make him an advantageous proposal *(Jarvis comes back.)*

Jar. What is it, nephew?

Col. Let him assign Fanny over to me, and I'll take the debt upon myself.

Mar. Do you hear the impudent dog?

Jar. Impudent dog! take care of what you say——Adod he's a generous fellow, and you don't deserve his friendship——You shall hear from me to-morrow.

(Angrily, and going.)

Mar. Hold a minute!——must I then lose my Fanny!

Jar. Ay, and to be plain with you, no loss at all——You're an old wither'd plank like myself, and not fit to make the wing of a windmill; one storm would shatter you to pieces: But they are young saplings, that defy wind and weather, and whirling briskly the round of life, will keep the mill continually in motion.

Mar. Let me consider.——Fanny says nothing and sticks by Colin *(Looking at them.)* The two young devils have bubbled me——'Tis plain she loves him; and should I marry her against her inclinations, cuckoldom may be the consequence. *(Aside.)*

Jar. Have you determined?

Mar. I have, to get fifty pound by not doing a foolish thing.

Jar. Sensibly said, master Martin *(Takes a note from his pocket-book.)* To convince you that I think you a
man

man of honour, there's your note——Take it and tear it.

Mar. (Taking the note.) This generosity subdues me.—Come, my children! (*embracing them.*) friend Jarvis and I will couple you together; and while you are shaking your legs for joy, toss off bumpers to your future happiness.

AIR and CHORUS.

When in the tub I sat me down,
Too busy with my work, I own,
I never once thought of what might be doing;
But I'm not the first that was bubbled in wooing.

Then hence all gloomy discontents;

With work and wine

I'll banish mine,

And quite forget all past events.

Let drink and labour be your care,

For joy and profit centre there.

CHORUS.

Let, &c.

Jarvis.

'Tis only for the young and gay

In love to dally time away.

When silly old men to young girls are inclin'd,

They reap up the corn which they never can grind:

If one, by chance, successful prove,

He's but the tool

Of ridicule,

For all young rogues have power to love.

CHORUS.

Let drink, &c.

Fanny.

Now, thanks to heaven! young Colin's mine;

My dearest lad, I'm wholly thine.

Yet we must not fondle away all our days,

But learn by hard labour our fortune to raise.

Then, lest thy toilsome days seem long,

At work with the,

My love, I'll be,

And cheer the time with many a song.

CHORUS.

Let drink, &c.

Colin.

Colin.

Let wedlock, with its filken bands,
Unite our hearts as well as hands.

Each smile of my Fanny's a smile shall requite,
Her beauty my treasure, her peace my delight.

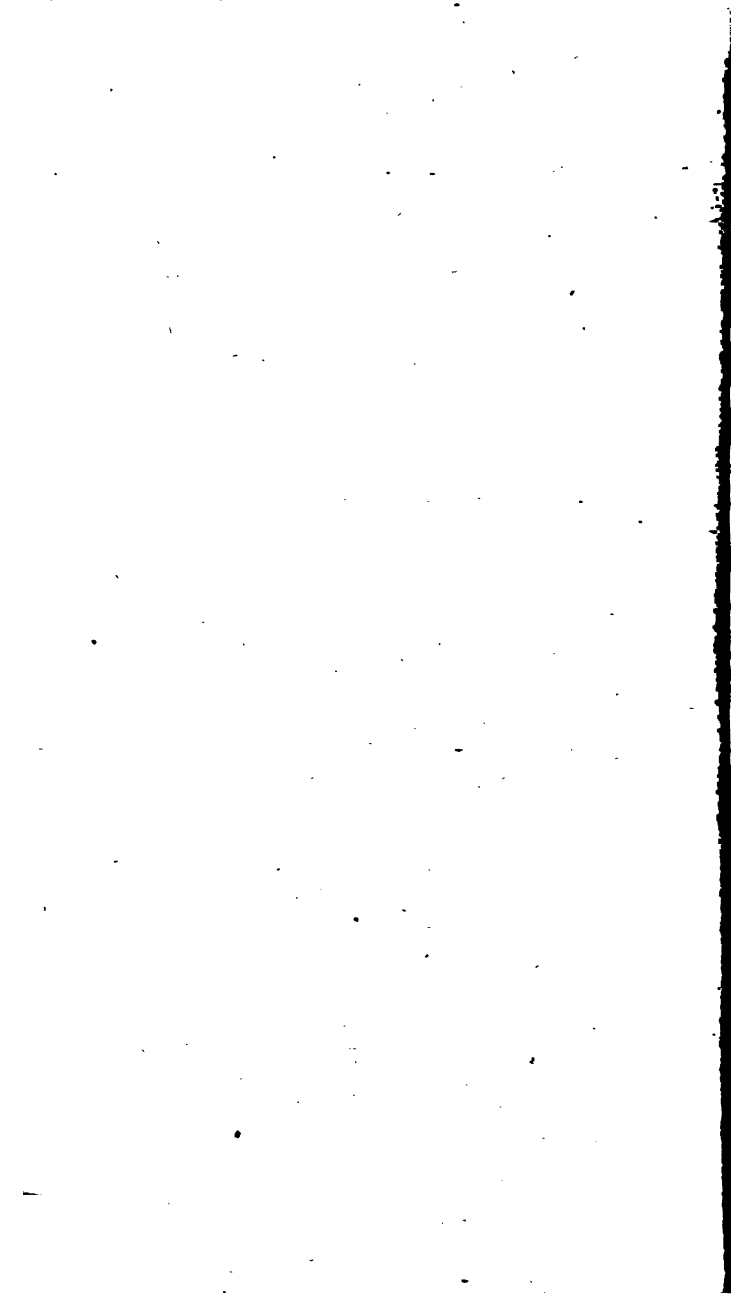
Though worldly cares attend through life,
E'en they have sweets,

To him who meets

A lovely, kind, and virtuous wife.

C H O R U S.

Let drink, &c.



THE
ROMP.

A
COMIC OPERA.

IN TWO ACTS.

Altered from LOVE IN THE CITY, by Mr. Bickerstaff.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Drury-Lane.

Young Cockney,
Barnacle,
Old Cockney,
Captain Sighly,

Mr. Dodd.
Mr. Suett.
Mr. Fawcett.
Mr. Barrymore.

Edinburgh.

Mr. Bland, junior.
Mr. O'Reilly.
Mr. Charteris.
Mr. Iliff.

W O M E N.

Pristilla Tombay,
Penelope,
Miss La Blend,

Mrs. Jordan.
Miss Stagedoir.
Miss Barnes.

Mrs. Jordan.
Mrs. Wilmotwells.
Mrs. J. Bland.

A Negro Girl, and other Attendants.

ACT I.

SCENE, a Grocer's shop with a counting-house, to which there is an ascent by steps; a glass-door with curtains, which opens to a back parlour. When the curtain rises, Young Cockney is discover'd in the counting-house writing, and men behind the curtain weighing tea, &c.

etc. Near the front, Priscilla and Penelope are seated at work.

CHORUS.

HAIL, London, noblest mart on earth,
Unrivall'd still in commerce reign;
Whence riches, honours, arts have birth,
And industry ne'er toils in vain.

Y. Cock. (Comes forward.) Come, pray, ladies, go somewhere else with your work; is not there the parlour for you, but you must bring your litter into the shop! Who do you think can come into the shop when you take up the room in this way?

Pen. I wish, brother, you would let us alone.

Prisf. Ay, mind your figs and your raisins, and your brown sugar, and let us alone, will you.——Now, Miss Penny, if you'll go in for your work-basket, we will take out the canvas, and begin the flowers immediately.

Y. Cock. Come, Miss Prissy, get off that stool: I want to put it behind the counter.

Prisf. I won't give it you.

Y. Cock. If you won't, Miss, I'll call my papa, and see what he'll say to you.

Prisf. There, take your stool, you nasty, ugly, conceited, ill-natured——

(Throws it at him.)

Y. Cock. Look there now, did you ever see any thing so unmannerly? Miss Prissy, I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself; but this is the breeding you got in the plantations——You know you was turned out of Hackney boarding-school for beating the governess, and knocking down the dancing-master—I believe you think you have got among your blackamoors——But you are not got among your blackamoors now, Miss.

Prisf. Indeed, Miss Penny, it is very hard he should invent such stories of me; if you believe me, I never touched the governess in all my life.

Pen. Upon my word, I wish you two would never come together; you are always fighting and squabbling.

Y. Cock. Then why does she play such tricks?

Prisf. Then why do you ever come near me? I neither love you, nor like you, nor never shall, that's more; I have told you so a hundred times.

Pen.

Pen. I swear one would think you were husband and wife already.

Pris. I his wife!—I would be as lief be married to the old-clothes-man; indeed I should not like to be called Mrs. Cockney.

Y. Cock. Why not? Mrs. Cockney is as a good a name as Miss Tamboy, I hope.

Pris. No, it is not as good a name.

Y. Cock. Yes, it is; but that's not as you please—that's as my uncle Barnacle pleases—He is to be in town to-day; I can tell you that for your comfort; and see what he'll say to you about the boarding-school.

Pris. I don't care for him, nor you, nor the boarding-school neither.

Y. Cock. There, by Gog and Magog, she says she does not care for my uncle Barnacle. By Jove, there's a rod in pickle for you, Miss.

Pris. I tell you what, Master Watty, if you say much more, e'cod I'll throw something at you.

Pen. Nay, nay, kifs and friends.

Pris. I won't kifs him—I would spit in his face first.

Pen. Pr'ythee! pr'ythee!

Pris. I will not, Miss Penny; he never lets me alone: but I'll tell his uncle Barnacle of him; and if he is not well thumped for his impudence, I won't stay in the house—that's what I won't.

Y. Cock. Look there again, now—Well, 'tis all over then; I won't say nothing no more—See how she frowns—Lord, there's no such thing as jesting with you—I was not in earnest—I was not, upon my honour and credit.

Come, Miss Prissy, deal sincerely,
Faith and troth I love you dearly;
Psha! nay, never look so queerly,

But at once let's kifs and friends.

For the future we'll endeavour
To deserve each other's favour.

Zooks, shake hands; why now that's clever,

And here all our quarrel ends.

(*Exeunt Y. Cockney and Penelope.*)

Pris. Quasheba ! Quasheba ! bring down my work.
Enter Quasheba.

Why don't you make haste ?

Quas. Is Missy ; here, Missy.

(Lets the work bag fall.)

Pris. See how she lets it fall : take it up again—Here, thread my needle—Where are you going now ?—Stand behind my back.

Priscilla sits down to work, and sings.

Ye maidens all, come listen to my ditty,

And ponder well the words which I shall say ;
 A damsel once there dwelt in London city,

Whose tender heart a young man stole away,

Her guardian cross would fain have had her marry

A grocer's prentice living in Cheapside ;

But he with her his point could never carry ;

For sooner than consent she would have died.

Ye maidens by this damsel take example,

And never fickle nor false-hearted prove,

Nor let old folks on your affections trample :

For what's the world compar'd to one's true love ?

Enter Penelope.

Pen. I observe you are always singing that song—
 Pr'ythee, where could you pick up such stuff ? It seems
 to be a great favourite of yours.

Pris. Why, so it is—for what do you think ?—I
 made it myself ; I did upon my—

Pen. Oh, fie, Miss ! don't swear.

Pris. Lord, you are mighty precise—Quasheba, get
 out—I want to talk with Miss Penny alone—no, stay,
 come back ; I will speak before her—But if ever I
 hear, huffy, that you mention a word of what I am go-
 ing to say to any one else in the house, I will have you
 horse-whipp'd till there is not a bit of flesh left on your
 bones.

Pen. O, poor creature !

Pris. Psha ! what is she but a neger ? If she was at
 home in our plantations, she would find the difference ;
 we make no account of them there at all : if I had a fan-
 cy for one of their skins, I should not think much of ta-
 king it.

Pen.

Pen. I suppose, then, you imagine they have no feeling?

Pris. Oh! we never consider that there—But I say, Miss Penny, I have a secret to tell you—I hate your brother worse than poison; I know very well your uncle Barnacle has a mind to marry me to him; but if he is left my guardian, and I am sent over to London for my education, I don't see he has any right to choose me a husband, though.

Pen. And pray what is it you dislike in my brother?

Pris. Why, I don't know; I don't like him at all; there's nothing gay or agreeable in him: besides, you know he will be but a grocer; and why should I marry a tradesman, when I can have a gentleman?

Pen. Can you?

Pris. Yes, faith, can I; and one of the sweetest, prettiest gentleman you ever set your two good looking eyes on: quite another thing from your brother, with a fine bag and sword—I dare swear the lace of his coat alone would burn to a matter of two guineas.

Pen. And, pray, what is this gentleman?

Pris. You saw him once; yes, you did—Don't you remember the young captain that came into Miss La Blond's shop the other day when you were buying your pompadour and green ribbons; and I asked you if you did not think him a handsome man, and and you said you did. Don't you remember?

Pen. I believe I remember something of it.

Pris. Well, I got acquainted with him there; and now the whole affair is settled between us; and we are to be married immediately.

Pen. This is a secret indeed.

Pris. Ay, and I can tell you a secret about you too—You are to be married to some very great Lord your cousin Molly has got acquainted with at the other end of the town. But shall I tell you now who I hate as bad as your brother? I hate your cousin Molly Cockney, with her conceit, and her hoarse voice—She's always at me—"Miss, hold up your head—Miss, that is not polite—Miss, don't lollop."—E'cod, last Sunday, if we had not been in church, I would have hit her a slap in the face.

Pen. Well, but, my dear, how are you to marry this gentleman? You don't design to run away with him?

Pris. No, I don't; I have written a letter to him to let him know my guardian will be in town to-day, and I have desired him to come here, and propose for me.

Pen. I am sure my uncle will not consent.

Pris. Why, then I will run away with him—I don't think, Miss Penny, but if he was to stand with his arms open to receive me, but what I could leap out of the two pair of stairs window, without being hurt the least bit—Besides—I would not marry your brother on another account—There is poor Miss La Blond, the milliner over the way; he has been courting her a matter of a twelvemonth, and though she's come of French distraction, there is not a more friendlier girl this day in all England.

Pen. Well, once more, I say, take care of my uncle.

Pris. Miss Penny, it does not signify talking to me; I am neither in leading-strings nor hanging-sleeves; and I don't want him to leave me any thing, and why should not I please myself? and, what's more, I will too.

Perhaps he may take it in dudgeon;

So let him—the peevish carmudgeon—

E'gad, if you mind me,

As stout you shall find me,

As he is bluff.

The captain has won my heart,

And who shall my humour thwart?

I like him, and love him;

And, since I approve him,

I'll have him, and that's enough,

I'm sick when I think of your brother!

And was there on earth ne'er another,

He should not my mind subdue;

To wed him they may force me,

But then he'll soon divorce me;

For faith he shall sing cuckoo.

Perhaps he may, &c.

(*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Young Cockney, and Barnacle, meeting Old Cockney.

Y. Cock. Ola! Papa! here's my uncle Barnacle.

O. Cock. Odso, is he indeed! Brother, you are welcome to town——Son Walter, run in, and desire your uncle's chamber to be got ready directly.

Barn. Stay, hold, young man——Who do you belong to?

Y. Cock. La! Why, don't you know me, uncle? I am your nephew.

O. Cock. Ay,——don't you know Watty, my son Walter?

Barn. Why, this is not your son Walter?

Y. Cock. Yes, but I am, upon my honour and credit, uncle.

Barn. Upon your honour, firrah!——And who told you, you had any honour? What has a shop-keeper to do with honour?——I had no honour when I was a shop-keeper.——I knew you were always a conceited idle young rascal——But who taught you to swear, and put all that flour and suet on your head?

Y. Cock. O Lord, uncle, don't spoil my hair.

O. Cock. Don't, brother don't—he is going among young ladies.

Barn. He's going to the devil——But you had better not provoke me, brother Nic Cockney, you had better not provoke me——I desire he may go and take off that coat and waistcoat directly.

O. Cock. Well, well, he shall——don't be in a passion——Step in, child, and take off your things——do; there's a good boy.

Y. Cock. La! papa! upon my honour——

Barn. Again, firrah——Bring his every-day clothes and his fustian sleeves here into the shop——I will have him strip before my face!

O. Cock. Go, child, do as your uncle bids you.

(Exit Young Cockney.)

Barn. Upon his honour, indeed!——Why, Nic, I hear you are going to set-up your coach, and marry your daughter to a don't know who——Trades people are out of their senses now-a-days; no sooner are they a little above the world, but they must have town-house and country—

country-house——every night running junketting to gardens and play-houses——and, in a year or two, there is eighteen pence in the pound for their creditors.

Enter Young Cockney, with an apron on.

Y. Cock. Well, now, uncle ?

Barn. Ay, now you are something like—but why a ruffled shirt ? I never wore a ruffled shirt but on a Sunday—and, come here—what's that I see at your knees—a pair of paste buckles ?——Why, firrah, you must rob the till, or go upon the high way for all this—Give them me out directly—I will have them.

(Young Cockney delivers them up.)

Y. Cock. But you'll let me have them again, I hope.

Barn. No, I won't—and now let his frippery be sold at Rag-Fair : I should like to see it swinging under an old-clothes-man's penthouse. *(Exit Old Cockney.)*

Y. Cock. Pray, uncle, give me my buckles.

Barn. I will not, firrah—and look at yonder door—How can you expect to have customers come into the shop, while you keep your door in such condition ?——When I was 'prentice, the first thing I did every morning was to scrape the door—Here, Richard, have you never a shovel in the house :—Give him a shovel—*(Servant brings a shovel.)*——There, firrah, take this shovel ; go to work ; and, when I come out again, let me see the steps clean enough to dine upon.

You silly old afs,

To come to this pass :

At fifty your follies begin you !

Art mad, or in drink ?

For my part, I think

The devil himself has got in you !

And you, master fop,

Go stick to your shop,

And shew yourself handy and willing ;

Or else, do you see,

Take this much from me,

I'll cut you both off with a shilling.

(Exit.)

Y. Cock. I won't scrape the door ; I wish I may be burned if I do—Here, Richard, give that shovel to the porter, and let him do it—To be set out in this trim before

fore every body !—But I will get my coat and waistcoat again, that I will, and put them on in spite of him—— My father expects he will leave us something in his will, and so he bears with him : but he shall not make a fool of me——No, no, I am too wise for that. (*Exit.*)

SCENE, *A Room in Cockney's House.* Penelope enters before Miss La Bond, who carries a Band-Box as taking her leave.

Pen. Now, my dear, you will not fail to let me have those things in a couple of hours, for we expect our company early in the evening—And, prithee, let me see you sometimes——Where was you on Sunday ? We were in expectation all day that you would have stepp'd over to us.

La Blond. And, upon my word, so I intended—— But in the morning I went to the gallery at St. James's, to see the court go to chapel, for we were obliged to get a pattern of one of her Majesty's caps for Mrs. Iscariot, a Jew gentlewoman, that lives upon Fish-street-hill—— In the evening, Ensign Scald, of the Middlesex militia, took sister Sukey and I to the Dog-and-Duck, and coming home we called for a little fun in at the Quaker's meeting.

Pen. But, pray, my dear, let me ask you——Is there not some coldness between you and my brother of late ?

La Blond. O la, Miss Penny ! as if you did not know ;——Master Watty has not put his foot into our shop these six weeks.

Pen. Upon my word, this is the first I have heard of it.

La Blond: However, Miss Penny, it is not that vexes me, but his rudeness when he meets one in a public place——The other night at Mile-end assembly, he took no more notice of me than if I had been a dog—I don't know that he had any reason to be ashamed of my company—I was there with Miss Fly-bow, a great butcher's daughter in Newgate-market ; I'm sure she will have a matter of six thousand pounds to her fortune, and we came in Mr. Deputy Dumplin's own chariot, that waited for us all the while.

Enter Young Cockney.

- *Y. Cock.* Sister, they want the key of the Beauffet, to get the spoons and the silver candlesticks.

Pen. Oh, brother; come here. How is it you have affronted Miss La Blond? she tell's me you have ~~had~~ ^{been} very ill to her.

Y. Cock. Who, I behaved ill to her? Lord, Miss La Blond, I wonder how you can fib on a body so. I'll be judged by any body in the world: I am sure I have not spoke a word to her I don't know the day when.

Pen. Well, and more shame for you.

La Blond. Oh! pray don't scold him, Miss Penny: Master Watty may speak or let it alone, just as he pleases. But perhaps, Sir, you think I don't know the reason of all this—There's a West Indian fortune in the house—I am below your notice now,—but, believe me, you are every bit as much below mine. (*Exit.*

Y. Cock. Do you know, sister Penny, that she has given it all out over the town that I am sworn to her on a book; and if am, it won't hold good in law, for it was only Robinson Crusoe.

Enter Old Cockney and a Maid Servant, and afterwards Priscilla in a boydening Manner.

O. Cock. Come, Margery, let us see how you have settled the things for the company—have you dusted well, and swept,—No cobwebs, nor slut's corners—Have you put candles in all the sconces? Come Penny, child, go into the next room, and help the maid to set out the silver coffee-pot, and best set of burnt china on the tea-table. (*Exeunt Penny and Maid.*

Y. Cock. When we begin to dance, papa, who shall I take out for a partner?

O. Cock. Let me consider—

Pris. Miss La Blond to be sure.

O. Cock. Miss Muzzy, Deputy Muzzy's daughter, child; she is a very great fortune. But I must go and order card-tables in the next room. (*Exit.*

Pris. O Lord, Watty, see here if I have not tore my gown.

Y. Cock. I am glad of it.

Pris. And why are you glad of it?

Y. Cock. Because I am. Who sent for you up stairs?
Pris.

Pris. Why, your uncle Barnacle desired me to come up.

Y. Cock. My uncle Barnacle? I do not believe it.

Pris. I am sure but he did though; he called a bit a gone at the shop, and said he'd be here himself presently.

Y. Cock. Well, if you dine with us, you shall not stay in the evening to dance.

Pris. I will, if I like it.

Y. Cock. You shan't, Miss.

Pris. Master Watty, why don't you go to see poor Miss La Blond: The folks say she is going mad for love of you: I am sure you ought to marry her.

Y. Cock. I am sure I won't though—I would let her go to Bedlam first.

Pris. E'cod, I believe she is only making game.

(*Runs off.*)

Y. Cock. I'm determined she shall not dance to-night for her assurance. I will go this moment, and tell my papa of her, that I will.

(*Exit.*)

Enter Barnacle and Sightly.

Barn. Business with me, Sir; Well, Sir; come this way, and let me hear it; I don't know that ever I saw your face before.

Sight. I don't believe you ever did, Sir; but if you will have patience.

Barn. And suppose I don't choose to have patience, are you to give me laws in my own house? No dra-gooning here, good Captain! you are in the city of London, Sir; we are not to be put under military execution here.

Sight. Sir, I don't understand you.

Barn. None of your rudeness to me, Sir—I have been understood by your betters; but I suppose you are disbanded, and want to raise money upon your half-pay—Well. I won't deal with you—I have lost money enough already by the army—I have a note of hand by me from one of your captains for four pounds ten shillings and sixpence.

Sight. But, Sir, my business is of a very different nature—There is a young lady, who, I understand, is

under your care ; and, if you will please to read that letter——

Barn. Ha, ha, ha ! a letter from the young lady herself to you, I suppose, Sir ; desiring you to come and ask my consent to marry her. So then you are a fortune-hunter—What servant-maid in the neighbourhood now have you been getting intelligence from about this girl and her money ? And if you succeed, how much commission, how much brokerage ?

Sight. Sir, I am a gentleman.

Barn. Well, Sir, and what then, Sir ? Have you got any money in the funds, Captain ? My father was a pin-maker, and I have forty thousand pounds there.

Sight. Sir, I must tell you——

Barn. And, Sir, I must tell you—What, I suppose because fighting is your trade, you come *vi et armis*, to cut my throat. If that's the case, I must call for assistance. Here, John, Thomas, Richard !

Sight. Upon my word, Mr. Barnacle——

Barn. Well, and upon my word too—Sir, I believe my word will go as far as your's, if you go to that. What, do you come to affront me in my own house ?—Do you know, Sir, that you have treated me with great ill-manners ! Damme, if ever I was so abused in my life——The first people in the kingdom have come cap in hand to me—And shall a puppy——

Sight. Puppy ! Sir——

Look you, Sir, your years protect you,

No vain terrors need affect you,

Scorn alone from me you'll meet ;

But in pity, I advise you,

Least another should chastise you,

Learn with gentlemen to treat.

For the lady, free she chose me ;

Neither brib'd, nor forc'd her voice ;

And, however you oppose me,

Know, I dare maintain her choice.

(Exit.)

Enter Young Cockney.

Barn. This is an incendiary ; we shall have an ill-spelt letter to-morrow, or next day, thrown into the air, threaten-

threatening to burn the house. Here, Walter, call that fellow back.

T. Cock. Call that fellow back.

Barn. Call him back yourself.

T. Cock. Captain, captain! come back, come back.

Re-enter Sightly.

Sight. Well, what do you want!

T. Cock. My uncle wants to speak to you.

Barn. Bid Priscilla Tomboy come hither.

T. Cock. Bid Priscilla Tomboy come hither.

Enter Priscilla and Penelope.

Barn. I'll put an end to this affair directly. Captain, if you please, I want to speak with you again one moment. Come here, Miss Prissy; did you ever see this young gentleman before?

Prif. Yes; to be sure, I did.

Barn. Well, but you never wrote to him, did you?

Prif. Yes, but I did though.

Barn. And where did you get acquainted with him, mistress?

Prif. Why, if you must know, I got acquainted with him at a friend's house.

Barn. A friend's house! A friend of your's indeed!

Prif. Yes a friend of mine—and he is my choice; and, if you do not give your consent, why I will marry him without it.

Barn. Fetch me the key of the back-garret.

Prif. I know what you are going to do: you are going to lock me up; but I don't care. *(Cries.)*

Sight. Pray, Sir, do not use the young lady ill on my account.

Barn. Sirrah, leave the house this minute;

Or I'll send to my Lord Mayor.

Sight. Sir, I want not to stay in it;

Wherefore do you rave and stare?

Prif. You may lock me up in prison.

But I mind not that a straw;

T. Cock. Her'n the fault is more than his'n;

Pen. Uncle, brother, pray withdraw.

Barn. To bring up a romp's the devil.

Sight. } Did you ever see the like ?
Prif. }

Barn. Captain, pray, Sir, be so civil :

T. Cock. Hold Sir, hold, you must not strike.

Barn. Life and death, I'm out of patience,
 And I will at nothing stick ;
 So, niece, nephew, ward, relations,
 'Gad, I'll play you all a trick.

T. Cock. } Stick at nothing ! pray, Sir, tarry ;

Pen. } What is it you mean to do ?

Barn. 'Sblood, you dog, you slut, I'll marry :

Pen. Marry !

T. Cock. Marry !

Prif. You, Sir !

Sight. You !

Barn. Yes, I'll take a wife and fling you ;
 Take a wife, and get an heir ;

All. } Heaven to your senses bring you :
 } Ah, dear uncle ! have a care.

ACT II.

SCENE, *A little yard and garden behind Cockney's house. Priscilla enters through a door in the flat scene. taking a letter from her pocket ; Miss La Blond following.*

Prif. HERE, this way—come into the yard here—I am afraid to speak or move in the house, I am so watched—Here is a letter for the Captain—You will make apologies about my writing, because the lines are a little crooked—Excuse my spelling too : and if he cannot make out all the words, do you help him.

La Blond. Never fear, I shall take it to his lodgings myself ; but it seems your guardian did not behave well to him this morning ; Master Watty too was unmannerly, and he swears vengeance against him.

Prif. With all my heart—Let him beat him while he is able to stand over him ; but there's a rare bustle

within. The old man swears that Watty shall not have me now, and he is going to send me back to the West-Indies directly—He is, faith—He is gone to Deptford to speak to a captain of a ship, but I will not go back to the West-Indies for him: and what do you think I have done—I have persuaded Watty that my love for the Captain, and my writing to him, was all only a sham.

La Blond. A sham! How could you do that?

Pris. O. very easily, by flattering him up:—by telling him he is a pretty young man, and has handsome legs, you may make him believe any thing.

La Blond. Well, Miss Prissy, I am sure I wish to see you happy with all my heart; but I am not unacquainted with the family of the Cockneys; and, believe me, if they did not know you to be a young lady of a very large fortune, they would not make such a fuss about you as they do.

Pris. O, I know that well enough—They are as frightened as the vengeance now about my going to Jamaica, because they think they shall lose my money. So I have told Watty, that if he can manage it, I will go off with him to Scotland to night, where, they say, folks may be married in spite of any one.

La Blond. Go off with him to Scotland?

Pris. There, now she is jealous—Hush! speak softly—It is agreed between us, that we are to go out together as soon as it is dark. Don't you think that the Captain would hit upon some contrivance to meet us in the street, and take me from Watty. He shall not have much trouble, for, e'cod, I will be willing enough to go; and if he does but bluster and swear a little, poor Watty will be afraid to say a word.

La Blond. Take you from him?

Pris. Why, 'tis the only way to get me; if it is not done to-night, its odds if the old man will not send me off to-morrow.

La Blond. Let me consider a little.

Pris. What are you thinking of, Miss La Blond?

La Blond. Why, look you, Miss Prissy, this is a very serious affair, and should be well weighed before any thing

thing is done in it. But I will go with your letter to the Captain.

Pris. Ay, do, my dear; and when I am married to the Captain, you may have Watty yourself, if you like it; and I dare say, one day or other, he will be an alderman.— But, stay, let me go this way, and do you go that; for if they see us together, they may suspect. Miss La Blond, desire the Captain to bring his servant along with him; and tell him, if he is a good fellow, he shall, when I am married to his master, have as much rum as ever he can drink for nothing. (*Exit Miss La Blond.*)

Enter Young Cockney.

Y. Cock. Miss Prissy, Miss Prissy, I want to speak to you.

Pris. Well, what do you want?

Y. Cock. Why, Miss Prissy, I have been thinking of what you were saying to me; and, if I was sure you would not return to any of your old tricks—

Pris. Why, to be sure, Master Watty, I have been a very sad girl, and I do not deserve that you should have any kindness for me.

Y. Cock. Perhaps, Miss Prissy, you think I cannot get a wife. There is a widow gentlewoman, worth a matter of forty thousand pounds; her husband was a great sugar-baker in Ratcliff-Highway—and if I would marry her, she would settle every farthing she is worth upon me.

Pris. Indeed, I do not doubt it.

Y. Cock. But you are for an officer; it seems; and I don't see that they are a bit cleverer than other people: I believe I have been reckoned as genteel as any of them; besides, what is a little outside shew. If you had a mind to go to Scotland with this here Captain, now its odds if he could find money to pay for a post-chay.

Pris. I don't care for the Captain; I wish you would not mention him at all—I am ashamed whenever I think of him.

Y. Cock. So you ought, Miss:

Pris. I know I ought, but I was bewitched: I am sure I have been crying about it like any thing; only see, Watty, how red my eyes are.

Y. Cock.

T. Cock. Ah! fudge! that is no crying, you have been putting an onion to them—But, I say, if you get yourself ready, I will go along with you as soon as it is dusk—Don't you think these cloaths becomes me, Miss Prissy? I have a mind to take them along with us.

Pris. You look very jammy in them, I am sure.

T. Cock. Why, I think they shew the fall of my shoulders—I have a very fine fall in my shoulders; have not I Miss Prissy?

Pris. Yes, indeed have you.

T. Cock. Well, but there's one thing as perhaps you did not know. If you marry without my uncle's consent, you are not to have no fortune; so that I am taking you hap at a hazard; and if he should not forgive us afterwards, I shall have you to maintain; which will be very hard upon me.

Pris. Oh! but he will forgive us: besides, if you go with me to Jamaica; I'll raise the negers for us—its only beating them well, giving them a few yams, and they'll do any thing you bid them.

T. Cock. Well, we cannot go yet; but you may prepare yourself while I step in. Miss Prissy, don't you think our going off will be in the newspapers!—We hear that a great West-Indian fortune has lately eloped which the son of an eminent grocer in the city—And when we come back, Lord! I warrant there will be noise enough about us

(Exit

The Negro Girl appears at the window, and throws out the things her mistress calls for; which she puts on as fast as she gets them.

Pris. Quasheba! Quasheba! Quasheba!

Quasb. What, Missy?

Pris. Throw out my hat and my shawl: I will be ready in a minute; he shall not wait for me, I warrant him—How purely I have managed it! If the Captain does but meet us now—Watty thinks, as sure as any thing, I will go off with him—He is the greatest fool that I ever knew—But suppose the Captain does not meet us, must I go off with Watty?—'Ecod, I will not—I will bawl out in the street, and say he is running away with me—Let me see now, have I got all my things? have I forgot nothing?

Dear

Dear me, how I long to be married,
And in my own coach to be carried;

Beside me to see,
How charming 'twill be!
My husband, and, may be,
A sweet little baby
As pretty as he.
Already I hear
Its tongue in my ear:
Papa, papa?
Mama, mama!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Oh, gracious! what calling,
What stamping, what bawling,
When first I am mis'd by the clan!
Miss Molly will chatter,
Old Square Toes will clatter;
But catch me again if they can.

Dear me, how I long. &c.

(Exit.)

SCENE, *Ludgate Hill, with a View of St Paul's Church.*

Enter Slightly and Miss La Blond.

La Blond. Captain Slightly! Mercy on us, how you frighten'd me!

Sight. Well, you see I am a true soldier, at my post, and ready to engage. Her letter mentions the Bell-Savage-Inn——If so, we cannot be better stationed than here.

La Blond. But I say, Captain, when you have got Miss Tomboy, where do you think to take her?

Sight. To Scotland directly, my girl.

La Blond. No, no, that will never do——She shall go and lie at my aunt's to-night: and in the morning, I am certain we will hit upon a plan to get Mr. Barnacle's consent to your marriage.

Sight. Well, my dear. I will leave every thing to you: I am sure I cannot be in more trusty hands.

La Blond. Hush, hush, I hear them coming; hide yourself for a few minutes.

(They retire.)

Enter

Enter Young Cockney and Priscilla.

Pris. La, Master Watty—you hurry so fast—I vow I must stop and rest myself, so I must; I am as tired as any thing.

Y. Cock. Why would you not let me call a hackney-coach then? But I tell you it will be dark presently, and we shall meet some highwaymen on the road near London.

Pris. Well, stay a moment then till I tie my swash.

Y. Cock. Well then, tie your swash.

Pris. It was you that was so long before you came out—Oh, la! there are two great big men standing at yonder corner—I won't go any farther, Master Watty.

Y. Cock. What's the matter with you, Miss Prissy? La, you frighten me out of my wits.

Pris. Master Watty, just step to that corner, and see if they are gone. Never fear, I won't leave you.

(Priscilla gives Young Cockney the end of her shawl to hold, and while he is looking another way, she runs off with Captain Sightly.)

Y. Cock. If ever I knew the like of you! There's no danger; come along.

(Discovers the trick, and runs after them.)

SCENE, *A room at Miss La Blond's aunt's house. Enter Captain Sightly, Priscilla, and Miss La Blond. The Captain fastens the door.*

Y. Cock. *(at the outside of the door.)* Miss Prissy, I know very well you are here; I saw you with your Captain—I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, Miss La Blond, to encourage a young lady to run away from her friends.

Sight. What the devil shall we do now?

Pris. *(To the Captain.)* Say I am not here.

Sight. I tell you, Sir, she is not here.

Pris. I tell you, Sir, she is not—

Y. Cock. Ah, ah! I see, you, Miss, through the key-hole.

Sight. What shall we do?

Pris. Let him in, who's afraid—Come in, Master Watty, who cares for you.

(She lets him in.)

Y. Cock.

Y. Cock. And who cares for you—Will you come home, Miss Prissy?

Pris. No, I won't—I wish, Master Watty, you would make yourself scarce.

Y. Cock. Well, Miss, you will be made to repent of this.

Pris. Get you gone, you nasty thing you,
Do you think I care for you?

Y. Cock. I'll go, and shortly bring you
Those shall make you dearly rue.
And to you, Sir, I'll bring two, Sir.

Sighs and *Priscilla.* } Who, Sir! who, Sir! who?

Y. Cock. Never mind, no matter who.

Sighs. If that here you longer tarry,
You may chance away to carry
That you will not like to bear.

Pris. You'll well be beaten.

Y. Cock. What! you threaten!

Pris. Captain, draw your sword and swear.

Sighs. 'Sblood and thunder!

La Blond. Stand asunder!

Y. Cock. Let him touch me if he dare.

Pris. Waster Watt—I'll tell you what,
Home you had much better trot.

Y. Cock. Will you go with me or not?

Pris. Trot, Watt, I will not.
Get you gone, you nasty thing, &c.

(*Priscilla puts herself in a boxing attitude, and beats Young Cockney off.*) *Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The inside of Cockney's house.* Enter Barnacle,
Young Cockney, and Penelope.

Barn. I say I will not see her—let her go from whence she came—I shall write her friends in Jamaica word, by the next packet, that I was not strong enough to hold her, and that when I was on the eve of sending her back to them, she ran away from me with a young fellow that nobody knows.

Y. Cock. Do so, uncle; and I wonder she has the impudence to come back; after staying out all night.

Barn. And, I wonder, firrah, you dare have the impudence.

patience to take her out, when I ordered her to keep her room : it is all your doings.

Pen. Well, pray, dear Sir, let me prevail upon you to see her, and hear what she can say for herself.

Y. Cock. She can say nothing for herself, sister Penny ; and I believe Miss La Blond was concerned along with them, however fair she may carry it.

Pen. Well, uncle, will you condescend to see this mad girl ?

Barn. Where is she ?

Pen. Above, in my chamber ; she is afraid to come down without your permission. She seems really sorry for what she has done, and perhaps things may not be so bad as they appear.

Y. Cock. O, I warrant they are bad enough.

Barn. I'll break your bones, you dog.

Y. Cock. For what ?

Barn. Bid that girl come hither (*Exit Penelope.*) But here, take this stick, I will not trust myself near her with it, lest I should do her a mischief.

(*Gives his cane to Young Cockney.*)

Enter Priscilla and Penelope.

Barn. Oh ! Madam run-away——

Pris. Don't be angry, pray don't, and I'll tell you——

Barn. Huffy, what made you go out last night ?

Pris. Why, it was Master Watty made me ; we were going to Scotland to be married.

Barn. To Scotland ! Oh ! you dog, Walter !

Y. Cock. Well, it was she herself proposed it.

Pris. Suppose I did ; you know when I was in the house I never could be at rest for you ; he was always making love to me.

Y. Cock. I make love to her ! I never spoke a civil word to her in all my life.

Barn. Hold your tongue, firrah. But I say, where have you been all night ? Let me hear that.

Pris. You'll be angry.

Barn. Tell me the truth.

Pris. Why, the gentleman that loves me, the officer that was here yesterday, met me and Master Watty in the street, and so he took me away from him—And—but why did little Watty take me out ?

Barn.

Barn. Ay, its very true, its all your fault, firrah. But where did he take you?

Prif. To his lodgings; for he said he loved me so he could not live without me! and if I did not consent to be his wife, he said he would kill himself on the spot.

Barn. Kill himself, you wicked girl!

Prif. I knew you would be in a passion about it.

Barn. Hark you, huffy, I have but one question more to ask you; are you ruined or not?

Prif. Oh dear—he, he, he!

Barn. You impudent——

Prif. Little Watty makes me laugh.

Barn. And so you and the gentleman pass'd for man and wife?

Prif. Why, I'll assure you, at first I was very much against it, for I said I did not think it was becoming; and he said he would rather lie in the street than incommode me! and I seeing him so polite, said he should not run the risk of catching cold for the love of me.

Barn. And so you——

Prif. Why, he said he would be civil to me; and I'm sure he'll marry me, for he gave me his promise two or three times.

Barn. Get you gone, huffy!

Prif. I knew now this would be the way.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Captain Sightly, Sir, desires to speak to you.

Barn. Desire him to walk up. *(Exit Servant.)*

Prif. Sir, if you will please to call to Watty.

Y. Cock. Sir, please to speak to Prissy!

Barn. Have done, you couple of devils.

Enter Captain Sightly and Miss La Blond.

Barn. Sir, I'm inform'd that your name is Charles Sightly, lieutenant in I know not what regiment of foot; that you have seduced this girl——

Prif. Well, why don't you say we are married?

Barn. In a word, Captain, I am informed my hopeful ward here has passed the night at your lodgings—— Answer me upon your honour; is it so or not? for in that case I must e'en give her to you.

Sight. You ask me upon my honour?

Barn.

Barn. Ay, I do, Sir.

Sight. Then, Sir, I will not give it in a falsehood for my interest ; the young lady is perfectly innocent, and this only a scheme to incline you to consent to our marriage.

Pris. Oh, you fool.

Barn. Hold your tongue, impudence—You are a brave young fellow, I believe, and more deserving of her than my own relation ; therefore I give her to you ; and let this teach you for the future to use candour on all occasions.

Pris. Oh my dear guardian ! *(Runs and kisses him.)*

Barn. You spoil my wig—Let me hear no more of you. Hark you, child *(To Miss La Blond.)* Do you think if a husband was thrown in your way, old enough to be your father, that old Nick would not tempt you—You understand me ?

La'Blond. Sir, I think I should make him a good wife.

Barn. Say'st thou so, my girl ? when then I will marry you myself to-morrow morning—Ladies and gentlemen, you are heartily welcome—Pray salute the young bride and bridegroom. And now let us forget all past bickerings and misunderstandings, and be as merry as music and good cheer can make us.

Y. Cock. Hear, city youths, this friendly rhyme,

'Tis worthy well attending ;

O go not on, your precious time

In vain delights mispending :

Bucks, bloods, and smarts, reform your ways,

Leave dancing, wenching ; gaming, plays ;

First get the cash, then cut a flash,

Nor be ashamed of mending.

Sight. I have been naughty, I confess ;

But now you need not doubt it,

I mean my follies to redress,

And straight will set about it ;

'Tis modest sweetness gives the grace,

To birth, to fortune, and to face :

That charm secure, will long endure,

And all is vain without it.

Pris.

Pris.

And now our scenic task is done,
This comes of course, you know, Sirs,
We drop the mask off, ev'ry one,
And stand *in statu quo*, Sirs.
Your ancient friends and servants we,
Who humbly wait for your decree ;
One gracious smile to crown our toil,
And happy let us go, Sirs.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE

MAID OF THE OAKS.

*Altered into an After-Piece of Two Acts, by a Gentle-
man of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Mr. Oldworth,</i>	-	-	<i>Edinburgh.</i>	<i>Mr. Sparks.</i>
<i>Old Groveby,</i>	-	-		<i>Mr. Mofs.</i>
<i>Sir Harry Groveby,</i>	-	-		<i>Mr. Bell.</i>
<i>Mr. Dupeley,</i>	-	-		<i>Mr. Lamash.</i>
<i>Hurry,</i>	-	-		<i>Mr. Wilson.</i>
<i>Shepherds,</i>	-	-		<i>{ Mr. Michel.</i>
				<i>{ Mr. Bland, jun.</i>

WOMEN.

<i>Lady Bab Lardeon,</i>	-	-	<i>Mrs. Kemble.</i>
<i>Maria,</i>	-	-	<i>{ Mrs. J. Bland.</i>
<i>Shepherdesses,</i>	-	-	<i>{ Mrs. Villars</i>

ACT I. SCENE I.

Part of an ornamented Farm,

Enter Sir Harry Groveby and Mr. Dupeley meeting.

Sir Har. DEAR Charles, welcome to England! and doubly welcome to Oldworth's Oaks—Friendship, I see, has wings as well as love—you arrive at the mo-
ment

ment I wished. I hope in your haste you have not forgot a fancy dress.

Dup. No, no ; I am a true friend, and prepared for all your whimsies, amorous and poetical. Your summons found me the day after my arrival, and I took post immediately—next to my eagerness to see you, was that of being in time for the Fête Campêtre—Novelty and pleasure are the beings I pursue—They have led me half the world over already ; and for aught I know they may some time or other carry me to the Otaheite.

Sir Har. You have pursued but their shadows—here they reign in the manners of this new Arcadia, and the smiles of the sweet Maid of the Oaks.

Dup. Who, in the name of curiosity is she that bears this romantic title ? for your letter was a mere eclogue ; the devil a thing could I make out but a rhapsody upon rural-innocence, and an invitation from a gentleman I did not know, to an entertainment I never saw—What, are we to have a representation of the Pastor-fido in a Garden ?

Sir Har. The Pastor-fido is before you *in propria persona* ; the business of the day is a wedding ; and Charles Dupeley is invited to see his friend Sir Harry Groveby united to the most charming of her sex.

Dup. The devil it is ! What a young fellow of your hopes and fortune, sacrificed to a marriage of romance ! But, prithee, relieve my impatience, and tell me who she is.

Sir Har. An orphan ward of the worthy old gentleman at whose seat you now are : His character is singular, and as amiable in its way as hers. Inheriting a great estate, and liberally educated, his disposition led him early to a country life, where his benevolence and hospitality are boundless ; and these qualities, joined with an imagination bordering upon the whimsical, have given a peculiar turn to the manners of the neighbourhood, that, in my opinion, degrades the polish of courts.—But judge of the original.

Enter Oldworth.

Mr. Oldworth, I present you my friend ; he is just arrived from abroad ; I will not repeat how much he is worthy of your friendship.

Old.

Old. To be worthy of yours, Sir Harry, is the best recommendation. (*To Dupeley.*)—Sir, your friend is going to receive from my hands a lovely girl, whose merit he has discern'd and lov'd for its own sake: such nuptials should recal the ideas of a better age: He has permitted me to celebrate them upon my own plan, and I shall be happy to receive the judgment of an accomplish'd critic.

Dup. Sir, by what I already see of Oldworth's Oaks, and know of the character of the master, I am persuaded the talent most necessary for the company will be that of giving due praise.

Enter Hurry.

Hur. Lord, Sir, come down to the building directly—all the trades are together by the ears—it is for all the world like the tower of Babylon—they have drove a broad-wheel waggon over two hampers of wine, and it is all running among lilies and honey-suckles—one of the cooks stumbled over one of the clouds, and threw a ham and chickens into a tub of white wash—a lamp-lighter spilt a gallon of oil into a cream'd apple-tart—and they have sent for more roses, and there is not one left within twenty miles.

Old. Why, honest Hurry, if there is none to be had, you need not be in such haste about 'em—Mercy on us! My Fête has turn'd this poor fellow's head already; he will certainly get a fever.

Hur. Get a favour, Sir!—why there has not been one left these three hours; all the girls in the parish have been scrambling for them, and I must get a hundred yards more—Lord a mercy! there is so much to do at once, and nobody to do it, that it is enough to moulder one's head—Law, Sir, if you loiter longer, I tell you they will all be at loggerheads—they were very near it when I came away. (*Exit.*)

Old. Mr. Dupeley, you'll excuse me—Hurry convinces me my presence is necessary elsewhere—this is a busy day!

Dup. The greatest compliment you can pay me is not to look upon me as a stranger.

Old. I forgot to tell you, Sir Harry, that Lady Bab Lardoon is in the neighbourhood, and I expect her every

moment—she promised to be with us long before the hour of general invitation.

Dup. Who is she, pray?

Sir Har. Oh, she's a superior!—a phoenix!—more worthy your curiosity than any object of your travels!—She is an epitome, or rather a caricature of what is called *very fine life*, and the first female gamester of the time.

Old. For all that, she is amiable—one cannot help discerning and admiring the natural excellence of her heart and understanding; though she is an example, that neither is proof against a false education, and a rage for fashionable excesses—But when you see her, she will best explain herself—This fellow will give me no rest.

Hurry returns.

Hur. Rest, Sir, why I have not slept this fortnight;—come along, Sir, pray make haste—nothing's to be done without it.

Old. Nor with it, honest Hurry. (*Exit with Hurry.*)

Dup. A cunning old fellow, I warrant!—with his *ward and his love of merit for its own sake*—ha, ha, ha!—Pr'ythee how came your acquaintance in this odd family?

Sir Har. Don't sneer, and I will tell you—By mere chance, in a progress of amusement to this side the country: The story is too delicate for thy relish; suffice it that I came, saw, and lov'd—I laid my rank and fortune at the fair one's feet, and would have married instantly; but that Oldworth opposed my precipitancy and insisted upon a probation of six months absence—It has been a purgatory!

Dup. All this is perfectly *en regle* for a man of home education— I should like to see the woman that could entangle *me* in this manner.

Enter Hurry.

Hur. Lord, Sir, I am out of breath to find you; why almost every thing is ready except yourself, and Madam Maria is gone to the Grove, and she is so dress'd, and looks so charming!

Sir Har. Propitious be the hour!—Here, Hurry, find out this gentleman's servant, and shew him where he is to dress.

(*Exit Dup.*)

Dup. Oh, take care of yourself, Corydon. the first, I shall be time enough; Hurry shall first shew me a little of the preparation—What is going forward here?

(*Approaching the side-scene.*)

Hur. Hold, Sir, not that way; my master lets no body see his devices and figaries there.

Dup. Why, what is he doing there, Hurry?

Hur. Doing!—as you are a gentleman I will tell you what he is doing—I hope no body hears us. (*Looking about.*) Why, he is going to make the sun shine at midnight, and he is covering it with a thousand yards of sail-cloth, for fear the rain should put it out—lord, such doings!—here, this way, your honour.

Dup. But, hark'ee, honest Hurry, do stand still a moment to oblige me.

Hur. Stand still, Sir!—Lord, Sir, if I stand still, every thing stands still; and then what a fine *Sham-Peter* should we make of it! (*Always restless.*)

Dup. You seem to know every thing here?

Hur. To be sure I do—I am no fool I believe—what think you, Sir?

Dup. He that takes you for a fool is not over wise, I warrant him; therefore let me ask you a question or two.

Hur. To-morrow, Sir, with all my heart; but I have so many questions to ask myself, and so many answers to give, that I have not five minutes to spare.

Dup. Three minutes will do my business: Who is this Maid of the Oaks, friend Hurry?

Hur. A young lady, Sir.

Dup. I thought as much. (*Smiling.*) You are a courtier, friend Hurry.

Hur. I court her!—Heaven forbid!—she's going to be married, Sir.

Dup. Well said, simplicity! If you won't tell me *who* she is, tell me *what* she is?

Hur. She is one of the most charmingest, sweetest, delightfulest, mildest, beautifulest, modestest, genteelest, never to be praised enough, young creature in all the world!

Dup. True courtier again! Who is her father, pray?

Hur. Its a wise child that knows its own father; Lord blefs her ! ſhe does not want a father.

Dup. Not while Mr. Oldworth lives.

Hur. Nor when he is dead neither; every body would be glad to be her father, and every body wiſhes to be her huſband; and ſo, Sir, if you have more queſtions to aſk, I'll answer them another time, for I am wanted here, and there, and every where. (*Buſſles about.*)

Dup. Shew me my chamber to dreſs, and I'll deſire no more of you at preſent.

Hur. Bleſs your honour for letting me go; I have been very miſerable all the while you were talking to me—This way, this way, Sir. (*Exit.*)

Dup. What a character!—yet he has his cunning, though the ſimpleſt ſwain in this region of perfect innocence, as Sir Harry calls it—ha, ha, ha! (*Exit.*)

SCENE the Oaks.

Maria ſitting under a great tree, ſings.
Come ſing round my favourite tree,
Ye ſongſters that viſit the grove;
'Twas the haunt of my ſhepherd and me,
And the bark is a record of love.

II.

Reclin'd on the turf by my ſide,
He tenderly pleaded his cauſe;
I only with bluſhes replied,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pauſe.

DA CAPO.

Come ſing, &c.

Enter Oldworth.

Old. Joy to my ſweet Maria! May long ſucceeding years reſemble this her bridal hour! May health, and peace, and love, ſtill inſpire her ſong, and make the harmony of her voice an emblem of her life! But come, my girl, if there is a wiſh remaining in your heart within my power to gratify, I hope, in this laſt hour of my cares, I ſhall not be a ſtranger to it.

Mer. If I have a wiſh you have not indulged, Sir, I fear

fear it must be an improper one, or it would not have escaped you.

Old. Lady Bab Lardoon, as I live!—the princess of dissipation! Catch an observation of her while you can, Maria; for though she has been but three days out of London, she is as uneasy as a mole in sunshine, and would expire, if she did not soon dive into her old element again.

Enter Lady Bab.

L. Bab. Dear Maria, I am happy to be the first of your company to congratulate you—Well, Mr. Oldworth, I am delighted with the idea of your Fête; it is so novel, so French, so expressive of what every body understands and nobody can explain! then there is something so spirited in an undertaking of expence, where a shower of rain would spoil it all.

Old. I did not expect to escape from so fine a lady; but you and the world have free leave to comment upon all you see here.

"Laugh where you must, be candid where you can." I only hope, that to celebrate a joyful event upon any plan that neither hurts the morals or politeness of the company, and at the same time sets thousands of the industrious to work, cannot be thought blame worthy.

L. Bab. Oh, quite the contrary, and I am sure it will have a run; a force upon the seasons and the manners is the true test of a refined taste; and it holds good from a cucumber at Christmas to an Italian opera.

Mar. Is the rule the same among the ladies, Lady Bab? is it also a definition of their refinement to act in all things contrary to nature?

L. Bab. Not absolutely in all things, though more so than people are apt to imagine; for even in circumstances that seem most natural, fashion prompts ten times where inclination prompts once; and there would be an end of gallantry in this country, if it was not for the sake of reputation.—If one does not *really* despise old vulgar prejudices, it is absolutely necessary to affect it, or one must sit at home alone.

Old. Indeed!

L. Bab. Yes, like lady Sprose, and talk morals to the parrot.

Mar. This is new, indeed; I always supposed that in places where freedom of manners was most countenanced, a woman of unimpeachable conduct carried a certain respect.

L. Bab. Only fit for sheep-walks and *Oakeries*!—I beg your pardon, Mr. Oldworth—In town it would just raise you to the whist-party of old Lady Cypher, Mr. Squabble, and Lord Flimzey; and at every public place you would stand among the footmen to call your own chair, while all the maccaronies passed by whistling a song through their tooth picks, and giving a shrug—*dem it, 'tis a pity that so fine a woman should be left to all common decency.*

Mar. (*smiling.*) I believe I had better stay in the *Oakery*, as you call it; for I am afraid I shall never procure any *civility* in town upon the terms required.

L. Bab. Oh, my dear, you have chose a horrid word to express the intercourse of the bon ton; *civility* may be very proper in a mercer when one is choosing a silk, but *familiarity* is the life of good company. I believe this is quite since your time, Mr. Oldworth; but 'tis by far the greatest improvement the beau-monde ever made.

Old. And pray how has this happy revolution been effected?

L. Bab. By the most charming of all institutions, wherein we shew the world, that liberty is as well understood by our women as by our men; we have our *Bill of Rights* and our *Constitution* too, as well as they—we drop in at all hours, play at all parties, pay our own reckonings, and in every circumstance (petticoats excepted) are true, lively, jolly fellows.

Mar. But does not this give occasion to a thousand malicious insinuations?

L. Bab. Ten thousand, my dear—but no *great measures* can be effected without a contempt of popular clamour.

Old. Paying of reckonings is I confess new since my time; and I should be afraid it might sometimes be a little heavy upon a lady's pocket.

L. Bab. A mere trifle—one generally wins them—Jack Saunter of the guards lost a hundred and thirty to me upon score at one time; I have not eat him half yet.

yet—he will keep me best part of next winter ; but exclusive of that, the club is the greatest system of economy for married families ever yet established.

Old. Indeed ! how so pray ?

L. Bab. Why all the servants may be put to board-wages, or sent into the country, except the footmen—no plunder of house-keepers, or maitres-de hotel, no long butcher's bills—Lady Squander protests she has wanted no provision in her family these six months, except potatoes to feed the children, and a few frogs for the French governess—Then our dinner societies are so amusing ; all the doves and hawks together, and one converses so freely ; there's no topic of White's or Almacks in which we do not bear a part.

Mar. Upon my word, I should be a little afraid that some of those subjects might not always be managed with sufficient delicacy for a lady's ear, especially an unmarried one.

L. Bab. Bless me ! why, where's the difference ? Miss must have had a strange education indeed, not to know as much as her Chapron : I hope you would not have the daughters black-ball'd when the mothers are chose. Why it is almost the only place where some of them are likely to see each other.

Enter Sir Harry Groveby.

Sir Har. I come to claim my lovely bride !—the hour is almost on the point, the whole country is beginning to assemble ; every preparation of Mr. Oldworth's fancy is preparing.

And while the priest accuse the bride's delay,

Roses and myrtles shall obstruct her way.

Mar. Repugnance would be affectation ; my heart is all your own, and I scorn the look or action that does not avow it.

Old. Come, Sir Harry, leave your protestations, which my girl does not want ; and see a fair stranger.

L. Bab. Sir Harry, I rejoice at your happiness—and do not think me so tasteless, Maria, as not to acknowledge an attachment like yours preferable to all others, when it can be had—*filer le parfait amour*, is the first happiness in life : But that you know is totally out of the question in town. The matrimonial comforts in

our way are absolutely reduced to two ; to plague a man and to bury him ; the glory is to plague him first, and bury him afterwards.

Sir Har. I heartily congratulate Lady Bab, and all who are to partake of her conversation, upon her being able to bring so much vivacity into the country.

L. Bab. Nothing but the Fête Champêtre could have effected it, for I set out in miserable spirits—I had a horrid run before I left town.—I suppose you saw my name in the papers.

Sir Har. I did ; and therefore concluded there was not a word of truth in the report.

Mar. Your name in the papers, Lady Bab ! for what pray ?

L. Bab. The old story—it is a mark of insignificance now to be left out. Have not they begun with you yet, Maria ?

Mar. Not that I know of ; and I am not at all ambitious of the honour.

L. Bab. Oh, but you will have it—The Fête Champêtre will be a delightful subject !—To be complimented one day, laughed at the next, and abused the third ; you can't imagine how amusing it is to read one's own name at breakfast in a morning paper.

Mar. Pray, how long may your ladyship have been accustomed to this pleasure ?

L. Bab. Lord, a great while, and in all its stages : They first began with a modest innuendo, “ We hear a certain lady, not a hundred miles from Hanover-square, lost at one sitting, some nights ago, two thousand guineas—*O tempora ! O mores !*”

Old. (*laughing.*) Pray, Lady Bab, is this concluding ejaculation your own, or was it the printer's ?

L. Bab. His, you may be sure ; a dab of Latin adds surprizing force to a paragraph, besides shewing the learning of the author.

Old. Well, but really I don't see such a great matter in this ; why should you suppose any body applied this paragraph to you ?

L. Bab. None but my intimates did, for it was applicable to half St. George's parish ; but about a week after they honoured me with initials and Italics : “ It is
said

said Lady B. L.'s ill success still continues at the quinzee table: It was observed the same Lady appeared yesterday at court in a *ribband collar*, having laid aside her *diamond necklace* (*diamond in Italics*) as totally bourgeois, and unnecessary for the dress of a woman of fashion."

Old. To be sure this *was* advancing a little in familiarity.

L. Bab. At last, to my infinite amusement, out I came at full length: "Lady Bab Lardoon has tumbled down three nights successively; a certain colonel has done the same; and we hear that both parties keep house with sprained ancles."

Old. This last paragraph sounds a little enigmatical.

Mar. And do you really feel no resentment at all this?

L. Bab. Resentment—poor silly devils, if they did but know with what thorough contempt those of my circle treat a remonstrance—But hark! I hear the pastorals beginning. (*Music behind.*) Lord, I hope I shall find a shepherd!

Old. The most elegant one in the world, Mr. Dupeley, Sir Harry's friend.

L. Bab. You don't mean Charles Dupeley, who has been so long abroad?

Sir Har. The very same; but I'm afraid he will never do—he is but half a macaroni.

L. Bab. And very possibly the worst half: It is a vulgar idea to think foreign accomplishments fit a man for the polite world.

Sir Har. Lady Bab, I wish you would undertake him; he seems to have contracted all the common-place affectation of travel; and thinks himself quite an overmatch for the fair sex, of whom his opinion is as ill founded as it is degrading.

L. Bab. O, is that his turn? What, he has been studying some late posthumous letters, I suppose?—'twould be a delight to make a fool of such a fellow!—Where is he?

Sir Har. He is only gone to dress; I appointed to meet him on the other side of the Grove; he'll be here in twenty minutes.

L. Bab. I'll attend him there in your place—I have it—I'll try my hand a little at *navailé*—he never saw me—the dress I am going to put on for the Fête will do admirably to impose upon him. I'll make an example of his hypocrisy, and his *graces*, and his *usage du monde*.

Enter Hurry running.

Hur. Here they come! here they come! give them room! pray, Sir, stand a little back—a little further, your honourable ladyship, let the happy couple stand foremost—Here they come!

Old. And, pray, when you can find breath to be understood, who or what is coming, Hurry?

Hur. All the cleverest lads and girls that could be picked out within ten miles round; they have garlands in one hand, and roses in another, and their pretty partners in another, and some are singing, and all so merry!

Old. Stand still, Hurry: I foresaw you would be a sad master of the ceremonies.—Why, they should not have appeared till the lawn was full of company; they were to have danced there—you have let them in too soon by an hour.

Hur. Lord, Sir! 'twas impossible to keep them out.

Old. Impossible! why, I am sure they did not knock you down.

Hur. No, but they did worse; for the pretty maids smiled and smirked, and were so coaxing; and they called me dear Hurry, and sweet Hurry, and one called me pretty Hurry, and I did but just open the door a moment, flesh and blood could not resist it, and so they all rushed by.

Old. Ay, and now we shall have the whole crowd of the country break in.

Hur. No, Sir, no, never be afraid; we keep out all the old ones.

Sir Har. Ay, here they come cross the lawn—I agree with Hurry, flesh and blood could not stop them—Joy and gratitude are overbearing arguments, and they must have their course.

Hur. Now, Sir Harry! now, your ladyship! you shall see such dancing and hear such singing! (*Exit Oldworth, Sir Harry, Maria, and Lady Bab.*)—Bless my heart, how the whole place goes round with me!—

My

My head seems quite illuminated as well as that there' (*Points to the building.*) See what it is to have more business than one's brains can bear. I am as giddy as a goose; yet I have not touched a drop of liquor to-day—but three glasses of punch, a pint of hot negus to warm me, a bottle of cyder to cool me again, and a dram of cherry bounce to keep all quiet—I should like to lie down a little—but then what would become of the *Sham-Peter*—No, as I am entrusted with a high office, I scorn to flinch; I will keep my eyes open, and my head clear—ay, and my hands too—and I wish all my countrymen had done the same at this general election. (*Reels off.*)

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Garden Gate.*

(*Noise without.*)

Hur. INDEED, Sir, we can't! it is as much as our places are worth: Pray don't insist upon it.

Enter Old Groveby, booted and splashed, pushing in
Hurry.

Grov. I must see Sir Harry Groveby, and I will see him. Do ye think, ye jackanapes, that I come to rob the house?

Hur. That is not the case, Sir; nobody visits my master to-day without tickets: All the world will be here; and how shall we find room for all the world, if people were to come how they please and when they please?

Grov. What! have you a stage-play here, that one cannot be admitted without a ticket?

Hur. As you don't know what we have here to-day, I must desire you to come to-morrow—Sir Harry won't see you to-day; he has a great deal of business upon his hands, and you can't be admitted without a ticket: And moreover you are in such a pickle, and nobody will be admitted but in a fanciful dress.

Grov. This is a dress after my own fancy, Sirrah; and whatever pickle I am in, I will put you in a worse

If you don't immediately shew me to Sir Harry Groveby ———
(Shaking his whip.

Hur. Sir Harry's going to be married——What would the man have?

Grov. I would have a fight of him *before* he goes to be married——And I shall mar his marriage, I believe, (*Afide.*) I am his uncle, puppy, and ought to be at the wedding.

Hur. Are, you so, Sir? Bless my heart! why would you not say so!——This way, good Sir! It was impossible to know you in such a figure; I could sooner have taken you for a smuggler than his uncle; no offence, Sir——If you please to walk in that grove there, I'll find him directly——I'm sorry for what has happened—but you did not say you were a gentleman, and it was impossible to take you for one—No offence, I hope.

Grov. None at all, if you do as I bid you.

Hur. That I will, to be sure.——I hope you are come to be merry, Sir. *(Exit.*

Grove. O, ay to be sure——It is true, I see; I come at the very instant of his perdition——Whether I succeed or not, I shall do my duty, and let other folks be merry if they like it——Going to be married! and to whom? to a young girl, without birth, fortune, or without any body knowing any thing about her; and without so much as saying to me, his uncle, *with your leave, or by your leave.* If he will prefer the indulgence of a boyish passion to my affection, and two thousand pounds per annum, let him be as merry as he pleases. I shall return to Gloomstock-hall, and make a new will directly, *(Exit.*

SCENE changes to a Grove.

Enter Maria.

Mar. I wish I may have strength to support my happiness: I cannot get the better of my agitation; and though this day is to complete my wishes, my heart, I don't know how, feels something like distress——But what strange person is coming this way? How got he admitted in that strange dress?

Enter Groveby.

Grov. Madam, your servant; I hope I don't intrude:
 I am

I am waiting here for a young gentleman——If I disturb you, I'll walk at the other end.

Mar. Indeed, Sir, you don't disturb me. Shall I call any body to you, Sir?

Grov. Not for the world, fair lady; an odd kind of a pert, bustling, restless fellow, is gone to do my business: and if I might be permitted to say a word or two, in the mean time, to so fair a creature, I should acknowledge it a most particular favour: But I intrude, I fear.

Mar. Indeed you don't, Sir——I should be happy to oblige you.

Grov. And you make me happy by such civility——This is a most lovely creature! (*Aside.*)

Mar. Who can this be! (*Aside.*)

Grov. I find, Madam, there is going to be a wedding here to-day.

Mar. Yes, Sir; a very splendid one, by the preparations.

Grov. A very foolish business to make such a fuss about a matter which both parties may have reason to curse this time twelvemonth.

Mar. I hope not, Sir——Do you know the parties?

Grov. One of them too well, by being a near relation——Do you know the bride, young lady?

Mar. Pretty well, Sir; my near acquaintance with her makes me attend here to day.

(*Maria seems confus'd.*)

Grov. Might I, without being impertinent, beg to know something about her——but you are partial to her, and won't speak your mind.

Mar. I am indeed partial to her——every body is too partial to her——her fortune is much above her deserts.

Grov. Ay, ay, I thought so——sweet lady, your sincerity is as lovely as your person——You really think then that she does not deserve so good a match?

Mar. Deserve it, Sir! so far from deserving it, that I don't know that human creature that can deserve Sir Harry Groveby.

Grov. What a sensible sweet creature this is! (*Aside.*)
Young lady, your understanding is very extraordinary for
your

your age——You sincerely think then that this is a very unequal match.

Mar. Indeed I do, very sincerely——

Grov. And that it ought not to be.

Mar. Ought not to be, Sir! (*hesitating.*) That, Sir, is another question——If Sir Harry has promised—and the young lady's affections——

Grov. Ay, to be sure, the young lady's affections! they are more to be consider'd than the young man's credit or the old man's happiness——But pray, fair young lady, what are your real sentiments of this incognita?

Mar. Upon my word, Sir—(*hesitates.*) I scarce know how to answer your question—— (*Much confus'd.*)

Grov. Your delicacy to your friend won't let you speak out; but I understand your objections——Nay, I feel 'em so much that I'm come on purpose to break the match.

Mar. (*astonish'd.*) Indeed, Sir!

Grov. Ay, indeed am I——a silly young puppy! without acquainting me with it, to go so far—I suppose some interested creature, with a little beauty and more cunning, has laid hold of this precious fool of a nephew of mine——

Mar. Your nephew, Sir!

Grov. Yes, yes, my nephew; but he must give up his girl, or renounce the relationship.

Mar. But consider, Sir, what the poor young woman must suffer!

Grov. She *ought* to suffer; a designing baggage! I'll be hang'd if it is not some demure looking chit, with a fair skin, and a couple of dimples in her cheeks, that has done all this mischief; you think so too, but you won't speak out.

Mar. But if Sir Harry is contented with such small accomplishments——

Grov. He contented; a simpleton! don't say a word in his favour; have not you confessed, though her friend, that she does not deserve him? I'll take your word for it; you have good sense, and can see his folly: You can't give up your friend to be sure; I see your affection.

tion struggling with your understanding; but you have convinced me that the fellow's undone.

Mar. For Heaven's sake, Sir!—I convinc'd you!

Grov. Had the young blockhead but half an eye, he would have fallen in love with you; and if he had, there had been some excuse for his folly. On my word, you are so sensible and sincere, I could fall in love with you myself—Don't blush, maiden—I protest I never was half so much smitten in so short a time, when I was as young a fool as my nephew—don't blush, damsel—

Mar. You overpower me with your goodness; but, Sir, pray, let me plead for him.

Grov. Nay, nay, sweet young lady, don't contradict yourself; you spoke your sentiment at first—truth is a charming thing, and you're a charming creature, and you should never be asunder. My nephew (as you hinted at first) is a very silly fellow, and in short it is a damn'd match.

Enter Sir Harry, who starts at seeing his uncle, and looks ashamed.

Mar. I cannot stand this interview— *(Exit.)*

Grov. O, your humble servant, Sir Harry Groveby.

Sir Har. My dear uncle, I am so happy—

Grov. O, to be sure—you are very happy to see me here. *(Sir Harry looks confus'd.)* O, ho, you have some modesty left—And so you are going to be married, and forgot that you had an uncle living, did you?

Sir Har. Indeed, Sir, I was afraid to trust your prudence with my seeming indiscretion; but were you to know the object of my choice—

Grov. Ay, to be sure, I shall be bamboozled as you have been; but where is the old fox that has made a chicken of you? I shall let him know a piece of my mind.

Sir Har. Mr. Oldworth, Sir, is all probity; he knew nothing of my having an uncle, or he would never have given his consent without yours.

Grov. Ay, to be sure they have set a simpleton-trap, and you have popped your head into it; but I have but a short word to say to you, Give up the lady, or give up me.

Sir Har. Let me intreat you to see her first.

Grov. I have seen a young lady ; and I am so put upon my mettle by your ingratitude, that if she would but talk to me half an hour longer, I'd take her without a petticoat to Gloomstock-Hall, and have my Champêtre-wedding too.

Sir Har. You are at liberty, Sir——

Grov. To play the fool as you have done——her own friend and companion told me she was undeserving !

Sir Har. That Maria was undeserving ! where is she who told you so ? who is she ?

Grov. Your aunt, Sir, that may be ; if I could get to talk to her again——so don't be in your airs——

Sir Har. Should she dare to hint or utter the least injurious syllable of my Maria, I would forget her sex, and treat her——

Grov. And if you should dare to hint or mutter the least injurious syllable of my passion, I should forget our relationship, and treat you——Zounds, I don't know how I should treat you.

Sir Har. But, dear Sir, who is the slanderer ? she has deceived you.

Grov. I don't know her name, and you must not call her names.

Sir Har. Where did you see her ?

Grov. Here, here.

Sir Har. When Sir ?

Grov. This moment, Sir.

Sir Har. As I came in, Sir ?

Grov. Yes, Sir, yes——she could not bear the sight of you, and went away.

Sir Har. Dear Sir, that was Maria herself.

Grov. Maria ! what Maria ?

Sir Har. Maria, the Maid of the Oaks, my bride that is to be.

Grov. That's a fib, Harry, it can't be, and it shan't be.

Sir Har. It can be no other ; and she is the only person upon earth that could speak without rapture of herself.

Grov. And she is the person you are going to marry ?

Sir

Sir Har. I cannot deny it.

Grov. If you did you ought to be hang'd—Follow me, Sir, follow me, Sir—Shew me to her this moment—don't look with that foolish face, but lead the way, and bring me to her, I say.

Sir Har. What do you mean, Sir?

Grov. What's that to you, Sir—shew me the girl, I say; she has bamboozled you and me too, and I will be reveng'd.

Sir Har. But, dear Sir!

Grov. Don't dear me, I won't rest a moment 'till I have seen her; either follow me, or lead the way, for I must and will see her directly; and then you shall know, and she too, that I am—zounds! I'll shew you what I am—and so come along, you puppy you. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

A Flower-Garden.

Enter Dupeley.

Dup. Where the devil is Sir Harry? This is certainly the place where I was appointed to find him; but I suppose I shall spring him and his bride from under a rose-bush by and by, like two pheasants in pairing-time—(*Observing Lady Bab.*) Hah! I wish that was a piece of game, she should not want a mate: Is that a dress now for the day, or is she one of the natives of this extraordinary region?—Oh! I see now, it is all pure Arcadian; her eyes have been used to nothing else but daisy-hunting; they are as awkward to her, when she looks at a man, as her elbows would be in a French Berlin.

L. Bab. (*Aside.*) My spark does not seem to want observation; he is only deficient in expression; but I will help him to that presently. Now to my character.

(*Settles herself.*)

Dup. (*Aside.*) What a neck she has! how beautifully nature works, when she is not spoil'd by a damn'd town stay-maker: What a pity she is so awkward; I hope she is not foolish.

(*During this observation, he keeps his eye fixed upon her neck; Lady Bab looks first at him, then at her-*

self; unpins her nosegay, and with an air of the most perfect naiveté presents it to him.

L. Bab. You seem to wish for my nosegay, Sir; it is much at your service.

(Offers the flowers, and curtsies awkward.)

Dup. Oh, the charming innocent!—my wishes extend a little further. A thousand thanks, my fair one; I accept it as a faint image of your own sweets. To whom am I so much obliged?

L. Bab. I'o the garden man, to be sure; he has made flowers grow all over the garden, and they smell so sweet; pray smell 'em, they are charming sweet, I assure you, and have such fine colours—law! you are a fine nosegay yourself, I think.

(Simpers, and looks at him.)

Dup. Exquisite simplicity! *(half aside.)* Sweet contrast to fashionable affectation—Ah, I knew at first glance you were a compound of innocence and sensibility.

Bab. Lack-a-dazy heart! how could you hit upon my temper so exactly.

Dup. By a certain instinct I have, for I have seen few or none of the sort before; but, my dear girl, what is your name and situation?

L. Bab. Situation!

Dup. Ay, what are you?

L. Bab. I am a bride maid.

Dup. But, my sweet image of simplicity, when you are not a bride maid, what is your way of life? how do you pass your time?

L. Bab. I rise with the lark, keep my hands always employ'd, dance upon a holiday, and eat brown bread with content.

(With an innocent curtsy.)

Dup. O, the delicious description!—beachen shades, bleating flocks, Pan, pipes, and pastorals. *(Aside.)* What an acquisition to my fame, as well as pleasure, to carry off this quintessence of Champêtre!—'tis but an annuity job—I'll do it.

(During this soliloquy she examines him round and round.)

L. Bab. And pray, what may you be? for I never saw any thing so out of the way in all my life! he, he, he!

(Simpers.)

Dup.

Dup. Me, my dear—I am a gentleman.

L. Bab. What a *fine* gentleman! blefs me, what a thing it is!—this is a fine gentleman!—ha, ha, ha! I never saw any thing so comical in all my life—ha, ha, ha! and this is a fine gentleman of which I have heard so much?

Dup. What is the matter, my dear? is there any thing ridiculous about me, that makes you laugh? What have you heard of fine gentlemen, my sweet innocence?

L. Bab. That they are as gaudy as peacocks, as mischievous as jays, as chattering as magpies, as wild as hawks—

Dup. And as loving as sparrows—my beauteous Delia, do not leave out the best property of the feathered creation.

L. Bab. No, no, I did not mean to leave out that; I know you are very loving—of yourselves, ha, ha, ha! You are a sort of birds, that *flock*, but never *pair*.

Dup. Why you are satirical, my fairest; and have you heard any thing else of fine gentlemen?

L. Bab. Yes, a great deal more—That they take wives for fortunes, and mistresses for shew; squander their money among taylor, barbers, cooks, and fiddlers, pawn their honours to sharpers, and their estates to Jews; and at last run to foreign countries to repair a pale face, a flimsy carcase, and an empty pocket—That's a fine gentleman for you!

Dup. (*Surprised.*) Hey-day! where has my Arcadian picked up this jumble!

L. Bab. I am afraid I have gone too far. (*Aside.*)

Dup. (*Still surprised.*) Pray, my dear, what is really your name?

L. Bab. (*Resuming her simplicity.*) My name is Philly.

Dup. Philly!

L. Bab. Philly Nettle-top of the vale.

Dup. (*Still suspicious.*) And pray, my sweet Philly, where did you learn this character of a fine gentleman?

L. Bab. O, I learn it with my catechism—Mr. Oldworth.

worth has taught it to all the young maidens here about.

Dup. (Aside.) O the glutton!—have I found at last the clue—I'll be hang'd if old fly-boots has not a rural seraglio, and this is the favourite sultana!

L. Bab. (Aside.) I fancy I have put him upon a new scent—Why, a real fool now would not have afforded half this diversion.

Dup. (Significantly.) So it is from Mr. Oldworth, is it, my charming *innocence*, that you have learnt to be so much afraid of fine gentlemen?

L. Bab. No, not at all afraid; I believe you are perfectly harmless if one treats you right, as I do our young mastiff at home.

Dup. And how is that, pray?

L. Bab. Why, while one keeps at a distance, he frisks, and he flies, and he barks, and tears, and grumbles, and makes a sad rout about it—Lord, you'd think he would devour one at a mouthful! but if one does but walk boldly up and look him in the face, and ask him what he wants, he drops his ears and runs away directly.

Dup. Well said, rural simplicity again!—Oh damn it, I need not be so squeamish here!—Well, but my dear heavenly creature, don't commit such a sin as to waste your youth and your charms upon a set of rustics here. Fly with me to the true region of pleasure—my chaise and four shall be ready at the back gate of the park, and we will take the opportunity when all the servants are drunk, as they certainly will be, and the company is gone tired to bed.

L. Bab. (Fondly.) And would you really love me dearly now, Saturdays and Sundays and all?

Dup. (Aside.) Oh, this will do without an annuity, I see!

L. Bab. You'll forget all this prittle prattle gibberish to me now, as soon as you see the fine strange ladies, by and by—there's Lady Bab Lardoon, I think they call her, from London.

Dup. Lady Bab Lardoon, indeed!—Oh, you have named a special object for a passion—I should as soon be in love with the figure of the Great Mogul at the back of a pack of cards—If *she* has any thing to do with
hearts.

hearts, it must be when they are trumps, and she pulls them out of her pocket—No, sweet Philly; thank heaven that gave me insight into the sex, and reserv'd me for a woman in her native charms—here alone she is to be found, and paradise is on her lips! (*Struggling to kiss her.*) Thus let me thank you for my nosegay.

During the struggle enter Hurry,

Hur. Oh, Lady Bab, I come to call your Ladyship (*pauses.*) Lord, I thought they never kiss'd at a wedding till after the ceremony; but they cannot begin too soon—I ask pardon for interruption. (*Going.*)

(*Dupeley stares, Lady Bab laughs.*)

Dup. Stay, Hurry; who was you looking for?

Hur. Why, I came with a message for Lady Bab Larder, and would have carried her answer, but you stopp'd her mouth.

Dud. Who! what! who!—This is Philly Nettle-top!

Hur. Philly Fiddlestick—'Tis Lady Bab Larder, I tell you; do you think I don't know her, because she has got a new dress? But you are surpriz'd and busy, and I am in haste; so your servant. (*Exit.*)

Dup. Surpriz'd indeed!—Lady Bab Lardoon!

L. Bab. No, no, Philly Nettle-top! (*Curtseys.*)

Dup. Here's a damn'd scrape! (*Aside.*)

L. Bab. In every capacity, Sir—a rural innocent, Mr. Oldworth's mistress, or the Great Mogul, equally grateful for your favourable opinion.

(*Slowly, and with a low curtsy.*)

Enter Oldworth and Sir Harry, laughing.

Mr. Oldworth, give me leave to present to you a gentleman remarkable for second sight; he knows all women by instinct.

Sir Har. From a princess to a figurate, from a vintage to a May pole—I am rejoiced I came in time for the catastrophe.

L. Bab. Mr. Oldworth, there is your travell'd man for you! and I think I have given a pretty good account of him. (*Pointing at Dupeley, who is disconcerted.*)

Old. I hope the ladies are not the only characters in which Mr. Dupeley has been mistaken?

L. Bab. Upon my word, Mr. Dupeley, considering you

you have not been two hours in the house, you have succeeded admirably, to recommend yourself to your company; why, you look as if you had gone your *va route* upon a false card.

Dup. The devil's in her, I believe; she overbears me so that I have not a word to say for myself.

L. Bab. Well, though I laugh now, I am sure I have most reason to be disconcerted, for that blundering fellow spoiled my fortune.

Sir Har. How so?

L. Bab. Why, I should have had an annuity

Old. Come, come, my good folks, you have both acquitted yourselves admirably: Mr. Dupeley must forgive the innocent deceit; and you, Lady Bab, like a generous conqueror, should bear the triumph moderately.

Dup. I own myself her captive, bound in her chains; and thus I lay all my former laurels at her feet. (*Kneels.*)

L. Bab. The laurels have been mostly poetical—gathered in imagination only; he, he, he!

Dup. Quarter, quarter, my dear invincible!

Sir Har. Now this scene is finished; let me open another to you—Maria's charms have been as much signalized as her Ladyship's wit—My old uncle Groveby—

L. Bab. Of Gloomstock-hall?

Sir Har. The same, and full primed with the rhetoric of sixty-five, against a marriage of inclination; but such a conversion! such a revolution!

Old. Your uncle here! I must chide you, Sir Harry, for concealing from me that you had a relation so well entitled to be consulted—Which way is he?

Sir Har. I left him all in transport with my bride; he kisses her and squeezes her hand—'gad, I shan't get her away from him without your help.

Dup. Poor Sir Harry!

L. Bab. If she has sweetened that old Crab that his founnels will not set our teeth an edge, she has work'd miracles indeed.

Sir Har. There you totally mistake his character, Lady Bab. No, he has the heart of an Oldworth.

L. Bab. But here he is, I declare, and looks as if he was quite in tune.

Enter

Enter Groveby, with Maria under his Arm.

Sir Har. (Running to her) I was coming to seek you, my Maria!

Grove. Your Maria! Sir, my Maria; she will own me, if you won't—There, Sir, let her teach you your duty.

(Quitting Maria, who retires with Sir Harry to the bottom of the stage.)

Old. Sir, I have many pardons to ask of you; but Sir Harry will be my witness that my fault was in my ignorance; had I known your name and situation, I should have paid you my respects months ago.

Grove. Sir I don't wonder the graceless rogue forgot me, but I shall be even with him; he shan't have a guinea from me.

Old. Good Sir, you are not serious that he has offended you?

Grove. I am serious, that I found another inheritor for Gloomstock-hall—I have got a niece worth twenty such nephews. *(Maria and Sir Harry approaching.)* Ay, you may look, Sir, but she shall have every acre of it.

(Taking Maria by the hand.)

SCENE III.

Old. Oh, my heart! my heart! what a moment is this! I cannot bear it! the tide is too strong, and will overwhelm me!

Mar. What is the cause of this?

Old. You are, Maria—you—

Mar. Am I Sir?—heaven forbid!

Old. Heaven has granted it, and I avow it—I have liv'd to see in these times successful merit and disinterested love—my hopes and wishes are accomplished! my long projected joys are full, and I will proclaim 'em! I have a child!

Mar. Sir!

Old. Come to my arms, Maria! thy father's arms! If my lips fail me, let my heart in throbs speak the discovery.

Mar. O, Sir! explain this mystery!

Old. I have a father's right! my child's conduct has made it a proud one.

Mar.

Mar. How, how, Sir!—I am lost in rapture and amazement!

Grove. So we are all.

Old. Excuse me, brother, madam, all—My story is very short; Maria? the hour of your birth made *me* a widower, and *you* a splendid heiress; I trembled at the dangers of that situation, made more dangerous by the loss of your mother: to be the object of flattery in the very cradle, and made a prey to interest, is the common lot attending it.—These reflections, call them whim, call them singularities, what you please, induced me to conceal your birth. Being abroad at the time, the plan was easily executed.

Mar. How blind have I been! Benevolent as you are to all, I might still have perceived and interpreted the distinction of your unremitting tenderness—How could I mistake the parent's partiality, the parent's fondness?

Old. Your happiness has been the motive of my actions, be it my excuse—The design has answered wonderfully: for though Maria's virtues would have found their lustre under any trial, there would have wanted the humble station of the Maid of the Oaks to give her due proof of a disinterested lover.

Mar. O, Sir! expect not *words*—where shall I find even *sentiments* of tenderness, gratitude, and duty, that were not yours before.

Old. The life of my ward is a pledge for that of the daughter and the wife. To you, Sir Harry, I shall make no apology for my secrecy; accept now, with Maria's hand, the inheritance of Oldworth's Oaks.

Sir Har. Sir, your conduct does not surprise, but it overwhelms me.

Dup. New joy to the disinterested lover, and to the destined Queen of the Oaks!

L. Bab. To the amiable pair, and the rewarder of their merits.—Mr. Oldworth, you promised us a singular regale, but you have outdone yourself.

Grov. Regale! egad I don't know what to call it—He has almost turned the Champêtre into a tragedy, I think. I never felt my eyes twinkle so oddly before; but I shall be merry by and by: and when I begin, have at you, double bottles and long corks!

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Dup. Well, Lady Bab, are your spirits quite exhausted, or have the events of the day made you pensive? I begin to believe there are more rational systems of happiness than ours—Shou'd my fair instructress become a convert, my ambition would be still to follow her.

L. Bab. I am no convert—my mind has ever been on the side of reason, though the torrent in which I have lived has not allowed me time to practise, or even to contemplate it as I ought—But to follow fashion where we feel shame, is surely the strongest of all hypocrisy; and from this moment I renounce it.

Grove. And you never made a better renounce in your life.

L. Bab. Lady Groveby, accept the friendship of one sincerely desirous to imitate your virtues—Mr. Oldworth, you do not know me yet; you forbid your company masks upon their faces; I have worn one upon my character, to you, and to the world.

Old. Lady Bab wanted but the resolution to appear in her genuine charms, to make her a model to her rank and to the age.

Dup. To these charms I owe my conversion—and my heart, hitherto a prodigal, justly fixes with her from whom it received the first impression of love and reason—There wants but the hand of Lady Bab to make Oldworth's Oaks distinguished by another union, founded on merit in her sex, and discernment in mine.

L. Bab. Sir, your proposal does me honour; but it is time enough to talk of hearts and hands—Let us follow the example before us in every thing—After the life we have led, six months probation may be very proper for us both.

Old. Amiable Lady Bab!—Confer the gift when you please; but my Fête Champêtre shall be remember'd as the date of the promise—And now for such a song and dance as will best conclude so happy a day.

(Short Flourish of Instruments.)

VAUDEVILLE.

Shepherd.

Ye fine-fangled folks, who from cities and courts
By your presence enliven the fields,
Accept for your welcome our innocent sports,
And the fruits that our industry yields.

CHORUS.

Ye fine-fangled folks, &c.

No temple we raise to the idol of wealth,
No altar to interest smokes ;
To the blessing of love, kind seasons and health,
Is devoted the Feast of the Oaks.

CHORUS.

No temple we raise, &c.

Shepherdesfs.

From the thicket and plain, each favourite haunt,
The villagers hasten away ;
Your encouraging smile is the bounty they want
To compensate the toils of the day.

CHORUS.

From the thicket, &c.

The milk-maid abandons her pail and her cow,
In the furrow the plowman unyokes ;
From the valley and meadow all press to the brow,
To assist at the Feast of the Oaks.

CHORUS.

The milk-maid, &c.

Shepherd.

The precept we teach is contentment and truth,
That our girls may not learn to beguile,
By reason to govern the pleasures of youth,
And decorate age with a smile.

CHORUS.

The precept we teach, &c.

No serpent approaches with venomous tooth,
 No raven with omenous croaks,
 Nor rancorous critic, more fatal than both,
 Shall poison the Feast of the Oaks.

CHORUS.

No serpent approaches, &c.

Shepherds.

Bring roses and myrtles, new circlets to weave,
 Ply the flutes in new measures to move,
 And lengthen the song to the star of the eve,
 The favouring planet of love.

CHORUS.

Bring roses and myrtles, &c.

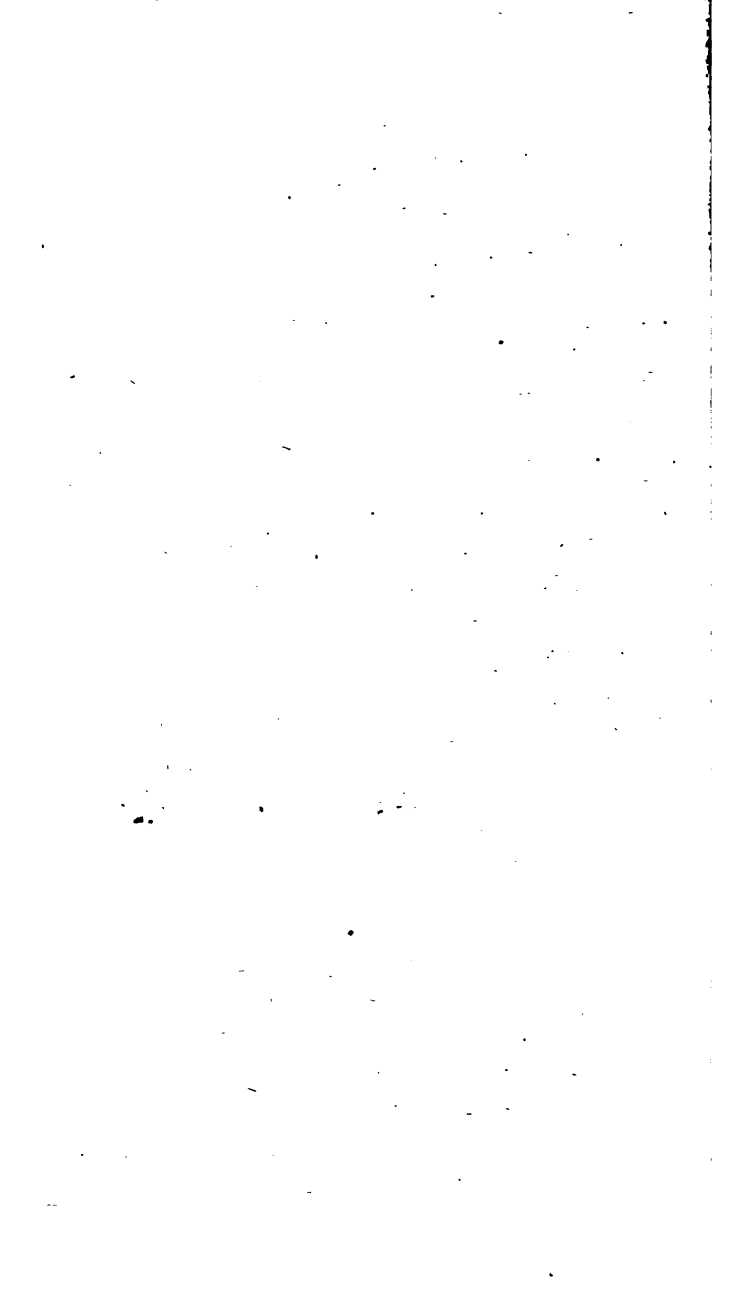
Oh Venus! propitious attend to the lay,
 Each shepherd the blessing invokes;
 May he who is true, like the youth of to-day,
 Find a prize like the Maid of the Oaks.

CHORUS.

Oh Venus! propitious &c.

N 2

AMINTAS;



A M I N T A S;

AN

ENGLISH OPERA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Alexander (King of Macedon),
Amintas, a shepherd, who, unknown
to himself, is heir to the crown of
Sidon, in love with *Eliza*,
Agenor, a nobleman of Sidon, friend
to *Alexander*, in love with *Thamiris*.

Covent-Garden,
Mr. Reinhold.

Mr. Tenducci.

Mr. Mattocks.

WOMEN.

Eliza, a noble young lady, of an an-
cient family of Cadmus, in Phœni-
cia, loves *Amintas*.
Thamiris, a fugitive princess, daughter
to the late tyrant *Strato*, disguised
in the dress of a shepherdess, loves
Agenor.

Mrs. Mattocks.

Mrs. Baker.

*Alexander's followers, Sidonian nobles, shepherds and shepherdesses, sol-
diers, &c. &c.*

SCENE, *The country near the camp of the Macedonian army, and in
sight of the city of Sidon.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Among the most celebrated actions ascribed to *Alexander the Great*, may be well ranked that of deliver-
ing the kingdom of *Sidon* from the tyrant *Strato*; and

instead of taking the dominion himself, restored the crown to the next lawful heir; who, ignorant of his pretensions to it, lived as a shepherd in the country near Sidon; of which a more particular account may be found in Quintus Curtius, book iv. chap. 10.—The superstructure of the fable, raised on this historical foundation, will be seen in the course of the Drama.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An extensive Plain. Shepherds keeping their Flocks. Amintas discovered on the Front of the Stage.

A I R.

Amintas. WELL I know, thou friendly stream,
What thy gentle murmurs mean;
In their accents soft they say,
Why, Eliza, keep away?

Enter Eliza. Amintas runs to meet her.

Eliza. Amintas!

Amin. Ah, fair Eliza! is it you I see?

Eliza. To seek you, dear Amintas, am I come,

Amin. Heaven guard your steps!

But Alexander's hostile camp is near.

Eliza. You wrong our conqueror's virtue.

Sidon he from a tyrant came to free,

Nor means to seize the throne:—He has refus'd it.

Amin. Who's then to be our king?

Eliza. The lawful heir.

Somewhere, 'tis thought, he secret lives unknown.

—But to us

Matters of more import I came to tell you.

At length, propitious to our loves, my mother

Seconds my wishes, and from my kind fire

Doubts not to gain consent.

Amin. Ah me!

Eliza. Why heaves that sigh?

Amin. O cruel fates!

You

You, fair Eliza, high extraction boast,
While I, alas ! a shepherd, know not mine.——

Eliza. Of Heav'n complain not.—Soon, full soon, no
more

Shall we thus separate ; but happy days
Shall jointly bless us, still together found.

A I R.

Eliza. To the wood, the field, the fountain,
To the lawn, the dale, the mountain,
I my darling flock will guide,
With Amintas by my side.
Humble though our cottage be,
Ever dwelling there we'll see
Constancy with pleasure join'd,
Innocence with peace of mind.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

Amintas solus.

Forgive, ye gods, my murmurs so unjust ;
For now Amintas is completely blest.

Enter Alexander and Agenor.

Agen. (*Aside to Alexander.*) That is, great Sir, the
shepherd whom we seek.

Amin. While thus enraptur'd I my flock forget.

(*Is going.*)

Alex. Turn hither, stranger.

Amin. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Alex. A moment of discourse, allow me, youth.

His air how noble ! (*Aside to Agen.*) Your name ?

Amin. Amintas.

Alex. And your father's, what ?

Amin. Alceus.

Alex. Lives he as yet ?

Amin. Alas ! five years are past

Since he to nature paid the tribute due.

Alex. Say, what inheritance bequeath'd he then ?

Amin. A cot, some sheep, a small extent of land
But, above all, a calm contented heart

Alex. Amidst the dangers of surrounding squadrons.
What can defend you.

Amin. Fearless poverty.

Alex. Thoughts so exalted, in such breast, surprize
And charm me equally.—To Alexander
Let me conduct thee, shepherd.

Amin. No.

Alex. Why not ?

Amin. I am not worth his notice. He sounds great
empires,
I till a little field.

Alex. Yet heaven perhaps,
May in a moment change your fate.

Amin. It may.

At present 'tis its will that I'm a shepherd.

A I R.

Although this humble garb I wear,
And am of fortune low,
A shepherd still I would appear,
Nor with more great to grow.
But if, against my own desire,
Heaven should exalt my state,
Heaven will exalted thoughts inspire,
And fit me to be great.

(Exit.)

SCENE III.

Alexander, Agenor.

Agen. Is Alexander yet in doubt ?

Alex. No : Sidon's heir lives in that youth conceal'd ;
'Tis then but just to yield him up
His birthright and his throne.

A I R.

Alex. Still have the heavens been my guide,
Conquering foes on every side,
And each star propitious shines,
Fav'ring still my bold designs.
May they, while my toil they bless,
Teach me to deserve success ;
On this act well pleas'd look down,
While a king receives his crown ! (Exit, Alex.)

SCENE IV.

Thamiris in the Dress of a Shepherdess, and Agenor.

Tham. Agenor !

Agen.

Agén. Thamiris ! Princess ! Can it then be you
In this disguise ?

Tham. 'Tis to this dress my liberty I owe.
The fair Eliza yet has given me shelter,
And now I wait your aid for my escape.

Agén. Princess, by me be better counsell'd ; come
With me to Alexander.

Tham. What ! can I bear his sight who kill'd my
father !

Agén. Alas ! you know not Alexander's mind.
Now I attend him.

Tham. But e'er you go, O say, if in your heart
Thamiris holds her place ?

A I R.

Agén. Why ask me, fairest, if I love ?
Those eyes so piercing bright,
Can every doubt of that remove,
Nor need you other light.
Those eyes full well do know my heart,
And all its workings see ;
E'er since they play'd the conqueror's part,
And I no more was free. [*Exit Agén.*]

SCENE V.

Thamiris *sola.*

Thanks to the gods ! Thamiris is still blest'd.
What though you've given me for the royal purple
This rustic garb, Agénor's heart you've left me.

A I R.

The many dreadful storms blown o'er,
Already I've forgot ;
My lover's looks the calm restore.
And peace is now my lot.
What though a while my stars severe
My quiet did annoy ;
My heart that shudder'd then with fear,
Is fluttering now with joy.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE VI.

Enter Alexander and Agenor, followed by Royal-Guards, bringing the Crown, Sceptre, &c. &c. &c.

A MARCH.

Alex. Attend, Agenor, on our sovereign will.
Amintas' virtues call him to the throne ;
The gods by me confer it : have him crown'd ;
The crown will take new lustre from his virtues.
By Heav'n ! it more delights my tow'ring soul
To beckon modest merit from the shade,
Than see Darius tumble from his throne,
And all his Asian empire laid in ruin.

AIR.

Can I see the royal race
Sink in sorrow and disgrace,
And not raise them to the throne
Justice has decreed their own ?

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Amintas and Eliza, with Shepherds and Shepherdesses, going to solemnize the Nuptials, with Garlands of Flowers, &c.

DUET.

Amintas and Eliza.

Now Phœbus arising
His beams doth display,
And music enticing
Proclaims the new day.

CHORUS.

May fair Cupid send love,
Transporting this pair,
Their cares to remove,
And enliven the fair !

At the end of the chorus enter Agenor

Agen. From me, the faithfulest of humble subjects,
This first of homages, great king receive ;
And let me to my prince his birth reveal—
Heir and successor to the crown of Siden.

Amin.

Amin. Can this be true?

Agen. Most true; your noble father
Deposed, committed to my guardian hand
Your princely youth, until propitious heaven
A way should open for you to the throne.

Eliza. O heavens! Is Amintas then a king?

Amin. A king!

Agen. A king! Amintas, Alexander waits
With his own hand to crown you; and now sends
By me this mark of royalty. These are
Your guards and servants. Come, without delay.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE VIII.

Amintas and Eliza, with Guards, which remain to attend Amintas.

Eliza. Amintas, do I dream? can this be real?
Art thou indeed our king? What can this mean?

Amin. Alas! you seem to mourn my fortune.
Quiet these false fears,
And think not that the soul of your Amintas
Can ever sacrifice his love to empire.

D U E T.

Amintas and Eliza.

Eliza. Go reign—the throne awaits my love.
But oh! if that can be,
Preserve your heart for me.

Amin. Though I should reign, I'll faithful prove:
Yes, on the throne you'll find
Your shepherd ever kind.

Eliza. Shepherd! My king you're now.

Amin. How cruel is fear!

Both. Ye powers whom we revere,
To love so pure some favour shew.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Alexander's Tent.**Amintas in his royal robes, with attendants.*

A I R.

COME, ye hours with joy replete,
 Teeming with eternal love,
 Make my happiness complete,
 Softest transport let me prove !
 Could I taste the pomp of state,
 Taste the splendors of a throne,
 Bear the load of being great,
 Were Eliza not my own ?
 Go, ye regal honours, go !
 Hence, ye have no pow'r to charm :
 Crowns alone no bliss bestow,
 Sceptres have no pow'r to charm.
 Strong is nature's pow'rful call,
 Soft the husband's dear delight :
 In love the wife, the infant, all
 Tender ties of bliss unite.

RECITATIVE.

Love, jealousy, and fear distract my soul !
 A thousand struggling passions rend my breast !
 I cannot bear th' intolerable load.
 Give me Eliza, gods ! or let me die.

A I R.

Not on beauty's transient pleasure,
 Which no real joys impart,
 Nor on heaps of sordid treasure,
 Did I fix my youthful heart.
 Not Eliza's perfect feature
 Did the fickle wand'rer bind,
 Nor her form, the boast of nature ;
 'Twas alone her spotless mind.
 Not on beauty's, &c.

(Exit with attendants.)

SCENE

SCENE II.

A distant Prospect of the Macedonian Camp.

Eliza leading Thamaris.

Eliza. Take better heart—come on—consider well,
Your future bliss depends on this attempt.

Tham. Alas! of Strato am I not the daughter?
And are not these the hostile tents of Macedon?

Eliza. Resign vain fears; Amintas I pursue,
And fears is now a stranger to my heart.

A I R.

Eliza. Go, tim'rous fair, to fate resign
The int'rest of thy love,
While I pursue my bold design,
And pity strive to move.

Tham. O stay, Eliza, leave me not alone!
Your courage has dispell'd my female fears.

Eliza. Follow me then.

Tham. Alas! I cannot follow,
My coward heart betrays my great design.

A I R.

Tell, oh tell, my lover true,
What in vain I strive to say;
Since my heart is known to you,
Its sentiments do you convey.
What my soul feels, can I explain,
When all expression 'tis above?
Well you know my cause of pain,
Well you know what 'tis to love.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Eliza. Yonder's the royal tent of Macedon.
There shall I find my love, my dear Amintas.

Enter Agenor.

Agen. Whither fly you, nymph?

Eliza. I hasten to the king— (Going.)

Agen. (Stopping her.) You cannot see him now.

Eliza. Is he not there, in Alexander's tent?

Agen. You to that tent can no admission gain.

Eliza. I go; but from Amintas don't conceal
My fond impatience.

Agen.

Agen. I will not conceal it.

Eliza. But say, does my Amintas talk of me?

Agen. He does most tenderly—but pr'ythee hence.

A I R.

Eliza. Barbarian! can you see my pain,

Thus parted from my love,

And grant me not some light to gain,

That may my doubts remove?

Can you then see me so distress'd,

And yet no pity shew?

What heart must dwell in such a breast,

Unmov'd at so much woe?

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Agenor solus.

Ye gods, in the great heart of Alexander

Second my intercession for Thamiris.

Enter Amintas.

Agen. But whither goes my king in so much haste?

Amin. I thought that at a distance I had seen

Eliza. Why appears she not?

Agen. She's gone.

Amin. Gone! whither! I'll pursue her. (*Is going.*)

Agen. Hold! (*Stops him.*) Sir, you must not.

Amin. How?

Agen. I say, you must not.

Amin. Who dare say that? Can aught restrain a king?

Agen. Yes, his own greatness, justice, virtue, fame,
The public good, his conscience, and his duty.

Amin. Thou strik'st on truth, Agenor.

A monarch's fame lives in his people's happiness.

A I R.

Although heaven's good pleasure has alter'd my state,
My mind's still the same, though by fortune I'm great,
Nor shall mighty conquests and sudden alarms,
Chace from my fond heart my Eliza's dear charms.

SCENE V.

Enter Alexander with Attendants.

Alex. Agenor.

Amin.

Amin. Thus, noble Sir, permit me at your feet
To kiss that hand which rais'd me to the throne.

Alex. No; take a friend's embrace :
'Tis I'm your debtor, since to you I owe
The pleasure to perform an act of justice.

Amin. Ye gods! how shall a shepherd fill a throne?

A I R.

Farewell, soft scenes, the plain, the brook,

A long farewell, my pipe, my crook!

A monarch calls to glory's shrine.

Ye flocks adieu, since empire's mine.

(Exit.

SCENE VI.

Alexander and Agenor.

Alex. Long intervals of rest, the spur of glory
Will not admit. To-morrow then, Agenor,
After I've crown'd the king, Sidon I mean to leave;
And yet unsatisfied I go.

That young Thamiris, like her father, should
Distrust my clemency, and by her flight
Proclaim her terrors, greatly now disturbs me.

Agen. Great Sir, you yet may bless her. Fair Thamiris
Has only lain conceal'd, and is at hand.

Alex. Haste, bring her to my presence; lose no time.

Agen. I go.

(Going.

Alex. But hold!—(Pauses.) It shall be so
Quick to Thamiris; tell her, that this day
I mean to place the crown upon her head,
And give her hand to the new king.

Agen. Her hand!

Alex. Yes; and thus Amintas
Will mount the throne; and yet Thamiris will not
Descend from her own dignity.—'Tis fix'd.
You turn all pale, and make no answer to me;
How can you disapprove so just a sentence!

A I R.

If happiness through me they gain,
I have not conquer'd them in vain;

'Tis over hearts I wish to reign.

The greatest glory I've in view

From victory, is good to do.

}

(Exit.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Agenor solus.

Break, break at once, my bursting heart! Oh, heavens!
Dearest Thamiris, must I lose you thus?

A I R.

Love, jealousy, rage,
My bosom engage;
In vain, all in vain, do I strive to controul
This madness, this whirlwind, this storm of the soul.
By passion I'm tost,
To reason I'm lost;
In vain, all in vain, I endeavour to bear
The tortures of love and the pangs of despair.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Amintas.

Amin. Where is Eliza? Would that I could see her!

Agen. Far other care must now employ your mind;
You must forget Eliza.—

Amin. Eliza! 'Tis impossible.

Agen. He whom the gods have chosen for a throne—

Amin. Perish ten thousand sceptres, thousand thrones,
E're I prove false to constancy and love,
E're I forget or am divided from her.

Agen. Hah! 'tis Eliza; let us strait retire;
In pity to yourself remain not here.

Your presence, sure, would cause her instant death.

Amin. Her death! my blood runs cold; I freeze
with horror!

Agen. Let us then haste away!
Forgive the boldness of my honest zeal.

(*Agenor takes Amintas by the hand, and is hurrying him away on one side, while Eliza is entering on the other; but is himself stopped by Thamiris, who meets him.*)

SCENE IX.

Tham. Agenor, whither fly you?

Agen. Oh, ye fates!

Eliza. Amintas! hear me.

Agen.

Agen. Princess ! (To Thamiris.

Amin. My love ! (To Eliza.

Tham. Is this thy love, thus to neglect Thamiris ?

(To Agenor.

Eliz. How could you let me pine so long in absence?

(To Amintas.

Tham. You sigh.

(To Agenor.

Eliz. Why are you silent ?

(To Amintas.

Tham. But yet speak.

(To Agenor.

Agen. I would, but cannot.

Eliz. Speak, let me intreat you. (To Amintas.

Amin. I dare not.

Agen. Too much we have to tell, alas ! too much !
Ah ! let us breathe in peace our secret woes.

Eliz. I see I'm slighted ; yes, those alter'd looks

(To Amintas,

Tell me your crown has robb'd me of your heart.

Tham. What, is Agenor false to his Thamiris ?

Eliz. Amintas too ungrateful to his love ?

QUARTETTO:

Amin. Ah, Eliza, did you know
How you fill my heart with woe,
You'd cease to wound my heart,
Or cruel sounds impart.

Hear me, then, ye fates above,
Send fresh comfort to my love,
And crown her soul with peace,
Her mind with friendly ease !

Eliza. While shepherds cruel prove,
Slighting their former love,
Tell me, Amintas, then,
Are you still that humble swain,
Who by me your flocks wou'd feed,
Playing on your tuneful reed ?
Am I banish'd from your mind ?
Shall I no more favour find ?

Amin. and Let's away and sigh alone,

Agen. All our former peace is gone ;
Joy fills the peasant's breast ;
They alone are truly blest ;

When

Tham.

When nobles births are crost,
 And in many troubles lost
 Don't move us with your tears,
 Free our sad souls from fears.
 Are the fates so unkind ?
 Are our vows out of mind ?
 Are you so cruel grown,
 Your true love to disown ?
 Tell me why you thus complain,
 Frowning on us with disdain
 Shall we our sufferings know,
 The source of all our woe.

C H O R U S.

Cruel Fortune, cease to frown,
 Take again your subtle crown ;
 Let gay locks from lovers dart,
 And enliven ev'ry heart :
 Let our souls be freed from grief,
 And each lover find relief :
 That shepherds ever may be blest,
 And shepherdesses sweet carest.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*A remote Part of the Woods.**Amintas solus.*

No repose can I discover,
 Nor find joy without my lover ;
 Can I stay when she's not near me ?
 Cruel fate, once deign to hear me !

The charms of grandeur don't invite me ;
 Fair Eliza must delight me ;
 Or crown and sceptre I'll resign ;
 The shepherd's life shall still be mine.

*Enter Agenor.**Agen.* Do I, my king, irresolute still find you ?*Amin.* No.*Agen.* You have then form'd your resolution !*Amin.*

Amin. I have. I am ready.

Agen. How?

Amin. To my duty.

Agen. Happy Amintas in your beautiful partner!

Amin. I know her worth, Agenor, nor would take
A throne, without her lustre to adorn it.

A I R.

When distress invades the soul,
And sorrows all the mind controul,
Though crowns and sceptres and a throne,
The hand of fortune makes our own,
The forlorn, the wretched heart,
No soothing comfort can impart. *(Exit.)*

SCENE II.

Eliza and Agenor.

Eliz. Hear me, Agenor, I'm alarm'd, distracted!
What can these rumours mean,
That on this day the nuptials of Amintas
Are with Thamiris fix'd? I'll ne'er believe it.

Agen. It is too true.—

Eliz. And is Amintas false?
To Alexander, to mankind, to heaven,
I will for favour, pity, justice, cry!

Agen. Take comfort!

Eliz. Comfort to me! alas, e'en hope hath left me.

A I R.

No sweet refuge can I find,
Since my lover proves unkind:
Can you then behold my pain,
And such cruel thoughts maintain?

Fortune frowning with disdain,
Hears my vows and sighs in vain?
My lover gone I will not rest;
A thousand fears distract my breast. *(Exit.)*

SCENE III.

Thamiris and Agenor.

Agen. O, assist me, heavens!

Tham.

(Ironically)

Tham. To you,
To you, it seems, Agenor, is Thamiris
Indebted for a kingdom.

Agen. 'Tis to you
The kingdom stands indebted for acceptance.

A I R.

May that bright form be ever grac'd
With glories of a throne.
Still from your gentle breast be chac'd
The pangs that mine has known !

Let Phœbus, when our queen he spies,
The earth with joy survey ;
May beauty gild the cheerful skies,
And hail the bounteous day !

(Ex)

Tham. Hapless Agenor, dost thou then endure.
Like me, the torments of a hopeless love !

SCENE IV.

Thamiris *sola.*

A I R.

Agenor, thou dost not deserve
For me such grief to know ;
From our past vows I'll never swerve,
But calm thy present woe.
My crown I freely will resign
For fond Agenor's charms ;
No more shall my fond heart repine,
But fly into his arms.

Sure he who would my thought condemn,
No valour e'er possess ;
No virtue can his soul inflame,
Or grow within his breast.
Love's pleasant days laid up in store,
Shall bounteously repay
Our present woes, when we no more
Encounter dire dismay.

(Ex)

SCN

SCENE V.

The Palace of Alexander.

Artial Air, Alexander enters, Agenor and Thamiris, preceded by Macedonian Commanders, and the Sidonian Nobles.

MARCH and CHORUS.

Long live, great hero, to expand
O'er vanquish'd worlds thy dread command;
While tyrants conquer to destroy.
'Tis thou diffusest peace and joy.
Sidon this day extols thy name.
Enlarg'd her bliss, as is thy fame;
Her latest annals shall display
Thy virtue equal to thy sway.

Alex. With conscious pleasure I receive the honour
bestow'd by your applauses on my actions.

A I R.

Propitious heav'n who'rt pleas'd each day
Fresh laurels to impart,
Let mild benevolence allay
The ardour of my heart!

If I a star of glory blaze,
Rais'd by your pow'r divine,
O grant that of such star the rays
For general good may shine!

Alex. But whence comes this delay? The sun apace
Declines; why does not the new king appear?
Where is Thamiris?

Tham. At your royal feet.

Alex. Are you the Princess?

Tham. Whom you seek, am I.

In me do you behold
A debtor to your worth.

Alex. The deed itself is its reward to me.

Tham. Agenor, Sir,
Has sacrific'd his love to my ambition.

SCENE VI.

Enter Eliza, and throws herself at Alexander's Feet.

Eliz. Justice, Sir! justice! pity! and protection!

Alex. (Raising her.) Rife, beauteous maid, and freely
tell your wrongs.

Eliz. I am Eliza,

Come to implore from Alexander's hands
Redress for injuries, a heart oppress'd!

Alex. But against whom complain you?

Eliz. Against thee.

Alex. Against me!

How have I ever wrong'd you?

Eliz. You have robb'd me of my quiet,
My every joy: I live but in Amintas,
And 'tis Amintas that you would force from,

Alex. Amintas!

Eliz. Yes; from infancy our hearts
Have been united—Yes—his heart is mine,
By vows repeated, and by plighted faith.

Alex. It was the swain Amintas gave his heart,
The king Amintas would disdain to give it.

SCENE the Last.

*Just as Alexander has spoken these last Words, enters
Amintas, dressed in his Shepherd's Habit, and followed
by Shepherds, who bring the Crown, &c. &c.*

Amin. Sir, I'm Amintas, and a shepherd still.

Alex. How!

Amin. These marks of royalty, see at your feet.
Still in my shepherd's garb, I joyfully
To my poor flock and my lost peace return.

Alex. Is not Thamiris there—

Amin. Thamiris, Sir,

Of a king's heart is worthy; but Eliza
Chose me when I was but a shepherd, Sir;
And now a king, I ought not to forsake her.

A I R.

Vows of love will ever bind
Men who are to honour true;
They possess a savage mind
Who deny the fair their due.

Scorn'd, detested may I be,
When I from Eliza part ;
Thrones and regal dignity
Can't seduce my faithful heart.

Alex. Such generous lovers Alexander ne'er
Will separate. Amintas, do you take
The fair Eliza ; and do you, Thamiris,
Reward Agenor's constancy and faith ;
In Sidon, your own country, you shall reign.

Agen. and Tham. O truly great !

Amin. and Eliz. O nobly just !

A I R.

Eliz. Transporting joys elate my mind !
Who can his blefs compare
With what this hero has assign'd
To be our copious share ?

Ye pow'rs divine, oh lend me aid,
My grateful heart to shew ;
If thus such gifts may be repaid,
Oh let our transports flow !

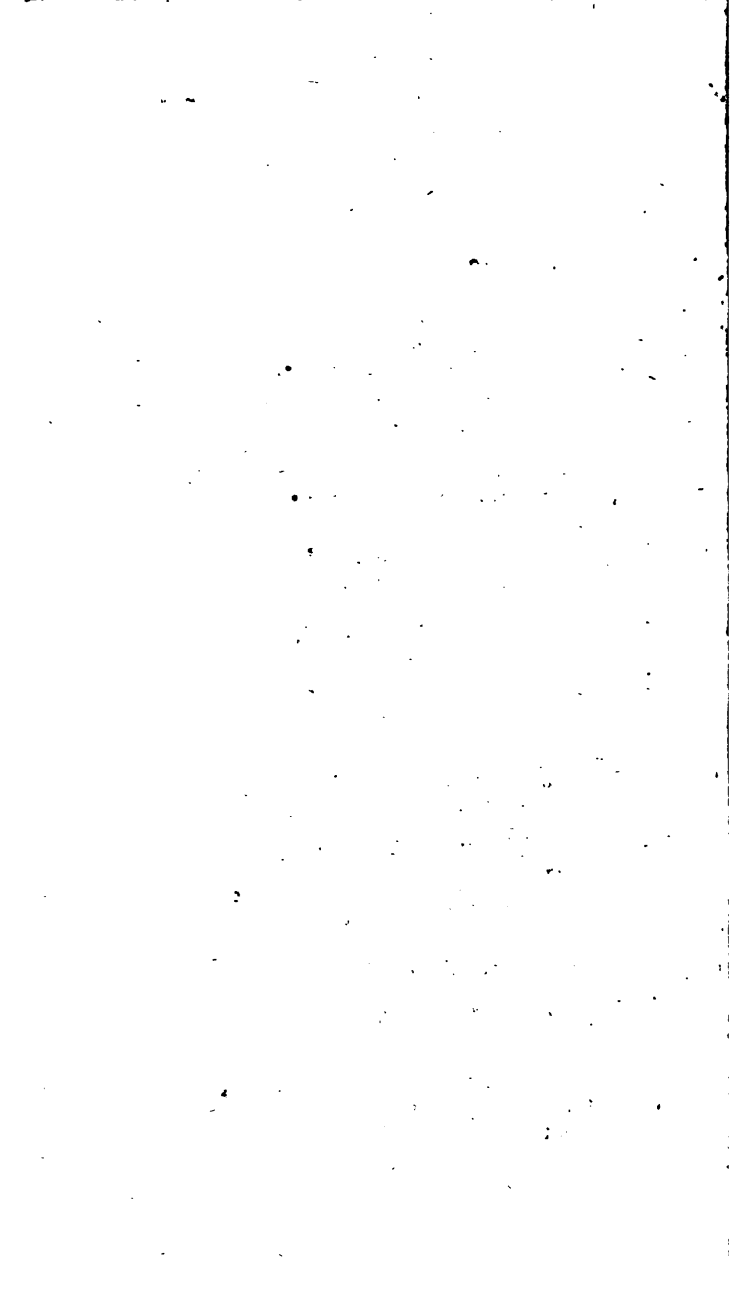
Alex. But now,
At length, let Sidon see her sovereign crown'd.

Amin. What ! in this garb ?

Alex. Yes, in that garb. 'Tis likely,
Not by mere chance has heav'n so ordain'd it,
That you should wear, at this important moment,
What mystically may perhaps portend
The happy tenor of a future reign ;
A royal shepherd is a nation's blessing.

C H O R U S.

Though from a cottage to a throne
Amintas mounts by Heav'n's high will,
Unalter'd may he still be known,
And be the royal shepherd still.



L I L L I P U T.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Lord Flimnap,</i>	<i>Drury-Lane</i>
<i>Bolgolam,</i>	Master Cauthery.
<i>Fripperel,</i>	Master Simpson.
<i>Lalcon,</i>	Master Largeau.
<i>Gulliver,</i>	Miss Pope.
<i>A number of Lilliputian Citizens, &c.</i>	Mr. Bransby.
	Messrs Pope, Hurst,
	Martin, &c.

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Flimnap,</i>	Miss Simpson.
<i>Teadel,</i>	Miss Matthews.

P R O L O G U E

By Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD.

BEHOLD a conjurer——that's something new——
For as times go——my brethren are but few.
I'm come with magic ring, and taper wand,
To waft you far from this your native land.
Ladies, don't fear——my coach is large and easy;
I know your humours, and will drive to please ye;

*Gently you'll ride, as in a fairy dream,
 Your boops unsqueez'd, and not a beausball scream.
 What! still disorder'd—well—I know your fright—
 You shall be back in time for cards to-night :
 Swift as Queen Mab within her baxle nut,
 I'll set you safely down at Lilliput.
 Away we go—Ge'up—Ladies keep your places,
 And gentlemen—for shame—don't screw your faces.
 Softly, my imps and fiends—you critics there,
 Pray you, sit still, or I can never steer ;
 My dev'ls are not the dev'ls you need to fear.
 Hold fast my friends above—for faith we spin it ;
 My usual rate's a thousand miles a minute.
 A statesman now could tell how high we soar——
 Statesmen have been these airy jaunts before.
 I see the land—the folks—what limbs ! what features !
 There's lords and ladies too—the pretty creatures !*

*Now to your sight these puppets I'll produce,
 Which may, if rightly headed, turn to use ;
 Puppets not made of wood, and play'd with wires,
 But flesh and blood, and full of strange desires.
 So strange—you'll scarce believe me should I tell—
 For giant vices may in pigmies dwell.
 Beware you lay not to the conjurer's charge,
 That these in miniature are you in large :
 To you these little folks have no relation,
 As different in their manners as their nation,
 To show your pranks requires no conjuration.
 Open your eyes and ears—your mouths be shut,
 England is vanish'd—(waves his wand.)—Enter Lilliput.
 (Strikes the curtain and sinks.)*

S C E N E I.

Lord Flimnap's Apartment.

Enter Flimnap.

THIS marriage is the devil—I have sold my liberty, ease, and pleasure ; and in exchange have got a wife, a very wife !——Ambition began my misery, and matrimony has completed it——But have not other men of quality wives, nay fashionable wives, and yet are happy ?—Then why am not I ;—Because I am a fool, a singular fool, who am troubled with vulgar feelings and awkward delicacies, though I was born a nobleman, know the world, and keep the best company.

Enter

Enter Bolgolam.

Bol. What! in the dumps, brother Flimnap?

Flim. Ay, brother, deeply so.

Bol. Why, what's the matter?

Flim. I am married.

Bol. And to my sister——If she wrongs you, I'll do you justice; and if you wrong her, I shall cut your throat—that's all.

Flim. My dear admiral, I know your friendship, and your honour, and can trust both; I have sent for you and your brother Fripperel, as my wife's nearest relations, to open my heart to you, and to beg your advice and assistance.

Bol. He advise you! what can he advise you about? He was bred to nothing but to pick his teeth, and dangle after a court: So, unless you have a coat to lace, a feather to choose, or a monkey to buy, Fripperel can't assist you,

Flim. But he is the brother of my wife, admiral.

Bol. So much the worse for her and you too, perhaps——If she has listened to him, I shan't be surpris'd that you have a bad time of it: Such fellows as he, who call themselves fine gentlemen, forsooth, corrupt the morals of a whole nation.

Flim. Indeed, admiral, you are too severe.

Bol. Indeed, my Lord Flimnap, I speak the truth——Time was when we had as little vice here in Lilliput as any where; but since we imported politeness and fashions from Blefuscu, we have thought of nothing but being fine gentlemen; and a fine gentleman, in my dictionary, stands for nothing but impertinence and affectation, without any one virtue, sincerity, or real civility.

Flim. But, dear brother, contain yourself.

Bol. 'Zounds! I cant——We shall be undone by our politeness——Those cursed Blefuscudians have been polishing us to destroy us.——While we kept our own rough manners, we were more than a match for 'em; but since they have made us fine gentlemen——we don't fight the better for't, I can assure you.

Enter Fripperel.

Frip. What! is my dear brother and magnanimous
O 2 admiral

admiral firing a broadside against those wretches who wear clean shirts and wash their faces? eh!

Bol. I would always fire upon those, good brother, who dare not *show* their faces when their king and country want 'em.

Flim. My dear brothers, let us not wander from the subject of our meeting. I have sent to you for your advice and assistance in an affair that nearly concerns me as a man, a nobleman, and the father of a family.

Frip. What can possibly, my dear Lord, disturb your tranquillity, while you have fortune to purchase pleasures, and health to enjoy 'em?

Bol. Well said, Fripperel—There spoke the genius of a fine gentleman—Give him but dainties to tickle his palate, women to flatter his vanity, and money to keep the dice a-going, and you may purchase his soul, and have his honour and virtue thrown in to the bargain.

Frip. Well said, admiral: I would as soon undertake to steer thy ship as teach thee manners.

Bol. And I wou'd sooner sink my ship than suffer such fellows as thee to come on board of her.

Flim. I find, gentlemen, you had rather indulge your own spleen than assist your friend.

Bol. I have done.

Frip. Come, come, let us hear our grievances.

Flim. Your sister has dishonour'd me.

Bol. I'll cut her to pieces.

Frip. She is a fine woman, and a woman of quality, and therefore ought not to be cut to pieces for trifles.

Bol. Thou art a fine gentleman, and ought to be hang'd: But what has she done?

Flim. Hurt me, injur'd me, beyond reparation.

Bol. The Devil!—What—

Flim. I am ashamed to tell you.

Bol. Out with it.

Flim. Fall'n in love with a monster.

Bol. A monster!—Land or sea monster?

Flim. The new prodigy—this quinbus flestrin—the man mountain—Gulliver—the English giant.

Frip. Ha! ha! what, and are you afraid, brother, he should swallow her? for you cannot possibly be afraid of any thing else.

Bol.

Bol. I don't know what to think of this—In love with a monster! My sister has a great soul to be sure—But all the women in Lilliput are in love with him, I think—The devil is in 'em—And now they have seen the English giant, they'll turn up their noses at such a lusty fellow as I am—But how do you know this? Have you intercepted her love letters?

Frip. Or have you ever caught her in his sleeve, or coat pocket? or has she been lock'd up in his snuff-box? —Ha! ha! ha!

Flim. I cannot bear to jest when the honour of myself and family are at stake—I have witnesses that she visits him every day, and allows and takes great familiarities.

Frip. She's a woman of quality you know—and therefore I cannot possibly agree to abridge my sister of her natural rights and privileges.

Bol. What, is cuckolding her husband a natural right?

Frip. Lord, brother, how coarsely you talk—Besides, you know it can't be, it can't be; for did not Gulliver tell us, when we talk'd to him about the customs of his country, that it was a maxim with the English, never to lie with another man's wife.

Bol. No matter for that—though he's a monster among us, he may be as fine a gentleman as you are in his own country; and then I wou'd not take his word for a farthing.

Frip. Brother, I have no time to quarrel with you now; for Gulliver, you know, is to make his entrance immediately: he is to be created a Nardac of this kingdom; and we have all orders from the king to assist at the ceremony—So, brother Flimnap, better spirits to you; and better manners to you, my dear bully broadside. Ha! ha! ha! (Exit.)

Bol. A pretty counsellor, truly, to consult with in cases of honour—What is the meaning of bringing this man mountain into the metropolis, and setting him at liberty?—Zounds, if the whim should take him to be frolicksome, he'd make as much mischief in the city as a monkey among china.

Flim. He has signed the treaty of alliance with us, and

and is brought here to receive honours, and to be ready to assist us.

Bol. I wish he was out of the kingdom: for should he prove an ungrateful monster, like some other of our allies, and join our enemies, we shall consume our meat and drain our drink to a fine purpose!

Flim. 'Tis my interest in particular to get him hence, if I can; and therefore I will join you most cordially in any scheme, to send him out of the kingdom.

Bol. We'll think of it—(*Trumpets sound.*) What's that noise for?

Flim. To call the guards together, to attend the procession. I will put on my robes, and call upon you to attend the ceremony.

Bol. I'll wait for you—(*going.*)—But do you hear, brother, talk to your wife roundly: don't fight her at a distance, but grapple with her; and if she won't strike, sink her. (*Exit Bol.*)

Flim. Grapple with her; and if she won't strike, sink her!—'Tis easily said, but not so easily done—These bachelors are always great heroes 'till they marry—and then—they meet with their match—Let me see—why should I disturb myself about my lady's conduct when I have not the least regard for my lady herself?—However, by discovering her indiscretions, I shall have an excuse for mine; and people of quality should purchase their ease at any rate.

Let jealousy torment the lower life;
Where the fond husband loves the fonder wife:
Ladies and Lords should their affections smother,
Be always easy, and despise each other.
With us no vulgar passions should abide;
For none become a nobleman but—pride. (*Exit.*)

Enter Lady Flimnap and Fripperel, peeping and laughing.

L. Flim. Come, brother, the owls are flown. Ha! ha! ha! This is the most lucky accident!—but how came the letter into your hands?

Frip. The moment I left your poor husband and my wife brother consulting how to punish you for your unnatural love of this Gulliver—

Bol.

Botb. Ha! ha! ha!

Frip. And was hast'ning to the palace to prepare for the procession, an elderly lady (who though past love matters herself, seemed willing to forward 'em) pulls me by the sleeve; and, with an insinuating curtesy, and an eye that spoke as wantonly as it cou'd, whisper'd me—my lord—my lord Flimnap—I am commissioned to deliver this into your own hands, and hope to have the honour of being better known to you—then curtesying again, mumbled something, look'd roguishly, and left me.

L. Flim. Ha! ha! ha! I am glad that I have caught at last my most virtuous lord and master—O these modest men—they are very devils—however, I can balance accounts with him—but pray read the billet-doux to me. I am impatient to hear what his slut says.

Frip. 'Tis a most exquisite composition, and a discharge in full to you for all kinds of inclinations that you may have now, or conceive hereafter, either for man or monster, ha! ha! ha!

L. Flim. Thou art the best of brothers, positively.

Frip. There's a bob for your ladyship too, I can tell you that.

L. Flim. O! pray let me have it.

Frip. reads. "Why did not I see my dearest Lord Flimnap last night? did public affairs, or your Lady, keep you from my wishes?"

L. Flim. Not his lady, I can assure her. Ha! ha! ha!

Frip. reads on. "Time was when affairs of state could be postpon'd for my company."—

L. Flim. Cou'd they so? then the nation had a fine time of it!

Frip. reads on. "And if you sacrific'd the last night to your lady, which by all the bonds of love shou'd have been mine, you injur'd both of us: for I was panting for you, while she was wishing herself with her adorable man-mountain—Let me conjure you to leave her to her giants, and fly this evening to the arms of your ever tender, languishing MORETTA."

L. Flim. Upon my word, the languishing Moretta

makes

makes very free with me—but this is a precious letter, and will settle all our family-quarrels for the future.

Frip. But come, let us to a little consultation of mischief—shall we send for the admiral and shew it him? —We shall have fine bouncing.—

L. Flim. No, no, let us make the most of it—I'll fit him for calling in relations to assist him—If this hubbub is to be made every time I follow my inclinations, one might as well have married a tradesman as a man of quality.

Frip. I wonder that he does not insist upon your looking after his family, and paying his bills.—

L. Flim. And taking care of my children. Ha! ha! ha! poor wretch.

Frip. Poor devil! but what shall we do with the letter?

L. Flim. Send it directly to my good lord—but first copy it, lest he should forswear it at the proper time.

Frip. Or suppose, when at our next consultation upon your indiscretions, that we send the letter to him before us all, to see how he will behave upon it—let me alone for that.

L. Flim. Thou genius of mischief, and best of brothers! what can I do to thank you for your goodness to your poor Sissy?

Frip. I'll tell you what you shall do—Confess to me sincerely whether you really like this Gulliver.

L. Flim. Why then sincerely, I do think him a prodigious fine animal—and when he is dress'd in his Nardac's robes, I am sure there will not be a female heart but will pit-a-pat as he passes by.

Frip. 'Egad he ought to make a fine figure, I'm sure; for a hundred and fifty taylors have been working night and day these six weeks, to adorn this pretty creature of yours—But, my dear sister, do you like him as a fine man, or a fine monster?

L. Flim. Partly one, partly t'other.

Frip. Well, you have certainly a great soul, sister.—I don't quite understand your taste; but so much the better: for I wou'd have a woman of quality always a little incomprehensible.

L. Flim.

L. Flim. For heaven's sake let us make haste to join the ceremony; and be sure, brother, to prevent all conspiracies against my dear Gulliver—great men will always be envied—What an honour will he be to Lilliput!—Had we but a few more such lords, how happy it would be for the nation as well as the ladies!

Frip. You are certainly mad.

L. Flim. Or I should not be thy sister.

Frip. Farewell, giddy-head.

L. Flim. Brother, I am yours. (*Exeunt severally.*)

Enter a mob of Lilliputians, buzzing.

First mob. What! is the man-mountain to be made a Lord?

Second mob. To be sure, neighbour, he is.

First mob. I suppose he is to be made a Lord, because he is of so much service to the nation.

Second mob. We shall pay dear for it though! for he eats more and drinks more at a meal than would serve my wife and nine children for a month—I wish his Lordship was out of the kingdom; for he'll certainly make free with us, should there be a scarcity of beef and mutton.

Third mob. What countryman is this Gulliver, pray?

First mob. Why, they say he comes from a strange country! the women there are very near as tall as the men, ay, and as bold too; and the children are as big as we are—All the people, they say, are brave, free, and happy; and, for fear of being too happy, they are always quarrelling one among another.

Second mob. Quarrel! what do they quarrel for?

First mob. Because they are brave and free; and if you are brave and free, why, you may quarrel whenever, or with whomever you please.

Second mob. What! have they no laws to keep them quiet?

First mob. Laws! ay, laws enough; but they never mind laws, if they are brave and free.

Second mob. La! what a slaughter an army of such men-mountains would make?

First mob. And so they would, whilst they are brave and free, to be sure, or else they may run away as well as lesser people. (*Trumpets sound.*) Hark, neighbours;

they are coming : now for a fight you never saw before, nor mayhap will ever see again.

SCENE changes to Mildendo, the capital city of Lilliput ; then follows the procession.

SCENE, Gulliver's Room.

Lalcon, the keeper speaks without,

Clear the way there for the Nardac Gulliver.

Enter Lalcon and Gulliver.

Lal. Please your lordship to stoop a little—Most noble and tremendous Nardac, behold the place allotted by his majesty for thy residence——It has employed all the workmen belonging to the public works these three months ; and thy bed here is the joint labours of all the upholsterers in this great metropolis.

Gul. I am bound to his majesty for the honours he has done me ; and to you, Sir, for your friendship and attention to me.

Lal. When your lordship pleases to take the air, you will find a large back-door in your bed-chamber, through which your lordship may creep into the palace-gardens. I shall now leave you to repose after your fatigue——Should any company desire to see your lordship, may they be permitted to enter ?

Gul. Without doubt, Sir——but intreat 'em, if I should be asleep, not to run over my face, nor put their lances into my nose, or shoot their arrows into my eyes, for since the last time they did me that honour, I have been much afflicted with a violent sneezing and hee-dach.

Lal. It would be death to disturb you now—by our laws, nobody can make free with a lord ; but your lordship may make free with any body.

Gul. I shall not exert my privileges.

Lal. Will your lordship be pleased to lie down as gently, and to turn in your bed as easily as possible ; lest the moving of your lordship's body should bring the palace about your ears.

Gul. I thank you, Sir, for your caution——I am a little dry with my fatigue to-day ; shall beg something to moisten my mouth.

Lal.

Lal. I shall order a hoghead of wine to quench your Lordship's thirst, immediately. *(Exit.)*

Gul. Notwithstanding the figure I make here, the honours I have received, and the greater things intended me, I grow sick of my situation—I shall either starve, or be sacrificed to the envy and malice of my brother peers—They'll never forgive the service I have done their country—I wish myself at home again, and plain Gulliver—Every thing is in miniature here but vice; and that is so disproportion'd, that I'll match our little rakes at Lilliput with any of our finest gentlemen in England.

Enter Lalcon.

Lal. A hundred and fifty taylors are without, to pay their duty to your lordship, and have brought their bills—

Gul. Their bills!—they are very pressing sure—

Lal. They have done nothing but work at your lordship's robes these six weeks—and therefore hope your indulgence for the sake of their wives and families.

Gul. I am so much fatigu'd, that I must desire 'em to give me till to-morrow; and assure them, that notwithstanding my titles and privileges, I shall give 'em very little trouble. *(Exit Lalcon.)*

My greatness begins to be troublesome to me.

Enter Lalcon.

Lal. Two ladies of the court to wait on your Lordship. *(Exit.)*

Enter Lady Flimnap and Toadel.

Gul. Lady Flimnap again! what can this mean?

Toad. Would your ladyship have me retire?

L. Flim. Out of hearing only—should you leave us quite to ourselves, people might be censorious.

Toad. I will walk in that gallery and amuse myself with the pictures.

L. Flim. Do so, Toadel, but be within call.

Toad. Upon my word the monster is a noble creature! *(Exit.)*

L. Flim. I could not defer any longer wishing you joy of the honours which you have so deservedly received this day—I take a particular interest in your welfare, I assure you.

Gul. And I a particular pride in your ladyship's good opinion.

L. Flim. I hope you don't think me imprudent in thus laying aside the formality of my sex, to make you these frequent visits.—Do the ladies of your country ever take these liberties?

Gul. O! yes, madam; our English ladies are allowed some liberties, and take a great many more.

L. Flim. What! the married ladies?

Gul. Our married ladies, indeed, are so much employ'd with the care of their children, and attention to their families, that they would take no liberties at all, did not their husbands oblige them to play at cards now and then, lest their great attachment to domestic affairs should throw 'em into fits of the vapours.

L. Flim. Bless me! how different people are in different nations! I must confess to your lordship, though I have some children, I have not seen one of them these six months; and though I am married to one of the greatest men in the kingdom, and, as they say, one of the handsomest, yet I don't imagine that I shall ever throw myself into a fit of sickness by too severe an attention to him or his family.

Gul. What a profligate morsel of nobility this is!—*(Aside.)*—I must own your ladyship surprises me greatly; for in England I have been so used to see the ladies employ'd in matters of affection and economy, that I cannot conceive, without these, how you can possibly pass your time, or amuse yourself.

L. Flim. What! are not tormenting one's husband, and running him in debt, tolerable amusements!—It is below a woman of quality to have either affection or economy; the first is vulgar, and the last is mechanic—And yet had I been an English lady, perhaps I might have seen an object that might have raised my affection, and even persuaded me to live at home.

(Looking at him and sighing.)

Gul. In the name of Queen Mab, what is coming now! Sure I have not made a conquest of this fairy!

(Aside.)

L. Flim. What a prodigious fine hand your lordship has!

Gul.

Gul. Mine, madam! 'tis brown sure, and somewhat of the largest.

L. Flim. O! my lord, 'tis the nobler for that—I assure you, that it was the first thing about your lordship that struck me—But to return—I say, my lord, had I been happy enough to have been born, bred, and married in England, I might then have been as fond as I am now sick of matrimony. (*Approaching tenderly.*)

Gul. (*Retreating.*) Perhaps your ladyship has taken some just aversion to our sex.

L. Flim. To one of it I have—my husband—But to the sex—oh no! I protest I have not—Far from it—I honour and adore your sex, when it is capable of creating tenderness and esteem—Have my visits to your lordship denoted any such aversion? My present visit, which I have imprudently made, rather indicates, that to one of your sex at least, I have not taken so just an aversion as perhaps I ought.

Gul. (*Aside*) That is home indeed—What can I possibly say to her or do with her?

L. Flim. A married woman, to be sure, ought not to visit a gentleman; she ought not to despise her husband; she ought to prefer no company to him—and yet, such is my weakness, I have visited a gentleman; I do despise my husband, heartily despise him; and I am afraid I might be tempted even to quit Lilliput, were the proposal made to me by one whose honour, bravery, and affection, might make the loss of my own country less grievous to me.

Gul. (*Aside.*) I am in a fine situation—She certainly wants to elope with me.

L. Flim. Why won't your Lordship converse with me upon these topics?

Gul. Upon my word, madam, I have been much at a loss to comprehend you; and now I do comprehend you, I am still at a loss how to answer you—But, madam—look upon your delicate self and me—Supposing there were no other objections, surely this disproportion—

L. Flim. I despise it, my lord—Love is a great leveller, and I have ambition—and I think, if I make no objections, your lordship need not.

Gul. To pretend now not to understand you, would be

be affectation, and not to speak my mind to you would be insincerity—I am most particularly sorry, madam, that I cannot offer you my services; but to speak the truth, I am unfortunately engaged.

L. Flim. Engaged, my lord! to whom pray?

Gul. To a wife and six children.

L. Flim. Is that all? Have not I, my lord, the same plea? And does it weigh any thing against my affection? Have not I a husband and as many children?

Gul. I allow that; but your ladyship is, most luckily and politely, regardless of 'em—I, madam, not having the good fortune to be born and bred in high life, am a slave to vulgar passions; and to expose at once my want of birth and education—with confusion I speak it—I really love my wife and children.

L. Flim. Is it possible?

Gul. I am ashamed of my weakness; but it is too true, madam.

L. Flim. I am ashamed of mine, I must confess—What! have I really cast my affections upon a monster, a married monster, and who, still more monstrous, confesses a passion for his wife and children.

Gul. Guilty, madam.

L. Flim. Guilty indeed! thou art ten-fold guilty to me—But I am cured of one passion, and shall now give way to another—As for your lordship's virtue; I leave and bequeath it, with all its purity, to your fair lady and her numerous offspring—Don't imagine that I'm quite unhappy at your coolness to me—I now as heartily despise you as before I lov'd you—And so, my dear Gully—Yours—yours—yours—Here, Toadel—

Enter Toadel.

Let us be gone—I am finely punish'd for my folly.

Toad. For heavens sake, madam, be compos'd, and don't exasperate him; should he grow outrageous, he might commit violence upon us.

L. Flim. He commit violence! He is a poor, tame, spiritless creature—His great mountainous body promises wonders indeed; and when your expectations are raised, instead of the roaring dragon, out creeps the pusillanimous mouse.

Toad.

Toad. Dear my lady, be pacified: Here comes my lord and your ladyship's brothers—How will this end!

L. Flim. To my honour, assure yourself—Be sure do you second me when I want you.

Toad. Play what tune your ladyship pleases, I am always ready with the second part.

Enter Flimnap, Bolgolam, and Fripperel.

Flim. Now, brother, am I unreasonably jealous or not? See and judge yourselves.

Bol. I have judg'd, and now I'll execute.

(Draws his sword.)

Frip. What, without a trial? Fye; for shame, admiral; that may be sea-law, but it is not land-law.

Gul. What means this insult, admiral, in my apartments?—If you have no dread of a man who could puff you away with his breath, at least reverence him whom your king has honoured.

Bol. No place shall protect a dishonourable sifter.

Flim. And no strength shall protect him who has dishonoured Flimnap. *(Lays his hand upon his sword.)*

Frip. I say, hear the parties first—If then matters are not cleared, you shall draw your swords, and I'll—withdraw into the next room.

L. Flim. Hear me, my lord and brother, and then determine—I confess appearances are against me; an imprudent curiosity urged me to see this monster, and hear him talk of his country and its customs—

Flim. The infection, madam, that is taken in at the eyes and the ears, will make a quick progress through the rest of the body.

L. Flim. Jealousy, my lord, will make a quicker—but I defy it—My friend Toadel here, can witness that curiosity was merely my motive.

Toad. O yes, my lord, I'll swear that.

Frip. And so will I too—Toadel is a woman of immense honour.

L. Flim. Having no harm myself, I suspected none—The monster has always behaved mild, tame, and gentle to me—but just now, his eyes flashing with desire, he own'd a violent passion for me; nay, propos'd even taking me away with him into his own country—

Frip.

Frip. In his great coat pocket, I suppose!—And he would have made money of you too, if his countrymen love rarities!

Bol. How can you jest at such a time as this?

Flim. Fire and vengeance!

L. Flim. Pray, my dear contain yourself—Then this wicked monster—Ay, you may well turn up your eyes—upon my being shock'd at his proposal, and declaring my unalterable love to you, began to grind his teeth and bite his knuckles—I trembled, and begg'd for mercy—At last, gathering strength, from fear I fell into rage; and being strong in virtue, and warm with my conjugal affections, I broke out into a bitterness against the villain, who would have been my undoer. *(Bursts into tears.)*

Toad. Which certainly hindered him from committing violence.

Frip. Poor soul!—By all that's mischievous, she's a genius. *(Aside.)*

Flim. You have eas'd my heart, madam, of its suspicions; but my honour must have satisfaction here.

(Draws his sword.)

Gul. Pray, my lord, sheath your anger; the odds are rather against you—I waive this private trial, and insist upon a public one; and till then, I beg to retire from the jealousy of a husband, the partiality of brothers, and the irresistible eloquence of so fine a lady.

Flim. To-morrow the grand court of justice sits, and I summon thee, Nardac Gulliver, before the king and peers, to answer to the wrongs thou hast done me.

Gul. Clumglum Flimnap, I'll meet thee there.

(Goes into the inner room.)

L. Flim. For heaven's sake, my lord, let us leave this den of wickedness. *(Going.)*

Enter Keeper.

A letter to my Lord Flimnap.

Frip. Now for it, sister—have at the other monster. *(Aside.)*

(Flimnap reads, and seems disorder'd.)

L. Flim. No bad news, I hope, my dear?

Bol. Speak it out, brother—Your keeping it to yourself won't make it better.

Flim. Nothing at all—a private business.

Frip.

Frip. What, a petticoat business, brother?

L. Flim. I shall grow uneasy, my lord—I must know.

(*Soothing him.*)

Flim. You can't, my dear—It is a state affair——

L. Flim. State affairs have been often postpon'd for a mistress; why may they not for once be intrusted to a wife.

Frip. That's a choaker.

(*Aside.*)

Bol. Zounds! what's all this mystery about?

L. Flim. If you won't communicate, my dear Lord, I will.

Flim. What will you communicate?

L. Flim. Your state secret—the contents of that letter——What, confounded, my sweet husband!——The paragon of chastity out of countenance? ha! ha!

Bol. Expound this riddle, or I'll march off.

L. Flim. There brother, is a true copy of the negotiation that great statesman is carrying on for the good of the nation.

(*Gives a paper.*)

Flim. Then I'm discover'd.

Bol. Hum——hum——hum——the tender, languishing MORETTA!——Is this true my lord?

Flim. I confess it.

Bol. So, so—here are fine doings! What, do you keep a whore, and are jealous of your wife too?

Frip. That's damn'd unreasonable indeed!

Bol. Look'e, my lord, I promis'd, you justice if she had injur'd you; and, moreover, I promised to cut your throat if you should injure her——Therefore, if you'll walk with me into the burying-ground, brother, I'll be as good as my word.

Flim. I should ill deserve the name of gentleman, if I was not as ready to defend my follies as commit them——I'll attend you.

(*Exit Flim. and Bol.*)

Toad. Won't you prevent mischief, my lady?

L. Flim. No, no; the losing a little blood will do 'em both service; it will cool the wantonness of the one, and the choler of the other.

Frip. Let the worst happen—I shall only be an elder brother, and you a husband, out of pocket.

L. Flim. O no! there will be no mischief; I'm confident the admiral will bring him to——If my lord did not suffer

suffer himself to be bullied now and then, there would be no living with him. But what noise is that?—Ho, here the heroes come—

Enter Bolgolam and Flimnap.

Frip. Well, Gentlemen, do either of you want a surgeon?

Bol. Why, here's the devil to do!—the whole city's in an uproar—the man-mountain has made his escape out of his chamber—he has straddled over the walls of the palace garden, made the best of his way to the sea-side, seized upon my ship, a first-rate. put his cloaths on-board her, weighed her anchor, and is now towing her over an arm of the sea towards Blefuscu.

Frip. Then you have lost your commission, admiral; and you your lover, sister.

L. Flim. A good voyage to him—I was sure that he would run away—You see, my lord, that he durst not stand the trial; for all his mightiness, he could not bear the consciousness of his guilt, nor the force of my virtue.

Flim. I see it, madam, and acknowledge my mistake.

L. Flim. Is that a satisfaction, my lord, adequate to the injury?—My innocence, my lord, is not to be thus wounded without having other remedies to heal it.

Bol. If you don't apply one, my lord, instantly, I shall.

(Claps his hand to his sword.)

Flim. I am ready, madam, this moment to make you easy and happy for the future.

L. Flim. And how will your lordship bring it about?

Flim. By permitting you, madam, to follow your inclinations.

L. Flim. Now your lordship really behaves like a nobleman; and to convince you that I am not unworthy of my rank and quality too, here I solemnly promise never to disturb your lordship in the pursuit of yours.

Frip. Perfectly polite on both sides.

Flim. From this moment, you have my full and free consent to spend as much money you please, see what company you please, lie in bed and get up when you please, be abroad or at home when you please, be in and out of humour when you please; and, in short, to take every liberty

betray of a woman of quality, as you please, and, for the future, fall in love when you please, with either man or monster.

L. Flim. To shew you lordship that I will not be behind hand with you in nobleness of sentiment, I must sincerely grant you a free access to the languishing Moretta whenever you please; and intreat you, for the future, that you will have as little regard for me as you have for the business of the nation.

Flim. Let us seal and ratify the treaty in each other's arms—My dearest lady

L. Flim. My beloved lord. (*They embrace.*)

Bol. I am astonished!—from this moment I disown you all!—I'll out to sea as fast as I can: Should these politenesses reach us, woe be to poor Lilliput! When they do, I'll let the sea into my great cabin, and sink to the bottom with the honour, virtue, and liberty of my country. (*Exit. Bol.*)

Frip. A queer dog my brother is, that's positive—
But come—let me once again join your hands upon this your second happier union—

Let love be banish'd—We of rank and fashion
Should ne'er in marriage mix one grain of passion.

Lady Flimnap.

To care and broils we now may bid defiance;
Give me my will, and I am all compliance.

(*Curtresses.*)

Lord Flimnap.

Let low-bred minds be crub'd by laws and rules,
Our higher spirit leaps the bounds of fools;
No law or custom shall to us say nay;
We scorn restriction—*Vive la liberté.*

E P I L O G U E

By a F R I E N D.

Spoken by Lady FLIMNAP.

*WELL now ! could you, who are of larger size,
Bid to a bolder height your passions rise ?
Was it not great ? — A lady of my span
To undertake this monstrous mountain-man ?
The prudes, I know, will censure, and cry, Fie on't !
Preposterous sure ! — A pigmy love a giant ?
Yet soft — no disproportion love can know ;
It finds us equal, or it makes us so —
And to the sex, though pow'r nor strength belong,
We yet have beauty to subdue the strong.
But what strange nations govern vulgar life !
The brute has qualms about an absent wife.
Were he at home, his dear might cut and carve ;
But, if she can't partake, must others starve ?
A theft like this he can't a robb'ry call :
" Let her not know it, she's not robb'd at all."*
*Well, if so cold these English heroes prove,
Such squeamish creatures ne'er will gain my love.
Huge stupid things ! not worth the pains to win 'em :
These giant bedies have no spirit in 'em :
Mere dunghill fowl ! unwieldy, dull and tame !
The sprightly Bantams are the truest game.
In war, perhaps, these lubbers may have merit ;
But, to please us, they must have fire and spirit :
For, let the giants say whate'er they can,
'Tis spirit ! spirit ! ladies, makes the man.*

T H E

THE
RECRUITING SERJEANT.

A
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Serjeant,	-	-	-	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
Countryman,	-	-	-	Mr. Bannister.
				Mr. Dibdin.

W O M E N.

Wife,	-	-	-	Mrs. Wrighten.
Mother,	-	-	-	Mrs. Dorman.

SCENE, a Country Place,

SCENE the View of a Village, with a Bridge: on one Side, near the Front, a Cottage; on the other, at the Foot of the bridge, an Ale-house. When the Curtain rises, two Light-horse Men, supposed to be on their March, are discovered sitting at the Ale-house Door, with their Arms against the Wall; their Horses at some Distance. The Serjeant then passes with his party over

Then get thee a trudging quick,
 For gad, if I take a stick,
 I'll make thee repent,
 When here thee wert sent
 A drumming for recruits.

SCENE III.

*The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Wife; the Mother
 going into the Cottage, returns with three little Children.*

Coun. Then won't you go, and let a body be?

Serj. Zounds, is the woman mad!

Moth. Dawn't swear at me.

Wife. Dear Joseph, what's come o'er thee? tell me, do:
 Three babes we have, I work for them and you;
 You work for us; and both together earn
 What keeps them tight, and puts them out to learn.
 But if a soldiering you're bent to roam,
 We all shall shortly to the parish come;
 And the church wardens, no one to befriend us,
 Will, for the next thing, to the work-house send us.
 Thee know'st at workhouse how poor folks are serv'd;
 Bill, Tom, and Susan, will be quickly starv'd.

A I R. (*Taking a Boy and Girl, one in each hand*)

Oh! cou'd you bear to view,
 Your little Tom and Sue
 Ta'en up by cross o'erseers;
 And think that helpless I,
 To give them, when they cry,
 Have nothing but my tears?

You cannot have the heart
 With them and me to part,
 For folks, you know not who!
 With richer friends than we,
 And prouder you may be,
 But none will prove so true.

SCENE IV.

The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Mother.

Serj. Comrade, your hand: I love a lad of soul;
Your name to enter on my muster roll;
To justice swear'em then to take our oath.

Coun. Hold Serjeant, hold, there's time enough for
both.

If I've a moind to list, I'll list, d'ye see;
But some discourse first betwixt yow and me.
A souldier's life——

Serj. The finest life that goes;
Free quarters every where——

Coun. Ay, that we knows.

Serj. Then wenches!

Coun. You've free quarters too with they;
Girls love the red coats——

Serj. Gad, and well they may.

Coun. But when to foreign wars your men resort,
Fighting—a battle——

Serj. 'Tis the rarest sport.

Coun. Tell us a little about that.

Serj. I will.

Wife. Don't listen to him, Joe!

Coun. Do you be still.

A I R.

Serj. What a charming thing's a battle!
Trumpets sounding, drums a-beating;
Crack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle.
Ev'ry heart with joy elating.
With what pleasure are we spying.
From the front and from the rear,
Round us in the smoaky air,
Heads, and limbs, and bullets flying!
Then the groans of soldiers dying:
Just like sparrows, as it were,
At each pop,
Hundreds drop;

Vol. VI.

P

While

While the muskets prittle prattle :
 Kill'd and wounded
 Lie confounded ;
 What a charming thing's a battle !
 But the pleasant joke of all,
 Is when to close attack we fall ;
 Like mad bulls each other butting,
 Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting ;
 Horse and foot,
 All go to't ;
 Kill's the word, both men and cattle ;
 Then to plunder ;
 Blood and thunder,
 What a charming thing's a battle !

SCENE V.

The Serjeant, the Countryman, the Mother, the Wife.

Moth. Call you this charming ? 'Tis the work of hell.

Wife. How do'st thou like it, Joe ?

Coun. Why, pretty well.

Serj. But pretty well !

Coun. Why need there be more said ?

But mayn't I happen to lose my head ?

Serj. Your head !

Coun. Ay.

Serj. Let me see ! your head, my buck !

Coun. A leg or arm too ?

Serj. Not if you've good luck.

Coun. Gook luck !

Serj. The chance of war is doubtful still ;
 Soldiers must run the risk——

Coun. They may that will.

Serj. Why, how now, Joseph, sure, you mean to jest !

Coun. I have thought twice, and second thoughts are best.

Shew folks, with beaftis, to our village came,
 And hung at door a picture of their game ;
 Bears, lions, tygers, there were four or five ;
 And all so like, you'd swear they were alive.]
 A-gaping at the cloth, the mon spied me,
 For two-pence, friend, you may walk in, says he ;

But, gad, I was more wise, and walk my way;
 I saw so much for naught I would not pay.
 To see a battle thus my mind was bent;
 But you've so well describ'd it, I'm content.

Serj. Come, brother soldiers, let us then be gone:
 Thou art a base paltroun——

Coun. That's all as one.

A I R.

Ay, ay, master Serjeant, I wish you good day,
 You've no need at present, I thank you, to stay;
 My stomach for battle's gone from me I trow;
 When it comes back again I'll take care you shall know.
 With cudgel or fist, as long as you list;
 But as for this fighting,
 Which some take delight in;
 This flashing and smashing, with sword and with gun;
 On consideration, I've no inclination,
 To be the partaker of any such fun.
 I'll e'en stay at home in my village,
 And carry no arms but for tillage;
 My wounds shall be made
 With the scythe or the spade,
 If ever my blood should be shed.
 A finger or so
 Shou'd one wound, or a toe,
 For such a disaster
 There may be a plaster;
 But no plaster sticks on a head.

SCENE VI.

The Countryman, the Wife, the Mother.

Wife. Then wilt thou stay, joe?

Mother. Wilt thee, boy of mine?

Coun. Wife give's thy hand, and mother give us thine.
 Last night you dodg'd me to the ale-house, Jane;
 I swore to be reveng'd——

Wife. I see it plain.

P 2

Coun.

Coun. I swore to be reveng'd, and vow'd, in short,
To list ma, to be even with thee for't.

But kiss me, now my plaguy anger's o'er.

Wife. And I'll ne'er dodge thee to the ale-house more,

D U E T.

Coun. From henceforth, wedded to my farm,
My thought shall never rove on harm ;
I to the field perchance may go,
But it shall be to reap or sow.

Wife. Now blessings on thy honest heart,
Thy wife shall bear an equal part ;
Work thee without doors ; she within,
Will keep the house, and card and spin.

Coun. How foolish they, in love-with strife,
Who quit the peaceful country life ;

Wife. Where wholesome labour is the best,
And surest guide to balmy rest !

A. 2. That lot true happiness secures,
And bless'd be prais'd, is mine and yours.
Content beneath the humble shed,
We'll toil to earn our babies bread ;
With mutual kindness bear loves yoke,
And pity greater, finer folk.

SCENE the Last.

Here is introduced an Entertainment of Dancing, in the Characters of Light-horse Men, Recruits, and Country Girls ; after which the Serjeant comes out, with a Drinking Glass in his Hand, followed by his Party, to the Countryman, the Wife, and the Mother, who have been looking on the Dance.

Serj. Well, countryman, art off the listing pin,
Yet, wilt thou beat a march ?

Wife. Dear Joe ! come in.

Moth. Hang-dog begone, and tempt my boy no more.

Wife. Do, serjeant, pray now.

Coun. Mother, wife, give o'er.

I see the gentleman no harm intends.

Serj. I ! Heav'n forbid ; but let us part like friends.
We've got a bottle here of humming ale.
'Tis the king's health.

Coun. And that I never fail.

Lord love and bless him, he's an honest man.

Serj. Lads, where's your music ?

Coun. Nay, fill up the can.

We'll drink the Royal Family.

Serj. So do :

King, Queen, and all,

Coun. And Jane shall drink them too.

A I R.

Here's a health to King George ; peace and glory attend him ;

He's merciful, pious ; he's prudent and just ;

Long life, and a race like himself, Heav'n send him,

And humble the foes to his crown in the dust.

C H O R U S.

Beat drums, beat amain :

Let the ear-piercing fife

To our measures give life ;

While each British heart

In the health bears a part,

And joins the loyal strain.

Wife.

Here's a health to the Queen ; gracious, mild, and engaging,

Accomplish'd in all that a woman should own ;

The cares of her consort with softness assuaging,

Whose manners add splendor and grace to a throne.

C H O R U S.

Beat drums, beat amain :

Let the ear-piercing fife

To our measures give life :

While each British heart

In the health bears a part,

And joins the loyal strain.

Mother.

Here's a health to those beautiful babes, whom the nation
 Regards as a pledge from the fire it reveres ;

Heaven shield the sweet plants from each rude visitation,
 And rear them to fulness of virtue and years.

C H O R U S.

Beat drums, beat amain ;
 Let the ear piercing sife
 To our measures give life ;
 While each British heart
 In the health bears a part,
 And joins the loyal strain.

Serjeant.

Here's success to his Majesty's arms : ever glorious
 And great may they be, on the land and the main ;
 As just is their cause, may they still prove victorious,
 And punish the rashness of France and of Spain.

C H O R U S.

Beat drums, beat amain :
 Let the ear-piercing sife
 To our measures give life ;
 While each British heart
 In the health bears a part,
 And joins the loyal strain.

THE

THE
R E H E A R S A L.

BY THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Altered into an AFTER-PIECE of Three Acts, by Mr. RICHARD WILSON of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Bayes,</i>	-	-	-	<i>Edinburgh.</i>
<i>Johnson,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Wilson.
<i>Smith,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Lamash.
<i>Two Kings of Brentford,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Wilmot-Well.
<i>Prince Prettyman,</i>	-	-	-	{ Mr. Bell.
<i>Prince Volscius,</i>	-	-	-	{ Mr. Michel.
<i>Gentleman-Usher,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Hallion.
<i>Physician,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Iliff.
<i>Drawcanfir,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. O'Reilly.
<i>Thunder,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. Charteris.
<i>Players,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. J. Bland.
<i>Soldiers,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. J. Bland.
<i>Lightning,</i>	-	-	-	{ Mr. Bland, junior.
				{ Mr. Francis, &c.
				Mr. Sparks, &c.
				Miss Charteris.

W O M E N.

<i>Amaryllis,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Woods.
<i>Chloris,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. Villars.
<i>Parthenope,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. J. Bland.

Attendance of Men and Women.

SCENE, *Brentford.*

P 4

A C T

A C T I.

Enter Johnson and Smith.

John. HONEST Frank, I am glad to see thee with all my heart. How long hast thou been in town?

Smith. Faith, not above an hour : and if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out ; for I long to talk with you freely of all the strange new things we have heard in the country.

John. And, by my troth, I have longed as much to laugh with you at all the impertinent, dull, fantastical things we are tired out with here.

Smith. Dull and fantastical ! that's an excellent composition.—Well, but how dost thou pass thy time ?

John. Why, as I used to do ; eat, drink as well as I can, and sometimes see a play ; where there are such things, Frank, such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the stage, and resolve to apply myself to the solid nonsense of your men of business as the more ingenious pastime.

Smith. I have heard indeed you have had lately many new plays ; and our country wits commend them.

John. Ay, so do some of our city wits too ; but they are of the new kind of wits.

Smith. New kind ! what kind is that ?

John. Why, your virtuosi, your civil persons, your drolls ; fellows that scorn to imitate nature, but are given altogether to elevate and surprise.

Smith. Elevate and surprise ! Pr'ythee, make me understand the meaning of that.

John. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter ; I don't understand that myself. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you as near as I can what it is. Let me see ; 'tis fighting, loving, sleeping, rhyming, dying, dancing, singing, crying, and every thing but thinking and sense.

Mr. Bayes passes over the stage.

Bayes. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, Sir.

John.

John. God so! this is an author: I'll go fetch him to you.

Smith. No, pr'ythee, let him alone.

John. Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. (*Goes after him, and brings him back.*) Here he is; I have caught him. Pray, Sir, now, for my sake will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but receive them; especially from a person that does wear the honourable title you are pleased to impose, Sir, upon this—Sweet Sir, your servant.

Smith. Your humble-servant, Sir.

John. But wilt thou do me a favour now?

Bayes. Aye, Sir; what is it?

John. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the meaning! Do you mean the plot?

John. Ay, ay, any thing.

Bayes. Faith, Sir, the intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one in my pocket, that I may say is a virgin; it has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing, 'tis all new wit, and, though I say it, a better than my last; and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew; ay, and pit, box, and gallery, 'egad, with any play in Europe. This morning is its last rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its virgin attire, though perhaps it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its nakedness unto you. I think it is in this pocket.

(*Puts his hand in his pocket.*)

John. Sir, I confess I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you, and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smith. Sir, I have no business so considerable as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes here it is—No, cry you mercy; this is my book of Drama Common-places, the mother of many other plays.

John. Drama Common-places! Pray, what's that?

P 5.

Bayes.

Bayes. Why, Sir, some certain helps that we men of art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smith. How, fir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my position; and I do here aver, that no man yet the sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

John. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose, and prose into verse, alternative, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why, thus, Sir; nothing so easy when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one; if there be any wit in't, as there is no book but has some, I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse, (but that takes up some time;) and if it be verse, put it into prose.

John. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose should be called *transposing*.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, it is a very good notion; and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own: 'tis so changed that no man can know it. My next rule is the rule of record, by way of table-book. Pray, observe.

John. We hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus; I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded nothing, (do ye mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop, I slap it down, and make that too my own.

John. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore by force what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, Sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third rule, that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder!

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I
never

never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this book, and there I have, at one view, all that Perſius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's lives, and the reſt, have ever thought upon this ſubject; and ſo, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the buſineſs is done.

John: Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as ſure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the leaſt ſcruple of the efficacy of theſe my rules, do but come to the play-houſe, and you ſhall judge of them by the effects.

Smith. We'll follow you, Sir.

(*Exeunt*.)

Enter three Players on the ſtage.

1 *Play*. Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play*. Yes, I have it without book; but I don't underſtand how it is to be ſpoken.

3 *Play*. And mine is ſuch a one, as I can't gueſs for my life what humour I'm to be in, whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love; I don't know what to make on't,

1 *Play*. Phoo! the author will be here preſently, and he'll tell us all. You muſt know this is the new way of writing, and theſe hard things pleaſe forty times better than the old plain way: for, look you, Sir, the grand deſign upon the ſtage is to keep the auditors in ſuſpenſe; for to gueſs preſently at the plot and the ſenſe, tires them before the end of the firſt act. Now here every line ſurprizes you, and brings in new matter: and then, for ſcenes, clothes, and dances, we quite put down all that ever went before us; and thoſe are things, you know, that are eſſential to a play.

2 *Play*. Well, I am not of thy mind: but ſo it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter Bayes, Johnſon, and Smith.

Bayes. Come, come in gentlemen; you're very welcome. Mr. ——— you your part ready?

1 *Play*. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. But do you underſtand the true humour of it?

1 *Play*. Ay, pretty well.

Bayes. And Amaryllis, how does ſhe do? Does not her armour become her?

3 *Play.* Oh, admirably!

Bayes. I'll tell you now a pretty conceit. What do you think I'll make them call her anon in this play?

Smith. What, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I make them call her Amaryllis, because of her armour, ha, ha, ha!

John. That will be very well indeed.

Bayes. (*To the Players.*) Go, get yourselves ready.

(*Exeunt Players.*)

Ay, 'tis a pretty little rogue; I knew her face would set off armour extremely: and, to tell you true, I writ that part only for her——You must know she is my mistress.

John. Then I know another thing, little Bayes, that thou hast had her, 'egad.

Bayes. No, 'egad, not yet; but I am sure I shall——

Ay, let me alone; 'egad, when I get to them, I'll nick them, I warrant you. But I'm a little nice; for you must know, at this time I am kept by another woman in the city.

Smith. How kept! for what?

Bayes. Why, for a *beau garçon*; I am i'fackins.

Smith. Nay, then we shall never have done.

Bayes. And the rogue is so fond of me, Mr. Johnson, that I vow to gad, I know not what to do with myself.

John. Do with thyself! No, I wonder how thou canst make shift to hold out at this rate.

Bayes. Oh, devil! I can toil like a horse; only sometimes it makes me melancholy; and then, I vow to gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to say you one good thing, if it were to save my life.

Smith. That we do verily believe, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. And that's the only thing, 'egad, which mads me in my amours; for I'll tell you as a friend, Mr. Johnson, my acquaintance, I hear, begin to give out that I am dull——Now I am the farthest from it in the whole world, 'egad; but only, forsooth, they think I am so because I can say nothing.

John. Phoo, pox! that's ill-natur'dly done of them.

Bayes. Ay, gad, there's no trusting of these rogues——But—a—come, let's sit down. Look you, Sirs, the chief hinge of this play, upon which the whole plot moves and turns,

turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the things in nature that make up the grand refinement of a play, is, that I suppose two kings of the same place; as, for example, at Brentford: for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to them both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that, are divided amongst themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between them. These kings differing sometimes in particular, though in the main they agree—I know not whether I make myself well understood.

John. I did not observe you, Sir. Pray, say that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, Sir; nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, (or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing); the people being embarrassed by their equal ties to both, and the sovereigns concerned in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest as the good of the people, they make a certain kind of a—you understand me—Upon which, there do arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that—In fine, you'll understand it better when you see it. (*Exit to call the Players.*)

Smith. I find the author will be very much obliged to the players, if they can make any sense out of this.

Re-enter Bayes.

Bayes. Now, gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing; I have made a prologue and an epilogue, which may both serve for either; that is, the prologue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the prologue, (do you mark?) nay, they may both serve too, 'egad, for any other play as well as this.

Smith. Very well; that's indeed artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your judgments, now, which of them would do best for the prologue? For, you must know, there is in nature but two ways of making very good prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that, to—a—in a manner steal your plaudit from the courtesy of the auditors: the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censuring

ring persons as cannot otherwise, 'egad, in nature, be hindered from being too free with their tongues; to which end my first prologue is, that I come out in a long black veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a furr'd cap and his sword drawn, and there tell them plainly, that if, out of good nature, they will not like my play, 'egad I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all fall a clapping—

a—

Smith. Ay, but suppose they don't.

Bayes. Suppose! Sir, you may suppose what you please; I have nothing to do with your suppose, Sir; nor am at all mortified at it; not at all, Sir; 'egad, not one jot, Sir. Suppose, quotha!—ha, ha, ha!

(*Walks away.*)

John. Phoo! pr'ythee, Bayes, don't mind what he says; he's a fellow newly come out of the country; he knows nothing of what's the relish here of the town.

Bayes. If I writ, Sir, to please the country, I should have followed the old plain way; but I write for some persons of quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what flame and power in writing is; and they do me right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

John. Ay, ay, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm sure the design is good; that cannot be denied. And then for language, 'egad, I defy them all in nature to mend it. Besides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper to insinuate the plot into the boxes; and withal have appointed two or three dozen of my friends to be ready in the pit, who I'm sure will clap, and so the rest you know must follow; and then pray, Sir, what becomes of your suppose? Ha, ha, ha!

John. Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot miss.

Bayes. I think so, Sir; and therefore would choose this to be the prologue. For if I could engage them to clap before they see the play, you know it would be so much the better, because then they were engaged: for let a man write ever so well, there are now-a-days a sort of persons they call critics, that, 'egad, have no more wit in them than so many hobby-horses; but they'll laugh at you,

you, Sir, and find fault, and censure things, that, 'egad, I'm sure they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and think to build their fame by calumniating of persons, that, 'egad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that as——a——In fine, I'll say no more of them——Pray, Sir, how do you like my hangman?

Smith. By my troth, Sir, I should like him very well.

Bayes. But how do you like it, Sir? (for I see you can judge.) Would you have it for a prologue or the epilogue?

John. Faith, Sir, 'tis so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no, that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

John. What other, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my other is thunder and lightning.

John. That's greater; I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; though there have been many witty prologues written of late, yet I think you'll say this is a *non pareille*: I'm sure nobody has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I'll make my prologue to be a dialogue; and, as in my first, you see I strive to oblige the auditors by civility, by good nature, good language, and all that; so in this, by the other way, *in terrorem*, I choose for the persons Thunder and Lightning. Do you apprehend the conceit?

John. Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-sure. They'll be hang'd before they'll dare affront an author that has them at that lock.

Bayes. I have made too one of the most delicate dainty families in the whole world, 'egad, if I knew but how to apply it.

Smith. Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an allusion of love.

So roar and howl when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the sky;
Roar beckons how to trot in chestnut groves,
And their consummate their unfinish'd loves.

Penfive

great gods can tell) you then, perhaps, would find that—— (Whispers.

Bayes. Now he whispers.

U/b. Alone, do you say?

Phyf. No; attended with the noble—— (Whispers.

Bayes. Again,

U/b. Who, he in grey?

Phyf. Yes, and at the head of—— (Whispers.

Bayes. Pray, mark

U/b. Then, Sir, most certain 'twill in time appear,
These are the reasons that have mov'd him to't:

First, he—— (Whispers.

Bayes. Now the other whispers.

U/b. Secondly they—— (Whispers.

Bayes. At it still.

U/b. Thirdly, and lastly, both he and they—— (Whispers.

Bayes. Now they both whisper. (*Exeunt whispering*)

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Bayes, Johnson, and Smith.

Bayes. Now, gentlemen, pray, tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a play?

John. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two kings of the same place?

Bayes. Why, because 'tis new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your Johnson and Beaumont, that borrowed all they writ from nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I——

Smith. But what think you of Shakespear?

Bayes. By Gad, I am a better poet than he.

Smith. Well, Sir; but, pray, why all this whispering?

Bayes. Why, Sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before, because they are supposed to be politicians; and matters of state ought not to be divulged.

Smith. But then, Sir, why——

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end

end of the act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompensed. *(Goes to the door.)*

SCENE II.

Enter the two Kings hand in hand.

Bayes. Oh, these are now the two kings of Brentford; take notice of their style; 'twas never yet upon the stage; but if you like it. I could make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole play writ all just so.

1 King. Did you observe their whispers, brother King?

2 King. I did, and heard, besides, a grave bird sing, They that intend sweetheart, to play us pranks.

Bayes. This is now familiar, because they are both persons of the same quality.

Smith. 'Sdeath! this would make a man spew.

1 King. If that design appears.
I'll lug them by the ears,
Until I make them crack.

2 King. And so will I, i'fack.

1 King. You may begin, *ma foy.*

2 King. Sweet Sir, *pardonnez moy.*

Bayes. Mark that; I make them both speak French to shew their breeding.

John. Oh, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2 King. Then, spite of fate, we'll thus combined stand,

And, like two brothers, walk still hand in hand. *(Exeunt Reges.)*

John. This is a majestic scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a crust. a lasting crust for your rogue-critics, 'egad. It was I, you must know, that have written a whole play just in this very same style? it was never acted yet.

John. How so?

Bayes. 'Egad, I can hardly tell you for laughing, ha, ha, ha! it is so pleasant a story; ha, ha, ha!

Smith. What is it?

Bayes. 'Egad the players refused to act it; ha, ha, ha!

Smith. That's impossible!

Bayes. 'Egad, they did it, Sir; point blank refused it, 'egad. Ha, ha, ha!

John.

John. Fie, that was rude !

Bayes. Rude ! ay, 'egad, they are the rudest, uncivil-est persons, and all that, in the world, 'egad. 'Egad, there's no living with them. I have written, Mr. Johnson, I do verily believe, a whole cart load of things, every whit as good as this ; and yet, I vow to Gad, these insolent rascals have turned them all back upon my hands again.

John. Strange fellows indeed !

Bayes. So now Prince Prettyman comes in, and falls asleep making love to his mistress,

SCENE III.

Enter Prince Prettyman,

Pret. How strange a captive am I grown of late !
Shall I accuse my love or blame my fate ?
My love I cannot, that is too divine ;
And against fate what mortal dares repine ?

Enter Chloris.

But here she comes,
Sure 'tis some blazing comet ! is it not ?

(Lies down.)

Bayes. Blazing comet ! Mark that ; 'egad very fine.

Pret. But I am so surpris'd with sleep I cannot speak the rest.

(Sleeps.)

Bayes. Does not that, now surprise you, to fall asleep in the nick ? His spirits exhale with the heat of his passion, and all that, and swop, he falls asleep, as you see. Now, here she must make a simile.

Smith. Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes ?

Bayes. Because she's surpris'd. That's a general rule ; you must ever make a simile when you are surpris'd ! 'tis the new way of writing.

Chloris. As some tall pine, which we on Ætna find
T'have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would consume his root and sap away ;
He spreads his worsted arms unto the skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines, and dies ;
So, shrouded up, your bright eye disappears.
Break forth, bright scorching sun, and dry my tears
[Exit.]
John

John. Mr. Bayes, methinks this simile wants a little application too.

Bayes. No faith; for it alludes to passion, to confusing, to dying, and all that, which you know are the natural effects of an amour. But I am afraid this scene has made you sad; for I must confess when I writ it I wept myself.

Smith. No, truly, Sir, my spirits are almost exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall asleep.

Prince Prettyman *starts up, and says,*

Pret. It is resolv'd! (*Exit.*)

Bayes. That's all.—But here now is a scene of business. Pray observe it; for I dare say you'll think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argued. To tell you true, 'tis a discourse I over-heard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

SCENE IV.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Ush. Come, Sir, let's state the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

Phys. Right, lay our heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a snuff-box in my hand; and then I fegue it away, i'faith.

Bayes. I do just so, 'egad, always.

Ush. The grand question is, whether they heard us whisper? Which I divide thus—

Phys. Yes, it must be divided so, indeed.

Smith. That's very complaisant, I swear, Mr. Bayes, to be of another man's opinion, before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay, I bring in none here but well-bred persons I assure you.

Ush. I divide the question into, when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no?

John. Most admirably divided, I swear!

Ush. As to the when, you say just now; so that is answered. Then, as for that, what answers itself; for what could they hear but what we talked of? So that, naturally and of necessity, we come to the last question, *videlicet*, Whether they heard or no?

Smith.

Smith. This is a very wise scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right; they are both politicians.

Urb. Pray, then, to proceed in method, let me ask you that question.

Phyf. No, you'll answer better; pray let me ask it you.

Urb. Your will must be a law.

Phyf. Come, then, what is't I must ask?

Smith. This politician, I perceive, Mr. Bayes, has somewhat a short memory.

Bayes. Why, Sir, you must know, that t'other is the main politician. and this is but his pupil.

Urb. You must ask me whether they heard us whisper?

Phyf. Well, I do so.

Urb. Say it then.

Phyf. Did they hear us whisper?

Urb. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be said upon the word whisper. To whisper in Latin is *susurrare*, which is as much as to say, to speak softly; now, if they heard us speak softly, they heard us whisper; but then comes in the *quomodo*, the how; how did they hear us whisper? Why, as to that, there are two ways; the one by chance or accident; the other on purpose; that is, with design to hear us whisper.

Phyf. Nay, if they heard us that way, I'll never give them physic more.

Urb. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before them.

Bayes. Pray mark this; for a great deal depends upon it towards the latter end of the play.

Smith. I suppose that's the reason why you brought in this scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Partly it was, Sir; but I confess It was not unwilling, besides, to shew the world a pattern here, how men should talk of business.

John. You have done exceeding well indeed.

Bayes. Yes, I think this will do.

Phyf. Well, if they heard us whisper, they will turn us out and nobody else will take us.

Smith. Not for politicians, I dare answer for it.

Phyf. Let's then no more ourselves in vain bemoan:

We are not safe until we them unthrone.

Urb.

Urb. 'Tis right.

And since occasion now seems *debonair*,
I'll seize on this, and you shall take that chair.

(They draw their swords, and sit in the two great chairs upon the Stage.)

Bayes. There's now an odd surprise! the whole state's turned quite topsy-turvy, without any pother or stir in the whole world, 'egad.

John. A very silent change of government truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is so: and yet you shall see me bring them in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

(The usurpers march off, flourishing their swords.)

Enter Shirly.

Shir. Hey ho! hey ho! what a change is here! Hey day! hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say!

(Exit.)

John. Mr. Bayes, in my opinion now, that gentleman might have said a little more upon this occasion.

Bayes. No, Sir, not at all; for I under writ his part on purpose to set off the rest.—In the next scene you shall see some fighting.

Smith. Oh, ho! so then you make the struggle to be after the business is done.

Bayes. Ay.

Smith. Oh, I conceive you! That, I swear, is very natural.

SCENE V.

Enter four soldiers at one door and four at another, with their swords drawn.

1 *Sold.* Stand. Who goes there?

2 *Sold.* A friend.

1 *Sold.* What friend?

2 *Sold.* A friend to the house.

1 *Sold.* Fall on.

(They all kill one another.)

(Music strikes.)

Bayes. *(To the music.)* Hold, hold! *(It ceases.)*—No here's an odd surprise; all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain note that I have made in *effant flat*, and tall a dancing. Do you hear, dead men? Remember your note in *effant flat*—*(To the music.)*

fic.) Play on: Now, now, now! (*The music plays his note, and the dead men rise, but cannot get in order.*) Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Out, out, out! Did ever men spoil a good thing so? No figure, no ear, no time, no thing! Udzoockers, you dance worse than the angels in Harry the Eighth, or the fat spirits in the Tempest, 'egad.

1 *Sold.* Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time to this tune.

Bayes. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! impossible! Why, gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I sat up two whole nights in composing this air, and adapting it for the business: for, if you observe, there are two several designs in this tune; it begins swift and ends slow. You talk of time and tune; you shall see me do't. Look you now; here I am dead. (*Lies down flat on his face.*) Now mark my note *effaut flat*. Strike up, music. Now! (*As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.*) Ah, gadzookers, I have broke my nose!

John. By my troth Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate note of yours in *effaut*.

Bayes. A plague of this damn'd stage! with your nails and your tenter-hooks, that a gentleman can't come to teach you to act, but he must break his nose and his face, and the devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a piece of wet brown paper?

Smith. No indeed, Sir; I don't usually carry any about me.

2 *Sold.* Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go, then, I'll follow you. Pray, dance out the dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember and dance like horsemen, (Exit.

SCENE VI.

Bayes. Now it begins to break; but we shall have a world of more business anon.

Enter Prince Volscius, Chloris, Amaryllis, and Harry with a riding cloak and boots.

Ama. Sir, you are cruel thus to leave the town, And to retire to country solitude.

Chlo. We hop'd this summer, that we should at least Have held the honour of your company.

Bayes.

Bayes. Held the honour of your company ! prettily expressed : held the honour of your company ! gam-zookers, these fellows will never take notice of any thing

John. I assure you, Sir, I admire it extremely ; I don't know what he does.

Bayes. Ay, ay, he's a little envious ; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain !
That you will here, with poor us, still remain !
Before your horses come, pronounce our fate :
For then, alas ! I fear 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad !

Wolf. Harry, Harry, my boots ; for I'll go range
among
My blades encamp'd, and quit this urban
throng.

Enter Parthenope.

Bless me ! how frail are all my best resolve !
How, in a moment, is my purpose chang'd !
Too soon I thought myself secure from love.
Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name
Who does so gentle rob me of my fame :
For I should meet the army out of town,
And if I fail, must hazard my renown.

Par. My mother, Sir, sells ale by the town-walls ;
And me her dear Parthenope she calls.

Bayes. Now, that's the Parthenope I told you of.

John. Ay, ay, 'egad, you are very right.

Wolf. Can vulgar vestments high born beauty shroud !
Thou bring'st the morning pictur'd in a cloud.

Bayes. The morning's pictur'd in a cloud ! Ah, gad-zookers, what a conceit is there !

Par. Give you good even, Sir. *(Exit.)*

Wolf. Oh, inauspicious stars ! that I was born
To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn.

Ama. and Chlo. How ! Prince Volscius in love ! Ha, ha, ha ! *(Exeunt laughing.)*

Smith. Sure, Mr. Bayes, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh so.

Bayes. Why, did you not observe ? He first resolves to

go out of town ; and then, as he's pulling on his boots, falls in love with her ; ha, ha, ha !

Smith. Well, and where lies the jest of that ?

Bayes. Ha ! *(Turns to Johnston.)*

John. Why, in the boots ; where should the jest lie ?

Bayes. 'Egad, you are in the right ; it does lie in the boots——*(Turns to Smith.)* Your friend and I know where a good jest lies, though you don't, Sir.

Smith. Much good do't you, Sir.

Bayes. Here now, Mr. Johnston, you shall see a combat betwixt love and honour.

Volscius sits down to pull on his Boots: Bayes stands by, and overacts the Part as he speaks it.

Volf. How has my passion made me Cupid's scoff !

This hasty boot is on, the other off,

And fullen lies with amorous design,

To quit loud fame, and make that beauty mine.

Smith. Pr'ythee, mark what pains Mr. Bayes takes to act this speech himself !

John. Yes, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Volf. My legs, the emblem of my various thought,
Shew to what sad distraction I am brought :
Sometimes with stubborn honour, like this boot,
My mind is guarded, and resolv'd to do't :
Sometimes again, that very mind, by love
Disarm'd, like this other leg does prove.
Shall I to honour, or to love give way ?
Go on, cries honour, tender ~~love~~ says nay :
Honour aloud commands, ~~plucks~~ both boots on ;
But softer love does whisper, put on none.
What shall I do ? What ~~shall I do~~ shall I find,
To lead me through this ~~to~~ ^{labyrinth} of my mind ?
For as bright day, with black ~~approach~~ of night
Contending, makes a doubtful-puzzling light,
So does my honour, and my love together,
Puzzle me so, I can resolve on neither.

(Goes out hopping, with one boot on, and t'other off.)

 ACT III. SCENE I.

Bayes. Now, Sir, I'll shew you a scene indeed, or rather, indeed, a scene of scenes. 'Tis an heroic scene.

Smith. And, pray, Sir, what's your design in this scene?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my design is gilded truncheons, forced conceit, smooth verse, and a rant; in fine, if this scene don't take, 'gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr.—a—nay; come in as many as you can—Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the stage.

Smith. Why fill the stage?

Bayes. Oh, Sir, because your heroic verse never sounds well but when the stage is full.

SCENE II.

Enter Prince Prettyman and Prince Volscius.

Bayes. Nay, hold, hold; pray, by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this scene is somewhat more than ordinary; for I make them both fall out, because they are not in love with the same woman.

Smith. Not in love! You mean, I suppose, because they are in love; Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. No, Sir, I say, not in love; there's a new conceit for you! Now speak.

Pret. Since I see, Prince Volscius, now has found the way

For ~~me~~ long'd-for meeting here this day,
Lend ~~me~~ attention to my grand concern.

Volsc. I gladly would that story from thee learn;
But ~~as~~ to love dost, Prettyman, incline;
Yet love in thy breast is not love in mine.

Bayes. Antithesis! thine and mine.

Pret. Since love itself's the same, why should it be
diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reasoning! 'gad, I love reasoning in verse.

Volf. How weak a deity would nature prove,
Contending with the pow'rful god of love !

Bayes. There's a great verse !

Pret. Perhaps dull incense may thy love suffice ;
But mine must be ador'd with sacrifice.
All hearts turn ashes, which her eyes controul ;
The body they consume as well as soul.

Volf. Let my Parthenope at length prevail.

Bayes. Civil, 'gad.

Pret. I'll sooner have a passion for a whale ;
In whose vast bulk though store of oil doth lie,
We find more shape, more beauty in a fly.

Smith. That's uncivil, egad.

Bayes. Yes ; but as far fetch'd a fancy though, 'egad,
as e'er you saw.

Pret. To blame my Chloris gods would not pretend.

Bayes. Now mark.

Volf. Were all gods join'd, they could not hope to mend
My better choice ; for fair Parthenope
Gods would themselves ungod themselves to see.

Bayes. Now the rant's a-coming.

Pret. Durst any of the gods be so uncivil,
I'd make that god subscribe himself a devil.

Bayes. Ah, gadzookers, that's well writ !

(Scratching his head, his peruke falls off.)

Volf. Cou'dst thou that god from heaven to earth
translate,

He could not fear to want a heav'nly state ;
Parthenope, on earth, can heaven create.

Pret. Chloris does heav'n itself so far excel,
She can transcend the joys of heav'n in hell.

Bayes. There's a bold flight for you now ! 'Sdeath, I
have lost my peruke. Well ; gentlemen, this is what I
never yet saw any one could write but myself. Here's
true spirit and flame all through, 'gad—So, so, pray,
clear the stage.

(He puts them off the stage.)

I'll make that god subscribe himself a devil.

That single line, 'gad, is worth all that my brother
poets ever writ.—Now, gentlemen, I will be bold to
say, I'll shew you the greatest scene that ever England
saw : I mean not for words, for those I don't value ; but
for

for state, shew, and magnificence.—Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

(A battle is fought between foot and great boby-horses. At last Drawcanfir comes in, and kills them all on both sides. All the while the battle is fighting, Bayes is telling them when to shoot, and shoots with them.)

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill :
But I the blood of thousands daily spill.
Let petty king's the names of parties know :
Where'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.
The swiftest horsemen my swift rage countrols,
And from their bodies drives their trembling souls.
If they had wings, and to the gods could fly,
I would pursue, and beat them through the sky ;
And make proud Jove, with all his thunders, see
This single arm more dreadful is than he. *(Exit.)*

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. You may talk of your Hectors and Achilles, and I know not who ; but I defy all your histories, and your romances too, to shew me one such conqueror as this Drawcanfir.

John. I swear I think you may.

Smith. But Mr. Bayes, how shall all these dead men go off ? for I see none alive to help them.

Bayes. Go off ! why as they came on ; upon their legs : how should they go off ! Why do you think the people here don't know they are not dead ? He's mighty ignorant, poor man ! Your friend here is very silly, Mr. Johnson, 'egad he is, ha, ha, ha ! Come, Sir, I'll shew you how they shall go off. Rise, rise, Sirs, and go about your business. There's go off for you now. Gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. *(Exit.)*

John. Will you so ? then we'll be gone.

Smith. Ay, pr'ythee let's go, that we may preserve our hearing. One battle more will take mine quite away. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter Bayes and Players.

Bayes. Where are the gentlemen ?

1 Play. They are gone, Sir.

Bayes. A couple of senseless rascals, that had rather go to dinner than see this play out, with a pox to them.
What

What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come, Mr. — a — where are you, Sir? Come away, quick, quick.

Enter Stage-keeper.

Stage-k. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the players.

Stage-k. Why, an't please your worship, Sir, the players are gone to dinner too.

Bayes. How! are the players gone to dinner? 'Tis impossible! the players gone to dinner! 'Egad, if they are, I'll make them know what it is to injure a person that does them the honour to write for them, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, cross-grained persons, and all that. 'Egad, I'll make them the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick. 'Gad, I'll be reveng'd on them; I'll sell this play to the other house.

Stage-k. Nay, good Sir, don't take away the book; you'll disappoint the company that comes to see it acted here this afternoon.

Bayes. That's all one, I must reserve this comfort to myself; my play and I shall go together; we will not part, indeed, Sir.

Stage-k. But what will the town say, Sir?

Bayes. The town! Why, what care I for the town? 'Gad, the town used me as scurvily as the players have done; but I'll be reveng'd on them too; for I'll lampoon them all. And since they will not admit of my plays, they shall know what a satirist I am. And so farewell to this stage, 'egad, for ever. (*Exit Bayes.*)

Enter Players.

1 *Play.* Come then, let's set up bills for another play.

2 *Play.* Ay, ay; we shall lose nothing by this, I warrant you.

1 *Play.* I am of your opinion.

